MY

TRIP TO FRANCE.

BY

REV. JOHN P. DONELAN.

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TO

THE VERY REV. LOUIS R. DELUOL, D. D.,

OF THE SEMINARY OF ST. SULPICE, PARIS, FRANCE;

For upwards of a quarter of a century the honored Superior of St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, The Poor Man's Friend,—The Widow's Protector,—The Orphan's Father,—these pages are affectionately dedicated. May the simple offering serve to assure him in his far-off home, that his unwearied care for his old children is still gratefully remembered—and by none more fondly than by the Author,

JOHN P. DONELAN.

PREFACE.

In presenting the following pages to the Public, it can hardly be necessary to enter on a formal exposé of the motives which induced me to write them. In fact it would be difficult for me to do so—more perplexing even than the labor of writing the work. Let me simply say, it has been a labor of love—a work prompted mainly by the smiles of those whose happiness is dearer to me than any human consideration, and whose approval would more than counterbalance any opposition.

My readers will find a simple, straightforward relation of facts, events and scenes, as they occurred to me while penning them, with note books, references, hieroglyphics, scraps of paper, pencilled margins and rough sketches before me—the unartistic

remnants of wanderings, by day and by night, among exciting scenes, classic halls, and ups and downs of "My Trip to France." I have not aimed at what I would wish to see accomplished; a refutation of the ungenerous attacks on the Catholic Churches, Convents and Society of France. I had the will, but I feared that either capacity was wanting—or that these pages were not the appropriate place. The best refutation is, perhaps, a plain, simple statement of facts as, at least, I met them, and as my judgment approved them. I have written as I felt—and as the ideas came to mind.

For many interesting facts related in the following pages, I am indebted, after my own observation, in many cases to the recital of those once active participators in them, and who like Æneas of old, may exclaim, "Quorum magna pars fui"—to a venerable and worthy clergyman, now associated with me—to "Segur's Expedition to Russia"—to Thiers, Alison, Roorbacher, Feller, Lamartine, and to such other authors as were within my reach, both in Europe and in my own western home. I cannot conceal the indignation felt on many occasions, as, looking for some fact in Silliman, Grace Greenwood's Haps and Mishaps, Prime, and some less important productions, I have thrown aside in disgust and sorrow, their characterestic slanders of all I hold dear in religion. I can safely say that thus far, the only truly honest work

I have met on European travels, as far as Catholicity is concerned, is the interesting volume from the pen of Haskins, of Boston, an honest, unpretending, and solid production. It is time for such poisons to have their antidotes, and whatever may be the fate of this frail bark, thus launched on the waters of public opinion, the writer will have the approval of some whose opinions are dear to him—because

"They're reflected from looks that he loves."

With this brief notice, the writer introduces his work to the public. In his voyagings in Italy he hopes to present to the young people of this country an interesting statement of scenes, and people, in "The Seven Hilled City" of Rome.

J. P. D.

Rock Island, Ill.,
Easter Sunday, 1857.

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MY TRIP TO FRANCE.

CHAPTER I

Preparations for sea—Leave-taking—Firing of signal guns—Under way—Author's reflections and emotions on finding himself at sea—Anchored off Sandy Hook.

READER, have you ever witnessed the preparations for an "outward bound voyage?" Some of you have, others not. You who have been present as voyagers to say, "That good old word Good-bye," as, all excited yet heavy hearted you viewed by turns the noisy bustle around you, and the loved ones encircling you,—you can bear testimony to the truth of what is here traced; and such among you as have not "gone down to the sea in ships," but may do so yet, will pass an ordeal exciting and mournful beyond expression. For two days had I watched the busy notes of preparation; the noisy coal heavers pouring in an incessant stream of coal—the glowing furnaces and clattering hammers of three or four portable blacksmith shops, each composed of an ordinary anvil and bellows on wheels—the loud "yo, heave ho!"

of gangs hoisting in the freight—the busy carpenters making ready the ship for sea—the lively song of riggers as they nimbly leaped from shroud to mast, from stay to halyard—the caulker filling up each chink and seam on deck—and the clamor caused by the escaping steam—the loud order from mates, master workmen, stewards and under officers running hither and thither to have all things ready—and then as the bell sounds the signal for departure—the scampering of all not "outward bound"—the hasty farewell—the parting kiss—the tearful "God bless you" of the father embracing his child—the loud gush of feeling which bespeaks the anguish of a mother's soul, as she turns in tears from her heart's idol—the shrill whistle of the steam-pipe—the rumbling of the wheels as they seem to paw the water, impatient of restraint—the loud order, "Let loose all"—the quiver which runs through every timber of the ship and through every living being on board on the first free revolutions of the engine—the ringing of the various signal bells for backing, rounding to, and for going ahead—the waving of handkerchiefs—the mingled sighs and farewells from congregated hundreds on the wharves and surrounding shipping. Oh, 'tis exciting! But hark! The signal gun is fired! Again as we pass the old familiar Battery, the parting gun is heard booming over hill and dale, over city and water the sad farewell of aching hearts! Onward we speed, and onward, till each old scene is lost in the distance—and the eye aches little less than the heart, as the wanderer gazes in unbroken silence on the receding shore. Such were the emotions of

one who stood alone gazing in tearful silence on the passing scene. The dream of his childhood—the wish of maturer age, 'tis true, was about to be realized. A visit to Europe! A trip to Rome! How many and how exciting were the feelings the bare idea suggested! How long, how dreamingly had he sighed for this moment! But now there was a sense of loneliness at his heart. And scarce had the gallant steamer Ariel cut loose from the slip at New York, on the 3d Nov., 1855, than he would almost have given the world had he been able to retrace his way! Alone he stood and sighed as he saw the hills and landmarks of his native land fading from his view; and all alone he felt an exile and a wanderer, and thought of the loved ones at home whose prayers he felt were then breathed for him, but whose voices and smiles he might never know again! Soon the lowering clouds broke in rain—the wind from north-east blew a gale —notwithstanding the storm several remained on deck, most probably through motives best understood by those who have been at sea! About half-past three P. M., we anchored off Sandy Hook, as the pilot considered it unsafe to proceed. One by one the party disappeared from deck—and of all the gay and laughing group of youngsters—the more settled company of matrons and of sires—of loquacious Frenchmen, shrewd Germans, calculating Yankees, and returned Californians among the passengers, one alone still lingered, unwilling to bid farewell to "Home, sweet Home." Late in the evening he too descended to the cabin. Dinner was served, though few partook of it. Soon the steamer Hermann, for Antwerp, anchored near us.

The night set in dark and stormy, yet there was something so novel in the scene that it served to dissipate the gloom hanging around the cabin. So strange were the entire events of the past few days and hours that it was impossible to realize the truth; awake or dreaming, all seemed a dream—the brain was confused—the fancy crowded with undefined images, with memories of home, of leave taking; and when the motion of the steamer lazily rolling from side to side lulled into disturbed slumber the wearied frame, visions of an aged mother, an idolized brother, an only sister and her happy home, of friends loving and beloved in turn, would present themselves; all in fact seemed a dream, I could not realize that I was a wanderer to a world unknown to me; and with a throbbing heart I sought repose for an overtasked mind and body.

CHAPTER II.

First Sunday at sea—Hasty toilet—Pilot leaving steamer—"Last link broken"—Thoughts of home and friends—A deck scene—Laughable incidents—Paying toll to Neptune—The lively Frenchman—Clamors for his breakfast—Unceremonious and early call—Our cabin passengers—Returned Californians—Morose Frenchman—First sensations of sea-sickness—The gong.

AFTER a night of troubled sleep, I was roused about five in the morning of Sunday the 4th by a tremendous clattering on deck. Half awake I jumped from my berth, but found myself most unceremoniously stretched at full length on the floor of my state-room, for a sudden lurch of the ship had given an impetus to my movements little understood before. I need not say the fall completely awakened me; and determining, as Capt. Cuttle would say, to "take a note on't," I made as hasty a toilet as circumstances, unnecessary to explain, would allow, and hurried on deck. The storm had abated during the night, yet the wind was high. About six A. M., we hoisted anchor, the wheels again were in motion, and we headed for sea. At eight o'clock A. M., the pilot left us, and the last link connecting us with our na-

tive land was severed! How tearfully I watched his boat, as it sped towards the land, while we were steaming oceanward to battle with the storm king! Then indeed a sense of loneliness came over me. It was Sunday—Sunday on the ocean! How different from all that had preceded it! How I thought of the cherished flock so lately my spiritual charge, at that hour perhaps gathered around the simple altar in the country chapel, mayhap thinking of and breathing a prayer for the absent pastor, father and friend! Around all was gloom, dread, uncertainty, and to me appalling. The wind soon quickened to a perfect gale, and was dead ahead; the heavens lowered in angry clouds; the waves, though not indeed "mountain high," were truly terrific, swelling, thundering, rushing on against our noble ship, which like a sea bird rose and sunk on the crested bosom of the billows; the sailors busily occupied in clewing down and making sure the hatches, casks, boats, &c., securing all on deck for the voyage,—the wide expanse of water, as nothing but the heavens and the ocean were around us. Such was the scene and such the subjects of my reverie, as, half bewildered yet free from sea-sickness, I supported myself against the gangway and looked on as a "stranger in Venice."

But few of the passengers appeared on deck during the day. Early even yesterday afternoon many were seized with sea-sickness, and this morning scarce half-a-dozen could leave their beds. Painful as was the scene, the ludicrous would possess me, and even while holding on with one hand to some support, I would strive to minister to the comforts of

some poor sufferer, how often did I roar with laughter as a treacherous lurch of the ship would take my land legs from under me, and a feat of tumbling not the most graceful would follow! The few who ventured on deck soon strove to beat a quick retreat, some crawling on their knees and hands, others actually rolling about on the deck like barrels, ghastly pale, perfectly indifferent to time or location for paying their toll to Neptune—leaning on you or near you, perhaps just before you, and without so much as "Excuse me, sir," or "By your leave," giving evidence that they were decidedly—sick! It seems almost irreverent, but I cannot refrain from giving a birds-eye view of the cabin of the Ariel on the evening of Sunday 4th. Among our passengers was a little Frenchman, something like the Dutchman's heifer,—"ash proad as 'twas narrow, ash little ash 'twas pig, and tall in brobortion, not tall up and down, but but tall crosswise, pefore and pehind!" Such was literally our little Frenchman, or as he was subsequently christened, "The flea in a basket." On the morning we left New York, our little "Flea" was here, there, and every where. He knew every body—smiled with the ladies—chatted with the gentlemen—aided with his broken English in giving advice as to the best manner of stowing away this article of freight and that amount of coal. His face was all smiles and gladness as we parted cable from the wharf, and he seemed literally a flea in his movements as we steamed by the city, Castle Garden and surrounding hills. I had lost sight of him, however, early that same evening, and being sufficiently occu-

pied with my own thoughts he had entirely escaped my memory, until this morning amid varied and confused noises from all directions, easily understood by any one who has been cooped up in a cabin at sea, I heard a half moaning, half angry voice between a scream and a die away groan: "Vatair! Vatair! You black man Vatair! Why you no bring me my breakfast? Here I bin sick and vomit now once, twice, tree time, and you no bring me my breakfast!" Pretty good for him, thought I, he'll do! Whether the "black man Vatair" heeded his cry I did not stop to inquire, but as I was hastily dressing for deck I was surprised by a burly German who unceremoniously thrust himself half dressed into my state-room with a certain very peculiar painted tin cup or can like a flattened spittoon, with two bent handles by which it is suspended from the berth, and which is very convenient when the poor passenger feels "very peculiarly squeamish." As I turned from my wash bowl to see who had thus early made a call, there lay my poor visitor, in a most unsightly horizontal position, pale as death, hair matted, busily occupied in trying with both hands to hold the above described article to his mouth; and between each paroxysm exclaiming or rather groaning, "Der bote! Mynheer, you—de cup! Say, you mynheer," &c., &c., interlarding or interluding his hasty introduction by divers exploits which induced me to decamp as hastily as possible. How long "Mynheer" kept possession I know not. Here again was a laughing, rollicking German, full of life and kindness, on his way from California to visit the home of his child-

hood. He was a Jew; he had struggled hard in the land of gold, had amassed a fortune, and was now returning to his parents and family. So affectionately and often did he speak of them—so happy did he seem in the anticipation of once again meeting the "loved ones at home," that my heart warmed towards him exceedingly. If ever in his distant home his eyes rest on these pages, he will remember our evening confabs by moonlight at sea. He was as full of mischief as of kindness, and the laughing leer in his eye spoke of a fund of humor which not unfrequently betrayed itself. Unfortunately our little "Flea in a basket" was his room-mate; and were it appropriate to recite here a tithe of the tricks and "tomblairs" as the Frenchman expressed it, which our Californian played on him, I almost believe the very page would laugh. Next comes a long, lean, lank whiskered and moustached biped originally from Marseilles, latterly from Sacramento. It seems he had failed in his speculation, and, soured almost to vinegar, he was returning wrapped in his gloomy thoughts, short cloak, and self-sufficiency. His time was passed during the entire voyage in an occasional attempt at a laugh, in staring at the lady passengers, and in smoking most execrable cigars. It must not however be supposed that our company was entirely composed of such quiddities and oddities. Among them were Mr. Lee with his estimable lady and family, of Baltimore,—Mr. L. was on his way to Switzerland, to leave his two sons, bright-eyed and intelligent little fellows, at the College of Vevay; Mr. Leon de Pomerade, an artist from St. Louis, whose skill in church painting

is so universally known in the West and South, a gentleman of polished manners, refined sentiments, and ardent temperament; he too will remember the varied occurrences which served to relieve the monotony of our voyage; Mr. Sheldon from New York, a young gentleman who had travelled much, and whose conversation was exceedingly instructive—he was then on his way to Spain; Monsieur Le Baume, a lawyer from St. Louis—a perfect specimen of a gentleman, scholar and social companion. Among the most agreeable members of our little group, was Captain Franchwell, on his way to the East Indies to take charge of a ship at Bombay. He was a "live Yankee," a regular old son of Neptune, a jolly tar, possessing the refinements of a gentleman, the heart of a true American, and the affectionate disposition of a child. Nor must I omit Mr. Ducket, from Prince George's Co., Md., whose graphic description of sea-sickness is as irresistibly droll as it is literally correct. I was under many obligations to Mr. Ducket during the voyage, and I may be excused for taking this public method of discharging my indebtedness. Among the lady passengers, of whom there were many, were Mrs. G. from Richmond, who was on her way to Paris to join her daughter Miss R., and who had under her charge two young ladies, the Misses S., also from Virginia. As a fitting close to this partial sketch of the little family grouped within the cabin for fifteen anxious days, I will mention Mrs. W., an invalid all the way, who was going to Paris to meet her husband, just returned after an absence of five years as secretary to the American Legation at St. Petersburg. She had left her little

boy and girl at school in Connecticut, and now with a throbbing heart she seemed to chide the wind and waves which bore her too slowly to her husband. They met at Ham; they journeyed to Paris, where I saw them again; they soon repaired to Liverpool; and one day on my return from Italy, whilst reading the list of passengers in the ill-fated Pacific, my eyes rested on their names! A sigh involuntarily escaped me, as I thought of the uncertainty of life! She had journeyed far to meet her husband and to die with him! But the little ones at home—the younglings of the nest—they shall wait for their coming, but the parent birds will come no more for ever! God protect the orphan!

Such is a peep into our cabin, Sunday, Nov. 4th. In all we were nearly a hundred cabin-passengers, and many more in the second class cabin. The entire ship was a world in miniature; nearly every tongue in Europe was spoken. And wild Arab dresses, with the guttural sounds used by their wearers, added to the novelty of the scene. From the outset all, with but few exceptions, seemed to form a community of feeling; and, apart from the hinderances arising from sickness, it was as a family throughout the voyage.

After acting as waiter and doctor until near four o'clock P. M., the indescribable feeling of sea-sickness came over me. For a while I struggled against them, remaining on deck until cramps, as I thought, nearly broke me apart—then staggering to my stateroom, after several ineffectual attempts, tumbled more dead than alive into my berth, and for about three

hours endured all the agonies of that loathsome sickness. The ship rolled fearfully, and yet that hateful gong went booming through cabin and dining saloon, calling us to table as if in very mockery of our sufferings. So closed the first day, so commenced this my first night on the Atlantic.

CHAPTER III.

Monotony of first days at sea—Disappointed in dinner—Shaving at sea—Early morning on the ocean—Passengers venture on deck—Our little Frenchman—His want of "ze aptite!"—Manages without it—The "live Yankee"—Sudden rain storm.

MONDAY, *5th.*—This has been a blank day indeed. Early this morning I strove to crawl on deck, although scarce able to stand. It has rained nearly all day—as usual at this season the wind blowing a stiff easterly breeze ahead. Few have ventured on deck to-day; indeed few are able to leave their berths. I passed most of the time wrapped in my cloak, looking listlessly at the angry ocean, and striving to balance myself as best I might, as the ship seemed to roll first one wheel-house, then the other under water! How I got back to my berth I scarce remember; but I was wretchedly cold and wet.

Tuesday, 6th.—Last night the little Ariel pitched and tossed like a cork on the ocean. It blowed a gale nearly the entire night. And this morning the wind continues with additional fury. Scarce a soul on deck save the officers and hands—gradually one stole up—then another—long beards—slouched hats—rather soiled shirt collars and bosoms—little human

respect at sea. To-day I enjoyed a good bowl of soup on deck, or rather was on the point of enjoying it, when, presto! over went bowl, soup, and myself, most of the "combustibles" lodging in the lap of my good friend Ducket! Early in the afternoon retired, completely exhausted; yet, while I had evident and sufficient proof that nearly every one around me was suffering so intensely, I congratulated myself that I was so free from sickness. Such were my thoughts when I dozed off, rocked to sleep by the ocean wave.

Wednesday, 7th.—During the night the wind subsided, and the morning dawned brilliantly on the waters. I was awaked by Capt. Franchwell, who kindly urged me to go on deck and witness the scene. This morning, the first time for five days, I shaved—a valorous deed, though little needed. Reader, have you any idea of shaving at sea? It is not the agreeable luxury some of you are accustomed to indulge in when in conscious security you loll back in a cushioned chair, and suffer the man of tonsorial science to lather the face and pull the nose in true artistic style; vastly different at sea. When the poor trembling criminal, 'stead of the cushioned chair, seats himself on the soft side of the state-room floor, leans against the partition, supports one leg against the trunk, the other mayhap against a treacherous carpet-bag, which he fears will roll away at every pitch of the ship; then how he gazes on the soap and water and brush, which he manages to hold between his knees or in one hand, while he lathers with the other both eyes and cheeks, forehead and nose, as he rocks backward and forward with the motion of the

ship! how carefully he applies the razor—as apt ofttimes to chip the skin off his nose or cheek as the beard! Woe to the unfortune wight if, pending the tonsorial operation, he feels sick; in that case I scarce know what he'd do, as, in addition to himself, his shaving implements would pirouette in no measured time around the floor! Ludicrous as may appear the scene, I assure you, kind reader, it is a serious undertaking for a novice at sea to shave himself, and, I must think little less so to be shaved by the barber. This morning I attempted it, and after a deal of labor escaped with but few marks to show what the razor had done! Hastening on deck, I found the sun an hour high, gilding the ocean in a blaze of glory. The air was balmy as a spring morning—the ocean as calm and placid as a lake. Onward sped our gallant little bark, as if proud of the struggle out of which she had just emerged unscathed. One after another the greater portion of the passengers came on deck, like frogs after a rain. Then there was greeting as of friends long separated—inquiries after health—congratulations on the weather—on the progress we were making—comparing of notes by such as had energy enough to keep any—a loud, hearty laugh as Mr. Ducket gave his experience of sea-sickness—a quaint, original production worthy the pen of a Dickens or of an Irving. There was a jovial gathering of the young folks, all as if suddenly restored to health and spirits—some dancing, others promenading, or singing; all enjoying themselves on "the calm waters of the deep, blue sea." And our little Frenchman, "Mons. Flea in a basket," where

has he been since he was so "ver sick once, twice, tree time?" He has been on hand. While I have missed but one meal, he has been more fortunate in not only missing none, but in getting ordinarily even thus far, four luncheons per day! Yesterday whilst at the dinner table he was relating the sad story of his sufferings in no very ambiguous terms; and even though complaining of "no hav ze aptite," he contrived to stow away at least four times as much as any one at the table! It is surprising how much some folks can eat without "ze aptite!" The last I saw of our hero yesterday was about four P. M., with head enveloped in a pyramid of red flannel nightcap, a towel adorning his neck for a cravat, and he in his dressing gown, sideling along like a crab from chair to sofa, and from one side of the cabin to the other; now groaning piteously, and again looking most imploringly as, with both hands filled with apples, and with a small tureen of soup, he was striving to wend his way from the lunch room to his berth, for all the world like our country militia forming a straight line up against a crooked fence, or standing at ease sitting on the curb-stone! I looked after him, and literally laughed myself sick as he finally succeeded in gaining his state-room door, and entered it amid his "Vatair! you black man Vatair, O me! so sick!" To-day a wild burst of laughter announced his arrival on deck—the picture of a woe-begone, despairing being! Soon followed the burly German, and he of the "short cloak" equally the worse for the wear and tear of the past few days; and a queer specimen of the genus Yankee, whose

legs were several inches too long for his pants, and arms stretched half a yard or less beyond his coat sleeves—he, poor fellow, had thus far been able to do nothing but roll on the cabin floor, and bleat like a sheep? Up, however, he came to-day, and what with all this, and the balmy weather, the smooth sea, our invigorated systems, the progress we were making, and the noisy clatter of the ladies' tongues, hours passed swiftly by, and we forgot the sufferings of the past few days. But alas! how fleeting and uncertain is good weather at sea! Without any warning the rain burst upon us, and in a twinkling all had scudded below save three! Our little Frenchman looking towards the gangway, aimed for it in a zig-zag motion, exclaiming, "Ah, zat make me ver sick!" The scene was irresistibly ludicrous, and by the time we had recovered from our laughing, nearly all were on deck again. To-day at noon Capt. Lefevre took an observation. We stood 41° 37' north, longitude 63° west. We were 500 miles from New York. So passed the day and evening, interspersed with little episodes, mere trifles in themselves, but serving to relieve the dull monotony of the time.

CHAPTER IV.

Sunrise at sea—Olla podrida conversation—Our Yankee beats a retreat—Consternation and fright at the sudden stopping of machinery—Laughable incidents—Cause of the stopping—Frenchman mixing soda water—Ship in sight—Reflections—Sunset at sea—Home sickness—Midnight at sea—Engine again stopped—Another sail in sight—Mrs. G. and the Know-Nothings.

THURSDAY 8*th*. This is the sixth day since we left land. The morning is cool and bracing. Sun-rise at sea! Grand and inspiring—the god of day seems urging on his fiery steeds as his car approaches the horizon. The ocean and the skies at first are tinged with brilliant hues, until a flood of molten gold seems poured out upon the waters as old Sol mounts higher and higher in his proud career. The sea was calm and unruffled, the ship was steaming nobly on, and many of the passengers even at that early hour had come on deck. The morning sun was comfortable; the eye rested on as lovely a scene as ever mortal gazed upon; clouds tinged with rich effulgence were scattered here and there above us, like some bright beings attendant on the morning sun, or keeping sweet watch over our little bark; the heavens above us, the wide world of waters beneath and around us, seemed exulting in conscious beauty;

and as I stood leaning against the windlass, the scene was so like a fairy palace, that I gazed in mute astonishment, until the old gong awoke me from my dreamy reverie to the necessity of something more substantial. During the forenoon nearly every one was on deck, each adding in his own peculiar way to render this perhaps the most cheerful day of the voyage. In our little world we talked of every thing, and many things besides! Politics, religion, history, the arts and sciences—in fact, "*de omnibus aliquid, et de toto nihil!*" I was deeply interested in the very profound remarks between our Yankee friend—him of legs too long or pants too short—our young Frenchman, and the disappointed gold-seeker who smoked bad cigars. Their subject was the relative positions of the working classes in France and America. Truly it was a rich treat, and the group of listening passengers enjoyed the feast. Neither understood the other, and yes and no somehow always came in the wrong place! The ladies were among the most interested; and judging from long experience that all this would end in something more than laughing, I sat by an idle spectator. Sure enough, something was said by our Yankee neighbor which roused the southern blood of Mrs. G., who is a thoroughgoing Catholic. Shrewd as he was, he could not stand before the fire, and he wriggled and squeamed as none but a genuine Yankee can. I really pitied the poor fellow! yet it was so genteelly done—so good-humoredly taken, that all enjoyed it. During the conversation I was busily occupied studying the countenances of the crowd. What a variety of expression! Gradually the conversation flagged; some

of the younger joined in an impromptu cotillion; others lolled listlessly, or slept on the settees and benches; while others again, going to the fore part of the ship, where all was life and jollity, whiffed away at their cigars. All was apparently safe, when, had a thunderbolt struck the ship, more consternation would not have been caused than in an instant ran through the group of dancers, of sleepers, smokers, and readers! For myself I thought we were foundering at sea! The engine ceased, the wheels were motionless, the steam rushed with a deafening noise through the scape-pipes, and the ship literally groaned, as being in the trough of the sea, and having no counterbalancing motion to steady her, she rolled and pitched and tossed as if each movement were for life and death. Truly it was a moment of terror, that first sudden stopping of the machinery! Wild consternation was on each countenance, fear was in each eye, and I held my breath uncertain whether the next instant I might not hear an explosion. At such a time a moment seems an age, and no one ventured beyond an involuntary "What's that?" Standing by the cabin door, I was partaking pretty largely of the general alarm, when whack, full tilt against me, came rushing up our little Frenchman, with eyes starting from their sockets and face ghastly pale, exclaiming, "Ah, Mons. Le Curé, "Vat it is, vat it is?" "The biler's busted, and we're going to Davy's locker," coolly responded our facetious Yankee, who was standing near. The cause of all this alarm was explained in less time than it has taken me to relate it. The engineer had only stopped the machinery to make

some slight repairs, deemed necessary. We were delayed about an hour. Now that all is over, and we are here on terra firma, we may afford to laugh at the whole affair; but, believe me, kind reader, it was no laughing matter at the moment. There was something frightful to hear at this immense distance from land the harsh screaming of the escaping steam—to feel the rolling of the ship, as if at each turn she'd capsize, and then, with an involuntary shudder, to look out upon the world of water encompassing you; for, as Barney O'Reirdon says, "although the ocean is a pretty enough thing to look at and admire, it's no great things when you're pitched into it!"

Our indefatigable friend, the Frenchman, was very gracious, especially to the ladies, during the afternoon. Leaning against the mast, he essayed, after repeated requests, to mix some soda water for the ladies. How he succeeded—of his mishaps—repeated failures to empty the blue or the white paper into the tumbler, instead of on the deck, it is not necessary to speak. Ludicrous truly was the scene, and right merrily did we enjoy it!

To-day about four P. M., we passed a homeward-bound ship, sails all set, and riding gracefully as a swan on the undulating waves, the first sign of life beyond our own craft, since leaving New York. Sad feelings came over me, as I stood gazing at her fast receding from view, and thought of the fond hearts awaiting her return. How many would be gladdened when she was telegraphed; and what a thrill of joy would fill the bosoms of expecting parents, friends, and loved ones at the wanderer's return! Go, noble

ship, sighed I ; go—where I would even now gladly go ! About five, we saw quite a phenomenon, a double rainbow, clear and distinct. Thus passed the day, the wind freshening—all sails set—advancing gloriously. Sunset at sea ! Gorgeous, indeed, is the scene. The ocean seemed like liquid gold, gracefully undulating, yet as smooth as a lake ; clouds piled in fantastic shapes like old ruined castles, or mountains piled on mountains with every grotesque form imaginable or unimaginable. We watched the last lingering rays as they sparkled on the briny deep, and stood admiring the bright hues reflected on skies and water, long after the sun's golden chariot had disappeared beneath the western horizon. A feeling far more melancholy, though not so violent, perhaps, as that of sea-sickness, came over me as I stood musing in silence, watching the sun's parting rays. Shall I own it ? Well, I was *home sick!* Reader, smile not at my weakness, nor chide the tears which fell. Blessings on the man who invented this safety-valve to the overcharged heart, nor took out letters patent for it! There is nothing so calculated to soothe one's aching heart, save the holy influence of religion, as a good, hearty cry. Is it not so ? Some may smile, and others ridicule my mawkish sentimentality ; yet, I believe, that although "all are not men who wear the human form," when a man has a heart it does it good now and then to remove its superfluous weight, even though it be by tears. Some may be able to command their feelings, and drive back to their hidden source these proofs of childish weakness. It is not my boast, and weakness though it be, I plead guilty to the soft

impeachment. Night closed in; at a late hour I retired.

Friday, 9th. About midnight I rose and went on deck. Midnight at sea! Awful, grand and fearful! I was startled from a troubled sleep by the sudden stopping again of the machinery, and the loud, shrill noise of the escaping steam. Fortunately but few of the passengers were awakened: hence, there was but little consternation. We were going at rapid speed when the engine was stopped for repairs; fair wind, and plenty of it; all sail set, and a bright moonlight. As soon as the wheels ceased their motion, the ship seemed at the mercy of the waves, which, angry at her mastery over them, seemed to beat and lash against her bow in spiteful revenge. The poor little Ariel rocked from side to side like a skiff on the ocean, only more lazily and fearfully. What, thought I, had this occurred during a storm! How long we were thus at the mercy of the wind, I know not, but the bulletin at the captain's office next day, informed us we had lost 75 miles. I retired again about three A. M., and was soon journeying in dream-land. The day dawned balmy and cloudy. The frisking porpoises sported in myriads around the ship, and they gladdened me, for *they* at least seemed happy! A brig soon hove in view, but we did not pass nigh enough to hail her. At noon to-day our observation stood: 42° 36' N. 58° W. We were 730 miles from New York—a long waste of waters still between us and Havre! The day passed off agreeably; Mrs. G. of Richmond giving in no measured terms very particular "Jessie" to

the Know-Nothings; some vindicating their cause—some reading, smoking, etc. I was particularly interested in the conversation of Mr. Sheldon, from whom, as he had been in Rome, I learned much which subsequent experience proved useful.

CHAPTER V.

Dinner table scene at sea—Good appetite not easily satisfied at sea—Another Sunday on the ocean—Thoughts and recollections of home—Deacon Snowball's description of the weather—Visit to the "fire room" in hold—Deadening effects of sea-sickness—A storm at sea—Sail in sight—Old sailor's fish story—Land bird and land breeze—Writing home via Southampton—"The event of the voyage"—Land ho!—Revolving light—The Needles—Isle of Wight—Signal guns for pilot—Queer specimen of humanity—Steaming up to Cowes.

SATURDAY, 10*th.*—Day exceedingly disagreeable. What a day this must be on Broadway, or on the Avenue in Washington! Wind a perfect hurricane. For want of dust, old Boreas scattered about the waves, as they dashed against the sides of the ship and fell in spray over us. We were rolling from side to side all day. None seemed to suffer more than our little Frenchman, who seemed more loquacious than ever, though still and always "so sick, so ver sick!" At dinner to-day the scene was amusing, though vexatious. Dishes, decanters, glasses—in fact, every thing movable, seemed bent on a spree; over went this plate into your lap—off rolled the wine-bottles, chased by tumblers and wine-glasses—the very poultry, though "dead and cooked," seemed lively again; for they would not observe propriety and stay upon their dishes!—soup seemed as plenty on the table-

cloth as in the tureen—"Slowly, slowly—hold on there, my friend just opposite; where are you going with your chair?" Strange what makes so many run or stagger off as quickly as they can from the table! They look so sick! "Steady, neighbor, steady, just try to keep your plate before yourself as much as you can."—"Waiter, stop that potato rolling there—take away this plate; it's full of what I don't want!"—"Excuse me, sir, I didn't intend to butt against you; but indeed it *is* very rough, isn't it?"—"Steward, catch that turkey, if you please, and bring it back here!"—"Bless me, how very sick I am! Oh! oh!" and off he goes. Such is a glimpse of dinner-table scenes in a steamer on a rough day at sea. As for the burly German, he had no sooner seated himself than he decamped, with evident symptoms of "deep calling unto deep"—an unsettled state of feeling, very! Our Yankee controversialist hadn't courage to venture to the table, but waggishly begged each one who returned from the dining-saloon to bring him "some o' them 'ere fixins," while even a wheelbarrow would run off with laughter at the plight of the Frenchman! There he sat, legs braced against the table, holding on now with one hand, and again with both—napkin tucked in his collar—desperately, whenever he could loosen one hand, grasping at this dish and that, which, as he could not manage it single-handed, and we who were close to him would not, merely to enjoy the joke, he was fain to empty bodily into his plate or plates, which, sometimes playing truant, would wickedly slide away, freighted with turkey, beef, mutton, soup, potatoes, tomatoes, pickles, salad,

chicken, and divers other "fixins," or go, whack! into his lap or on the floor, bringing from him a piteous groan and peremptory demand for "stop ze eengine." Fruitless, however, were all his expostulations and threats to "make one bad complaint to ze proprietaire ven I make sure my foot on ze land," because the ocean and the winds kicked up such a fuss, and would hinder him from finishing "his eat." How he succeeded, I know not; for I had laughed so heartily that I found myself getting sick, and groped my way from chair to chair to the stairs. I turned to catch another glance at my poor little neighbor as I ascended, but he had risen, holding in one hand a plate hugely piled with divers "combustibles," and with the other holding on to the table. I saw no more of him that day.

Sunday, 11*th*.—Another Sunday on the ocean! How monotonous to be caged and cabined so long on the ocean! And yet the week has passed rapidly away, each day marked by its peculiar novelty. Here I am, Sunday morning, to offer adoration, not before the familiar altar in a far off home, with kneeling worshippers around me; the master and the slave, the rich and poor within the country chapel, where sweet voices, mingling with the organ's notes, speak of pure and holy devotion; but on the deep, under the vaulted arch of heaven, on the altar of the heart, the loud winds chanting the hymn of praise with the low solemn thundering of the billows, as sea and skies proclaim that "God is wonderful on the deep!" How memory recalls each old familiar sound and scene; the church bell from its little steeple peering above

the trees—the cheerful greetings of friends, as from far and wide they meet on Sunday morning—the smiling faces—"best Sunday dresses"—then old "Uncle Bob," and "Aunt Sukey," and all the little Bobs and Sukeys, with their woolly heads, bright eyes, and ivory teeth, grinning for very joy "kase dis be Sunday!" Oh! Heaven always bless those scenes, and days, and friends!

The day opened with a fair wind, blowing quite a gale. The operation of shaving was rather more unsuccessful than before; for, besides divers bumps and thumps while striving to wash, I came off minus a portion of my chin! After breakfast we saw a half-dismasted bark; but, as she made no signal of distress, the ship continued on. Some of our passengers were evidently impressed with a sense of religious duty to-day, and they seemed absorbed, each in his own thoughts and devotions. During the afternoon we passed the ship Charlemagne, of Havre, bound for New York. The evening set in dark and stormy. Nearly every passenger is sick. The ship, riding in the trough of the sea or between the waves, pitches and rolls fearfully. The lively conversation and merry laugh of our youthful passengers have gradually ceased; and groaning, and other proofs that they are "so ver sick," are heard on all sides. We are steaming ahead at a rapid rate; the night is as dark as darkness visible—cheerless, cold, drizzling sleet and snow—in truth, enough to give a man the blues! After some half-dozen ineffectual attempts to reach my state-room, I brought up against the door with a sudden lurch which made my head swim. Recom-

mending myself to Heaven, and to Her, so sweetly called the "Star of the sea," I slept.

Monday, 12*th*.—Stormy, rainy, and windy. Indeed Deacon Snowball's description of the weather will suit to-day—"Fust it blew—then it snew—then it friz, horrid!" We passed, before breakfast, another homeward bound brig. The tables, chairs, and every thing not tightly fastened to the floor, were seized with a dancing furor, and they all started off, as if by previous consent, pirouetting and tumbling around the cabin. Although not a believer in table-rapping through spiritual agency, I was soon convinced of its truth through the medium of a rough sea. To-day, through the politeness of the first engineer, an officer in all respects suited to his position, I visited the fire-room in the "deep dark recesses" of the hold. Roaring fires—besmutted and besmeared firemen, shovelling in coal almost incessantly—long iron rakers, with which they poked and stirred up the fire until the whole concern seemed a living, glowing furnace—the rail-road and cars with which from the "coal-bunks" the devouring maw of the monster was fed with its black food—the pale glimmering of the lamps, hung here and there within that deep abyss—the close, oppressive atmosphere, the thundering clamor of the machinery, the roar of the fires, the bubbling of the steam, and the rushing noise of the water as we dashed onward through the ocean, all filled me with wonder and with awe. In fact, it would not be difficult to imagine oneself in Pluto's realms; and I was forcibly reminded of Æneas's descent "ad inferos." Ashamed to acknowledge my

fear, I strove to appear calm, and, after a half hour's suspense, I was truly rejoiced when once again I sought the world above, and trod—no, not terra firma, but the deck of our rolling ship! But few of our passengers have made their appearance to-day. How this sea-sickness deadens every sense of affection, every thought save for self! Whether one goes to the bottom or goes ahead, 'tis all one; we heed not, we care not, even for the nearest and dearest ties. In fact, 'tis a merciful dispensation; for were we alive to even the ordinary feelings of sympathy, how doubly agonizing would be our sufferings, to witness those of a parent, child, or friend, and to be unable to afford relief! To add to the gloomy prospect, a violent hail-storm broke over us; and as the falling stones rattled against the skylight, it seemed the thick glass would break. The ocean lashed into an angry storm, thunder grumbling in the heavens, lightning flashing fearfully, our little ship literally quivering beneath the force of the shock, as wave on wave would dash against her with the accumulated fury of a thousand Niagaras, a lowering sky hissing, foam-capped billows, which seemed so spiteful as now we rose on them, and again sank deep and deep in the abyss of waters, until the masts were literally overtopped by the sporting demon riding on the waves; the long fiery trail following in our rear, belched by the smoke-stacks from their laboring lungs; the darkness, gloom —all, all increased the terrors of the scene, and it was —sublime!

Tuesday, 13*th*.—Towards morning the storm abated. We have made good headway. The morn-

ing is cold, clear, and bracing. After a troubled night, during which it was difficult to keep myself from being thrown out of my berth, I ascended to the deck. The sea was comparatively calm. Enjoyed breakfast, though enlivened, as usual, by the little Frenchman's eccentricities. His sufferings, poor man, would fill a volume, albeit he is blessed amid them all with one "steadfast" friend, "ze aptite!" The day was alternately warm and cold, sunshine and snow, wind and rain, until about sunset all the horrors of last evening's storm seem renewed with increased fury. My very soul sank within me, and I sought my state-room, in half dread and half-confiding hope, though I felt we were as safe on the ocean as on land, when God protects us! None save those who have suffered thus, alternating between hope and fear, courage and despondency, even though faith point us to Him who "rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm," none can realize the terrors of such a position. Kind sleep came to my relief, and I dreamed I was at home!

Wednesday, 14*th*.—Cold, cheerless and stormy; slow progress, hail, rain, snow. About noon came up to and passed within speaking distance barque "Stentor" of Pictou, N. S. The dullest, gloomiest day yet. Retired at 7.

Thursday, 15*th*.—Early this morning I went on deck. Who could believe that yesterday was a stormy day; for this morning is warm, clear, and balmy. How refreshing to snuff the land breeze! It came from old England, bearing on its wings comfort, and hope, and joy! A few days more and we shall tread

her shores. Blissful thought, that our captivity is drawing to a close. Nearly all our passengers came up during the forenoon. I was amused at the stories of an old sailor, who was describing to a listening group, myself among them, the name and wonderful qualities of a queer-looking fish which had been caught and thrown on deck by one of the wheels during the night; I think he called it a "Squid." A most unsightly "varmint," with numerous feelers or boneless arms a yard or so in length, an entirely mucilaginous compound of ugliness and flabbiness, still, in its way, telling the wonders of the deep. The old sailor seemed impressed with the importance of his position, for attending with great zeal to his tobacco, and holding up the "sea monster" to our view, he assured us he had seen the identical mother of "this yere squid," and she "was so big that she e'en'amost capsized the brig Joe Cutter,—a whale warn't a circumstance to her! He know'd this squid by a mark on the back!" Pretty good for a fish story, thought I—tell that to the marines! By observation to day at noon we stood 50° 05′ N. Lat. 19° 30′ Long., only 730 miles to Southampton! As usual the evening set in stormy, cold and dark.

Friday, 16*th.*—On reaching deck this morning I saw a little land bird fluttering over the bow of the ship; I could have caressed the little messenger, for like myself he was a wanderer from home! The morning was cloudy, wind ahead, and the day passed over cold and cheerless. This evening I wrote letters home, to be sent by way of Southampton.

Saturday, 17*th.*—Wind ahead. As we approach

the English Channel we meet many vessels. It is strange that as we near land, my feelings are tinged with melancholy! A stranger in a strange country, and homesick at that! I occupied a good portion of the forenoon in writing to America; how strange that sounded, writing to America. I could scarce realize that thousands of miles, a world of waters, rolled between my home and me! To day the purser called on us for our passage tickets. It smacked of drawing nigh the end of our voyage. We lingered late on deck, anxiously hoping 'mid the fog and cold to make the light on the Scilly Isles. Word was passed that it was seen, but disappointment was our doom, it proved the watch light from the mast-head of some vessel. It was nigh midnight when I retired.

Sunday, 18*th*.—Another Sunday at sea! The morning is cold and dreary. This English Channel is as rough as the ocean. We enjoyed breakfast however, amazingly, for as the time of separation draws nigh we begin to appreciate each other's society more. For a wonder, our little Frenchman grew quite indignant at some waggish remarks made at his expense, and, reader, will you believe it, actually rose from his breakfast! It was the greatest occurrence, in fact "*the event*" of the voyage. We looked in perfect astonishment at each other, wondering what screw was loose! All is anxiety now, for the captain is looking out for a pilot. There was comfort even in the sound, and even now I can recall the smile with which we repeated each to another, the pilot! It was exquisitely refreshing to inhale again the breeze fresh from land. The day passed, evening drew on apace,

rainy, chilly and gloomy. "Land ho!" rang through the ship, and in a twinkling almost every passenger was on deck despite of rain, and wind, and cold. It was the Scilly Isles. By nine P. M., we made the revolving light on Lizzard Point off Land's-End; fitting sentinel on that rock-bound coast, warning off the approaching mariner in mute but expressive accents. For three successive days we had had no observation, and "dead reckoning" had been the only means by which through storms and winds we had made with such surprising accuracy this point. We are approaching that dangerous point, "The Needles;" high and precipitous rocks, guarding the entrance to the Isle of Wight as giants since the flood. The Captain judiciously stopped the ship—signal guns were fired, rockets were sent up, blue-lights burned to attract the pilots, of whom there seemed a singular dearth. It was a trying hour to Captain Lefevre and his officers, for the wind was blowing a gale, and the thick heavy atmosphere gave but little scope for vision. An hour and a half thus passed slowly by, surely not the least anxious of the voyage. At length a pilot bore down towards us,—a queer specimen of aquatic curiosity, a real Dartmouth man, more like a walking hogshead than a human being, yet he was an angel to us, he was just from land! With an eye to the main chance he entered at once into arrangements with our Captain at an exorbitant rate, as he was not one of the regular government pilots. Up steam again, off moves the ship. It was not quite daylight when we passed through The Needles. Perhaps the gloom added to the illusion, but it seemed

to me I could have thrown a stone on the rocks, so fearfully close did we approach them! It is an exciting thing to approach these frowning rocks. The chalky cliffs, the "Hearse Castle," as it is called, famous as the prison of Charles I., and perhaps of Mary Queen of Scotts, the splendid cottages and residences of wealthy gentlemen, who make the Isle of Wight their summer resort, the lights glimmering on the high rocks, the classic and historic associations connected with this lovely spot, which seems as a perfect gem in old England's crown. All is interesting. Here under Vespasian and the Emperor Claudius, the Romans founded cities, less than a quarter of a century after the death of our Saviour. These green fields have been stained in blood by the ruthless Saxons. Druid Priests offered their human sacrifices from perhaps the very rock in yonder grove, and fire and sword and vandal hordes have swept over these fields, each in turn destroying in the name of religion or ambition, the fairest flowers of virtue and of science. How pleasing it was, and yet how sad, to dwell on these reflections, the more so as the eye seemed to luxuriate in gazing once again on land!

CHAPTER VI.

Cowes—Steamer for Southampton—Change of luggage and parting of passengers—En route for Havre—The English Channel—Cape La Hève—Fleet of boatmen—Disembarking of passengers—Mr. Christie and his "Swan"—Reaching Havre—Sensations on landing—Custom-house—Comfortable quarters—Bishop of Montreal—First impressions of Havre—Visit to the Cure of "Notre Dame"—Luxury of a good bed.

WE anchored off Cowes, a romantic little town on the Isle of Wight. It is much larger than I had anticipated. Then came a regular rush of pilots. All this seemed to me, an American, rather shiftless and ill managed. Where were they when we most needed them? How many and anxious were the inquiries about the news from the Crimea! But here comes puffing and spluttering at a dreadful rate, the little steam-tug to convey passengers and baggage to Southampton, pleasantly situated about an hour's sail on the north-east point of a bay called Southampton Water. She makes more noise, and is more fussy than a regular steamer. One can scarce hear a word. Then comes a hurried exchange of luggage from our ship to the steam-tug, the parting of passengers bound for England; the shaking of hands, and off sputters the noisy little imp, spattering the water as if she

really felt her importance! I did not realize until my good friend Sheldon, with some others, had actually gone, that a void was made in our little group. In a brief hour or less we had hoisted anchor, and were steaming across the Channel for Havre. Numerous small craft dotted the water, but feebly reflecting the grand events for which the English Channel is historic. The muse and historian have combined to immortalize the fierce struggle on this spot for the empire of the seas between the armaments of Von Tromp and Blake. Fearful was the contest and doubtful the issue for nearly four days and nights. The ill-fated Armada of Spain had here ridden in proud yet unsuccessful defiance, and stretched her powerful arms from shore to shore. Fire, and blood, and victory, and defeat had conspired to render this an interesting place; and as we steamed over the now placid waters of the Channel, I could but philosophize on the vanity which urged contending navies to pour out so much blood for trifles "which may be grasped at thus!" The bright blue hills of Normandy soon greet our view, and "La belle France," the land of piety and of literature is before us! We approach the bold, ragged bluffs, from whose towering heights on Cape La Hève the friendly light-house is seen. O how soothing to the eye, how cheering to the heart to look once again on green fields and human habitations! Spy-glasses, opera-glasses, and strong eyes were in requisition. The anchor is dropped—the signal gun goes booming and reverberating from hill to hill with a strange yet welcome echo, for it seems to speak of land. The entrance to the port of Havre

is impracticable for ships or steamers, except during a few hours of each tide; and the pilot considered it unsafe to approach the city before the evening. We were all anxious to catch a glimpse of the "Liverpool of France," as Havre is called; but it was concealed from view by a bend in the harbor. The panorama spread out before us was inexpressibly beautiful. The smooth, still waters, bespangled with countless fishing smacks and pleasure yachts—the fortifications frowning on us—the extensive works on which Russian prisoners were even then employed—a bright, lovely morning, balmy as a spring day—the clouds tinged with golden hues, and the glorious Seine sparkling on our right in the effulgence of the rising sun—oh, it is lovely! At length boats, rowed, sailed, paddled, and urged by every species of locomotion, came off from shore in numbers almost vieing with the locusts of Egypt—of all sizes and shapes, from a little cradle on the water to a good-sized barge, from the spruce, tight cutter to the tub or wash-bowl, long, and square, and round, and no shaped; on they come, dancing on the waves, bringing with them a clatter and confusion of tongues as unintelligible as it was amusing to me, for so unexpectedly had all this clamor arisen that I stood wondering, and thankful that ours was not the fate of Sir Sydney Smith, who, not far from where we were, whilst endeavoring to cut out a French frigate unfortunately got stranded, and was captured by just such a Lilliputian fleet as that now making down for us! Such confusion, such odd costume, red caps and blue, leather breeches and flannel, shrivelled up, dried old men with a nasal

twang truly distressing, and little specimens of humanity in the shape of boys, scarce one yard high, bobbing up and down with the motion of the boat, all shouting at the top of their voice, what for the life of me I could not catch, although it was evident they had come to take off passengers and their luggage, each on his own hook. Here was a dilemma. The city was six miles from us, and we could only enter the harbor on the next tide, which would detain us where we were until evening. Should we trust ourselves in one of these eggshells, and try the fortunes of the sea on a new scale, or stay where we were cribbed and caged for so many hours? Important question. Many of our passengers made no hesitation; then such a getting up of baggage never was seen! Trunks, boxes, valises, bundles, hoisted up from the deep hold, forward passengers, whom I had not seen during the entire voyage, of all shapes, sizes, and costumes, young men and old, grizzly gray and foppish one-and-twenty, down they go, helter-skelter into the boats, close on each other, piling up their luggage both animate and inanimate until the dancing little craft at the ship's side seems almost sinking; shouting men, screaming women, boatmen cursing in very bad French through their trumpet noses; off she goes, that little boat laden with every thing from human life to "fish, flesh, fowl, and even red herring," out go the oars, up she mounts on the dancing waves like a bird floating on the water—three cheers in French or English or any thing, and we waive "good-bye" to the hardy crew as they mount and sink on the waves, pulling away for life on their way to the

city! Among the earliest to decamp was our little friend the Frenchman. With divers bows and scrapes, awkward attempts at polite flourishes, he gave most of us his card, illegibly scrawled on the margin of an old newspaper, and assured us he would be so "ver satisfied for meet us in ze city of Lyons!" His little skull cap or callotte was gone, and a huge stove pipe, or round hat towered above his cabbage-looking head, the veriest odd fish I ever met! Nearly all had gone, and yet, I scarce knew why, I lingered behind; perhaps through dread to trust myself, after so many "ups and downs," in one of those pitiful little boats. I had resolved to stay on board till the evening tide, when Capt. Lefevre introduced me to Mr. Christie, the gentlemanly agent of the Vanderbilt line of steamers at Havre. He had come down from the city in his splendid craft, as large as an ordinary pilot-boat. He kindly offered me a seat in his "Swan," as he called her. I accepted, and in a few moments my little all, consisting simply of cloak, umbrella, and travelling-bag, was deposited in the "Swan." Taking a hasty leave of the captain and his officers, I descended the side of the ship and we pushed off. Soon the sails were set, and I could but feel sad as we passed the noble little Ariel, then like a wearied bird folding her wings on the bosom of the sea. Strange how soon we become attached to surrounding objects! The prisoner learns to love his cell, and even I felt gloomy leaving the ship which had conveyed me safely across the ocean. On we sailed, meeting and passing many of the little crafts

laden as above, until turning the bend which had concealed the city from view, Havre opened on us.

It would be impossible to describe my feelings, as once again I gazed on houses, walls, and crowds of human beings. All seemed strange. I had often seen pictures of Havre, and I thought myself pretty well posted on its general appearance; but how different the reality from any representation! Its long line of fortifications, the splendid entrance to the harbor, the long line of docks, the lofty castellated houses, seven and eight stories high—each seeming a fort within itself—the queer dresses of men, women, and children; all, as we approached a landing point, was matter of wonder. We, doubtless, must have presented as odd a figure to the crowds on the quay as they to us. Scarce had we touched the wharf, when a gendarme, dressed "a la militaire,"advancing politely, saluted us, marshalled us in file, and conducted us to the custom-house; a queer-looking concern indeed. There we were ushered into a hall, where a noble-looking officer, the very quintessence of politeness and cologne, simply asked whether we had about our persons any contraband goods, and most gracefully saluted us with a brief "allez!" Our passports were not even asked for, and we were instructed to call at three P. M. for our baggage. We were then free to go whithersoever the spirit moved. Here then I am, once more on land! How strange the sensation! I can scarce realize that the ground beneath me does not rock like the deck of the ship. How often I catch myself swaying back and forward from side to side in true sailor fashion, as down the foot goes suddenly to preserve my equili-

brium. I was most fortunate in selecting quarters in the "Hotel Bordeaux." There was an air of comfort about the rooms; a good-natured, motherly old lady, did the honors of reception. I was soon conducted to my quarters, a snug, wainscotted, and brick-tiled apartment in the third story; and once more I found myself in a house. I had not been many minutes there when, to my great surprise, the venerable Monseigneur Bourjet, Bishop of Montreal, Canada, entered my room. I had had the honor of an interview with the holy man some years before while on a tour through the Canadas; and, in meeting him thus unexpectedly, it seemed renewing old acquaintance. He remembered our previous meeting. Kindly asked after my Rev. Brother, and welcomed me to France. After taking some refreshments I sallied forth. What clattering of sabots or wooden shoes on the rough stone pavements. What narrow streets, all guiltless of the modern improvement, sidewalks—what gloomy and high houses, whose tops seem literally leaning against each other, so that, I am sure, even at midday the sun, seldom, if ever, reaches the lower stories. True, the day has become rainy, and this may add to the dirty appearance of the place, yet Havre is decidedly, in my opinion, a dirty city. Like Broadway in New York, an uninterrupted stream of humanity of all nations, tribes and tongues, pours through these narrow thoroughfares: the women in their high-crowned caps, gray petticoats and sabots; the men in their sugar-loafed hats, corduroy breeches, and "swaggering" gait; the lanterns suspended in the middle of the streets from chains reaching from side to side; in

short, the first impressions of the stranger in Havre are any thing but prepossessing. And yet, how unjust for tourists and travellers to censure the manners, customs, and social habits of countries, differing in language and religion, merely because they chime not in with their prejudices! What to me seems odd, to these good people is familiar, and my awkwardness or evident greenness is amusing to them, as their quaint customs are to me.

Wending my way through crowded, narrow and dirty streets, I sought the curé or Parish Priest of "Notre Dame," the parish church of this district. I found him a kind, hospitable old man, busily occupied with his breviary. He asked me many questions relative to America, and seemed to have correct notions of our Southern institutions. I passed a most agreeable hour with this good priest, and then returned to my hotel. What a luxury is a good bed! How the poor, sea-tossed wanderer, when, once again released from the narrow limits of a berth in a steamer, he finds himself on a feather-bed on land, will pitch about for very joy that he has room to measure his length and breadth in quiet, without that eternal, sidling, rolling motion he has so long endured; and every now and then he'll start as if to keep himself from pitching out, as he dozes off in half-quiet, half-disturbed slumbers!

CHAPTER VII.

Church and Mass at Notre Dame—Reflections of author—Scene at custom-house—Tricks on travellers—Brief history of Rouen—Funeral procession and grave-yard—How some form rash judgments—Dinner on board Ariel in Havre—School practice for French drummers—Difference between Havre workmen and ours—The French naturally soldiers—Manners, customs and street scenes in Havre—Abbé Herval and the library—Night prayers and benediction at Notre Dame—Edifying youth at prayer—Morning prayer, mass, benediction, &c., at Notre Dame—Interior of church—Interesting trait of filial affection—French railroad depots—Farewell to Havre.

WE landed in Havre on Monday, 19th November, thus making sixteen days since we left New York. The next morning I rose after a tolerably refreshing sleep, and at an early hour repaired to "Notre Dame" for confession and holy mass. Even then, there were large numbers in the church. Many men, both old and young, in military and in citizen's dress. I had the happiness of saying holy mass at the altar of the Blessed Virgin. What were the wanderer's feelings at that moment! There he was, a stranger in a strange land—far from all he loved on earth—from all on earth who loved him. In the crowd around him, no face was familiar—none knew the exile, none cared for the stranger! Thousands of miles separated him from home, and there he stood to

offer the same mystic lamb which so often in his far-off home he had immolated. Sweet, yet thrilling was the moment, and as he proceeded, tears were blended with his prayer, while he remembered and prayed for those far away. Gratitude to God for a safe voyage, his fatherly protection during his future wanderings, and his watchful care over the "loved ones at home,"—such was the lone one's prayer.

I should have remarked that according to instructions, three o'clock, P. M., yesterday, found me at the custom-house, where whom should I meet but Mons. Frenchman! He seemed as delighted as if we had met after a year of separation! and it was with "much ado" I could free myself from his pressing invitation to share his hospitality at his hotel. Poor little fellow! I have never met him since; but with all his eccentricities and oddities, he deserves our gratitude for having relieved the tedium of a voyage across the Atlantic. Peace go with him, and "ze aptite" also. I was amused, while at the custom-house to witness the hurly-burly, and excitement—trunks, bandboxes, carpet-bags, valises, bundles, packages, and every thing in that line, all piled in glorious confusion—each one striving to pull out what belonged to him, as bustling, noisy waiters hustled them away to the officers, to be opened and searched. Such a medley, such an exposure of all sorts of wearables. There was an active, masculine, yet good-natured old woman, present to examine, I suppose, the ladies' baggage, but as there was just at that moment little in that line, she kept her hand in by overhauling my poor valise, which was guiltless, indeed, of all contraband

articles. I could with difficulty refrain from laughing outright, at the very unnecessary trouble she was taking, and at the off-hand manner and tone in which she pushed the harmless valise towards me with—"Allez," which, in our idiom might be conveyed, perhaps by, "There, now you may run along!" The "tricks on travellers" here began, and as I had yet to learn something of journeying in Europe, I put this down as a good beginning; for, as I was making off quite contentedly with my scanty baggage, up rushes a wolfish-looking fellow with a tin sign or number on his cap, peremptorily ordering me to stand! Why?—merely to give him two francs! For what? Why, it was his due. The barbarian, thinking I could not cope with him, was rather insolent, when turning to a gendarme, I requested him to protect me against the fellow's insolence, when, lo! he had made tracks, and I, fortunate in having so little luggage, quietly left the door.

After breakfast this morning at mine host of Hotel Bordeaux, I sallied forth on a tour of discovery. Havre is very favorably situated on the north bank of the mouth or l'embouchure of the Seine, and is said to be among the most flourishing ports in France. It was founded during the reign of Francis I. If it cannot boast of historical monuments and ancient associations, it can pride itself on the regularity and beauty with which the streets are laid out, on its splendid public buildings, and on being the birthplace of some among the choicest writers of the last century, among whom may be mentioned Bernardin de St. Pierre and Casimir Delavigne. The basin, the breakwater, and the port, are among the finest in France. The pret-

tiest portion of the city, once a suburb, but now united to the town by the destruction of the fortified walls which lately divided them, is situated on a gently rising hill, called Ingouville. This is the fashionable part. From its elevated position, the panorama of the city below, the harbor, shipping, and surrounding country, is grand. I found myself here, without scarce knowing it; for, following in the train of a funeral procession, the first I had ever witnessed of the kind, time and distance were unheeded. It was quite early in the forenoon, the day was pleasant and bright, and a large number of priests, preceded by the cross and candles, were chanting through the streets the plaintive "miserere." A long procession of men followed. I was told that, unless at children's funerals, females seldom appear. It was the burial of a pious woman; and I observed that the old nurse who had attended her walked next to the bier, bearing a lamp in her hand—why, I do not understand. Arrived at the cemetery, the usual ceremonies were performed, and each one, passing before the grave, threw a handful of earth upon the coffin. I noticed a sweet custom of entwining wreaths of flowers around the crosses and tombstones. Here I may as well remark how easily, and yet with how little solid reason, some are *or profess to be* scandalized; for I have learned to believe, that half this twaddle about being scandalized smacks of that mock modesty, which is said to have induced a very sentimental lady to refuse going to the piano until her husband covered the legs, which were too bare for her! I too imagined myself not edified; for, with notions completely Jansenistical,

I condemned what in itself was harmless, but yet not according to my views of propriety. The attendant who carried the processional cross, and whom I thought a priest, was a spruce, tidy specimen of humanity. He was solemn, if you will; but there was that about him so different from the others—the careless wandering of his eye, the half professional and half off-handed way in which he sang the responses in his clear, sonorous voice, and then his carefully combed and smooth beard and jèt-black whiskers. I began to think that, after all, the priests in France are not so very edifying. So argued with himself, and so thought, the sojourner of a single day! But how falsely he concluded, how rashly he judged! The whilom priest was a farm-hand, a cultivator of the vine, a good, pious layman, employed on all such occasions because he had so good a voice; a custom universal in France, and which I remember to have seen in Canada. I learned a lesson of humility from the fact.

About two P. M. I met Capt. Lefevre, and was urged to dine with him on board the Ariel, which was now quietly moored at her dock. Already all was confusion and bustle on board; a number of hands unloading the cargo, heaving in coal, and, although but just off the ocean, preparations were making for a homeward trip. I could but observe the difference between these workingmen and ours in New York. Here they work by system. They do just so much, even under the highest "pressure" system; they seem to think that work was made for them, not they for work, and neither favor, interest, nor money, can urge them be-

yond the slow, dog-trot pace they think fast enough. A word of rebuke from the employer, and they quit work. Indeed, I really think one Irishman in America will do as much as five of these workmen at Havre; so thought others. During dinner, which was served in style, the Bishop of Montreal came on board to select state-rooms for some Sisters of Charity, who are about leaving France for his distant diocese. Thus, thought I, goes the world—some going, some coming—change, ever changing—hearts for ever sad, yet all tending to eternity! There was a noise, as of distant thunder, rumbling over the hill. I inquired, and learned that it was from the French drummers, whose hour of practice it was. As all was novelty to me, I walked towards the spot, and sure enough there were about sixty young men in French uniform, divided into bands according to their proficiency, some under a guide, others on their own hook, all beating away most lustily on their "tambours." It was confusion confounded! The small brass French drum I do not like as well as our old-fashioned Yankee article. I learned that these were young conscripts, just drafted into the army, and were here for a while at school, before being sent to the Crimea, to beat their martial music to the accompaniment of cannon-balls, dying shricks, and "war's desolation!" Poor fellows, food for powder, disease, and death! A woman passed me, as I was returning, with her face flushed with running, and weeping aloud. She carried a little basket. It was doubtless the mother, sister or wife of one of those conscript soldiers, taking him a parting gift, mayhap a pair of stockings, a

prayer-book, or some little memento, ere they parted, to meet perhaps no more. Truly the French are born soldiers. It is seen in all, even the humblest laborers. One with whom I casually entered into conversation, seemed surprised when I asked him if there were not much grief and sorrow when, on drawing the lots, as is the case every few years, to fill the army, the lot fell on young men who had aged parents to support. "Yes," he replied, "'tis hard; I may perhaps be fated to go, as we have to draw lots in a few weeks, and I am the only support of my old father and mother; but France, sir, France," and his face glowed with excitement, "is my country, and it is our duty to serve our country!" No wonder the "Grand Army" knows how to be killed, but not how to turn and run! Passing through the "Rue de Paris," perhaps the most beautiful street of the city, I stopped to admire the varied scene before me. There were old women, with steeple-crowned caps, with a kind of frame, like a depot-wheelbarrow, lashed to their shoulders, filled with little bundles of finely chopped sticks for sale; others with short sticks and hooks at their ends, stooping over and diligently poking in the gutters, and every little heap of rubbish, as they most dexterously tossed each old scrap of paper, rag or iron, into the basket lashed to their shoulders. Here was a sign announcing in bad English what was for sale; every twentieth man a soldier of some sort, in his dashing red trowsers and close fitting jacket or fatigue-dress; priests noiselessly flitting by, with modest demeanor, three-cornered hats and rabba; beggars of all sorts, shapes, and sizes, some with trained dogs or

monkeys holding a basket in their mouths or paws, as they walked on their hind-legs quite philosophically; here a splendid store, in which, as is customary all over France. ladies served as clerks, "knights," or rather "ladies" of the yard-stick, scissors, and tape; huge drays and splendid horses, with most uncouth and cumbrous harness—hames projecting above the collar like the horns of an ox, and saddle large enough to conceal half an ordinary horse; drays like young ships, loaded with five hogsheads of sugar, and some with fifteen bales of cotton; noisy parrots at almost every third door, saucily jabbering in patois all sorts of phrases, sometimes cursing you in good round numbers; here a posse of little urchins, gay as larks, and there a squad of young bipeds, full to the brim of martial glory, or, yankee-like, tumbling summersets, and (what do you think?) all speaking French! then again coffee-burners, soup-boilers, tinkers and cooks, each at his profession in the street, all bowing so gracefully to the passer-by; even the meanest beggar vies in this peculiar trait with the highest in the land, as if he'd rather be politely refused than gruffly aided. Indeed, to me every thing was novel, from the dog-sized donkey, with his huge panniers, to the young elephant-sized horse; from the slanting, block-paved streets, with gutters in the middle, and lamps suspended from chains crossing the streets, to the bands of "tambours" who, without fife, were met at almost every hour, beating away as if they had a spite against their drum-heads.

By invitation I met at three P. M. Monsieur L'Abbé Herval, one of the vicars of Notre Dame, with whom

I visited the Museum, Library, &c. These are of but comparatively late origin, yet give promise of future importance. One of the most extensive collections of medals I had ever seen was here arranged, and in great part presented by the Abbé Herval, who, besides being a holy and laborious priest, is a perfect enthusiast in this line. How anxiously he begged me to procure for him, or aid him in procuring, the medallions or medals of all our Presidents! It seemed that, in his admiration for Washington and America, he would have given half he possessed to procure them! I traced my name and the date on a page of "Fabiola," which had been given me by a cherished friend on leaving Baltimore, and presented it to the Library. Shall I ever again see that volume? Nous verrons. The Angelus was ringing as I entered Notre Dame, and already the church was half filled with a pious throng for evening devotion. It is the custom to have night prayers, singing, and benediction in the churches of Havre every evening. It is a sweet and holy custom; and here were gathering, after the toil and labor of the day, after the wear and tear of worldly pursuits, hearts sometimes saddened by the day's events, and spirits weakened by contact with the world; here they come—parents to pray for children, children to supplicate Heaven for parents, the old to prepare for eternity, the young to ask of God His holy guidance, love, and grace! How sweet the idea! how elevating the influence of such holy customs! And among the crowd gathered around God's holy altar was a stranger, lonely and sad; tears were in his eyes, and his lips quivered as he bowed his

head before the Sacred Host at The Benediction; for the old familiar hymns were heard. The "O Salutaris Hostia" and "Tantum Ergo" he had so oft entoned now fell on his ear, and in the fulness of his soul he wept unseen by all save Heaven! By his side knelt a sweet child, a lad of apparently fifteen years, an angel in appearance, so calm, so heavenly that face! He seemed in ecstasy; with his hands clasped, his eyes uplifted and resting on the altar, I could almost fancy he was listening to the angels whispering to him! France, France, thou art still Catholic, and God's blessing is o'er thee! At the close there were little gatherings around most of the confessionals, men, women, and youths.

On the following days I visited the other churches and principal places of interest in Havre—the gardens, baths, squares, docks and shipping. Of all the churches, however, the most interesting to me is Notre Dame. It is an ancient-looking edifice, pointed, gothic style of architecture, if I remember correctly, and was undergoing repairs when I was there. Like all the churches in Europe, the floor is marble or stone-paved. As I had never before seen side chapels, it was singularly interesting to me to examine the secret little altars in these recesses, of which there are twelve. Every thing around the altars, the linens, candle-sticks, cruets so scrupulously clean, so many priests officiating at the side altars, worshippers at each, particularly at one behind the grand altar, and dedicated in honor of the Blessed Virgin, where from the crowd of communicants I at first thought it was a feast day, but learned it was always thus. The

piety of the men and children, and morning prayers, meditation and benediction of Blessed Sacrament at daylight—these and other considerations attached me to this church. It is strange to me to hear the noisy clatter of wooden shoes on the stone floor, as men, women and children patter down the aisles. The principal altar is at the end of the sanctuary or choir, and is grand. Around and in front of the altar are arranged the stalls or seats for the clergy on each side; and the service on Sundays and festivals is sung exclusively by male voices. This is the custom pretty generally throughout Europe. There are many paintings in the church, but none struck me as particularly worthy of attention. There is an air of holiness and grand simplicity in and around the edifice, and I left it reluctantly. The church of St. Francis is a more simple building, yet exceedingly beautiful inside. Here too I was fortunate enough to assist at benediction. The ceremonies, chaunting, &c., were quite different from ours. All present sang in common, and above the rest I could readily detect the shrill voices of the red cassocked choir boys. I met at this church the venerable Superior of the Trappists in the United States. He starts in a few days for home.

I had now been four days in Havre, and felt quite recruited. Little time had been lost; indeed few could have explored the city more industriously, and it was time to think of starting for Rouen. The last evening of my sojourn in Havre was marked by so beautiful a trait of filial affection, that I will here relate it. I had become deeply interested in a little

child about twelve years old, the daughter of mine host. Each evening she would smile a welcome as I entered the family parlor. She was evidently an exotic plant; the atmosphere of this world was too cold, too earthly for so heavenly a flower; and the hacking cough, the hectic flush, and her pale, alabaster brow told plainly enough to one accustomed to such symptoms, that she was going home to the little brother, "mon cher petit frère," of whom she so often spoke. O the depth, the wild, uncontrollable love of a parent's heart! Neither father nor mother could see what no one else could help seeing—the seal of death stamped upon her brow; and they would speak of all they were going to do, where they were going to take her, and all that, after Jeannette got well! On this evening, while all were seated around a comfortable fire, talking now of this and then of that, little Jeanny, as usual, seated in her arm-chair near me, her father was summoned to the office or reception hall, to attend to some new arrival. It was about 10 P. M. Soon her mother suggested it was time for her to retire; she must be tired, &c. The dear little creature hung her head, then looked at me as if afraid to express her feelings, and bursting into tears, replied in her sweet childish accents, rendered sweeter to me by being pronounced in French, "Ah, mamma! you know I can't sleep if papa don't kiss me good night!" Dear child! I could have clasped her in my arms, and hurried with her to her papa! He soon came in. Her tiny arms were clasped around his neck, and "papa kissed her good night!" It was a simple yet an affecting spectacle, and perhaps

under other circumstances it would not have touched me so sensibly, but now it brought to mind an aged mother and an only sister, who might never "kiss me good night" again.

Early the next morning I was at the depot to start for Rouen. The railroad stations in France are conducted vastly different from ours. In America all is noise, bustle and confusion. In France all is order, silence and strict rule. The passengers are quartered off in halls, according to the class of cars they choose. The luggage is weighed and ticketed. None are allowed to leave the halls, as the doors leading to the cars are locked, and opened only three minutes before starting. There is something painful in the silence at the depot. The doors are opened; then comes a rush for seats, but strange enough no confusion. Officers are in attendance to point each to his class, and you do then as best you can. Partly through economy, and partly through other motives, I purchased a second class ticket. The bell rings, the whistle screams, the cars move off, and now—adieu to Havre!

CHAPTER VIII.

Travelling companions to Rouen—Scenery and railroad—Reach Rouen—Brief historical notice of the city—Visit to statue of "Joan of Arc"—Reflections—Hotel de Bourgtherolde—Palais de Justice—Salle des Procureurs—Polite concierge or guardian.

A MOTLEY group indeed have I for companions. Soldiers, sailors, bloused farmers and field hands; literally "whiskered pandoors and fierce hussars!" All is life and animation. These French are truly a blithesome, happy race. How the women's tongues do rattle! They wear no bonnets even when travelling, but quaint-looking caps. Here a gay, laughing brunette, who chatters away, and seems to think "La Normandie" the Eden of creation. There is a rickety, old, wheezing granny smoking her pipe, and smiling as contentedly as though snug in the chimney corner with her knitting. Just on the next seat is a strange quadruped or biped, I scarce know which; a kind of nondescript. He is too essentially ugly to be looked at, and seems afraid to look at himself! In front of me sat a pale, interesting young soldier, who, I learned, had just returned from the wars. He was exceedingly modest, even diffident. His arm had been shattered by a ball, and after suffering almost

incredible hardships at the taking of Sebastopol, he had been sent home on the sick list. After an absence of two years he was now on his way to the home of his childhood, Yvetot, the wreck only of the proud gay boy he had left it. Still it was his home; and even as "the wounded hare doubles in its last extremity to its early lair," so, wounded and shattered in health, this young soldier sought that sweetest spot on earth, his home! On leaving us at Yvetot he could scarcely walk through weakness and excitement

From Havre to Rouen, France is a continued garden; the country is beautifully cultivated, and is dotted with numerous villages, farms and splendid residences. There are few if any walls or fences between adjoining farms, each party seeming to know his own in peace; tile-covered, earth-covered, and thatched cottages, fences or thick hedges each side of the railroad, which keep out effectually all obstructions in the way of cattle; the track double all the way, and as well raked as a garden walk; guards in a kind of military costume stationed at every mile, standing flag in hand, to signal the passing trains; beautiful and commodious station-houses; the turnpike seldom crossing the track, and then gates well guarded and opened only at certain hours of the day. A corps of attendants and officers, at each stopping place. And then, that simple cross surmounting the parish church, which is nearly always on the most elevated point of the village, looking down upon the surrounding houses as an emblem of faith, of hope and protection—the curé's residence and glebe attached. Indeed no one can look on the scene with unprejudiced mind, with-

out admiring it. Passing through a frightful tunnel nearly three miles long we enter, after a journey of two hours and a half, the city of Rouen, famed for its historical associations, its monuments, churches and fountains, once the capital of Normandy, now the head-quarters of the department of the Lower Seine, and an important port of entry. The depot is at an inconvenient distance from the city for foot passengers, but shouldering my valise and edging my way as best I could through the crowd of porters, travellers and loungers, I followed in the train and soon brought up at the "Hotel de Paris," a queer-looking place, near the market house. A bargain was struck for a room, my luggage deposited, and in five minutes I was out "sight seeing."

The ancient city of Rouen stands on the right bank of the Seine. It has an extensive commerce; and from the numerous manufactories in and around it has received the title of the "Manchester" of France. It is separated by the river from the suburban town of Saint Sever, which by right forms but one and the same city, as they are connected by several bridges. Before entering on a description even brief, of its principal churches and monuments, it may be well to remark, that Rouen is among the most ancient cities of Gaul. True we do not find Rhotomages or Rouen mentioned by Cæsar in his "Commentaries," nor does Mela in his geographical researches make mention of it; yet in the early portion of the second century we find that Rouen was the capital of a warlike people of Normandy. From discoveries made in 1789 in excavating the city, but little doubt can exist that the

Romans had erected walls and fortifications around it, and although it may not have been among the most noted places of the empire, the presumption is that it was a regularly fortified city. Nor is Rouen less interesting in an ecclesiastical point of view; for the history of the church informs us that many among the earliest apostles of Christianity proceeded to Rouen or Rhotomages, as to a centre from which the truths of salvation might the more effectually diverge to all points of Gaul. In the commencement of the fourth century, even anterior to the year 314, we find a church dedicated to God under the patronage of the blessed Virgin Mary, by St. Melanius, who was probably the first bishop of Rouen. From age to age Christianity advanced with varied success. Now in the ascendant, befriended by and befriending all, again persecuted by foes, or made the cloak for violence by rival chieftains. From about 841 to 915 Rouen with its dependencies was the scene of carnage, fire, and ruin. To adopt the words of the historian of the city, "strangers devoured the country; the population was massacred, desolation reigned supreme: discord, avarice, hatred, and rapacity was the order of the day." But the time of redemption was at hand; and by a mysterious providence, he who had been the scourge, was now to be the regenerator of Rouen. Rollo, the converted chief of the northmen and the first Duke of Normandy, stayed the ravages of war. He improved the city, extended its limits, promoted agriculture, and erected temples to the glory of God. His son William of the "long sword" cooperated with his father in these noble works; and

as they were united in life by similarity of purpose, they are side by side in the ancient cathedral. History bears testimony to the heroism of clergy and people during the various sieges; by Otho emperor of the Allamands, in 949; by Louis II. king of France; Arnauld, Count of Flanders; by Philip Augustus in 1204; by Henry I. king of England, in 1118; at the memorable battle of 1444, at the conclusion of which Charles II. reconquered the city from the English; and finally, the painful siege under Henry II. in 1591. Formerly there were in the city thirty-seven parish churches, and nearly as many religious institutions for both sexes. At present there are but six, having attached eight suburban or succursal chapels, besides a handsome edifice for protestant service, and one Jewish Synagogue. There are also in the city, three large halls, eight market-houses, twenty-one public squares, some of them truly splendid, upwards of seventeen thousand houses, four hundred and eighty streets, and a population of about one hundred thousand. Such is a brief outline of the ancient and present state of Rouen; gathered in part from documents in the library of St. Ouen, and partly from actual observation.

Leaving my hotel situated in the corner of "La Rue des Bons Enfans" and "La Rue Ecuyere" opposite the "Marché Neuf," the first place I sought was the statue of "Joan of Arc," whose tragic death was here accomplished, and for whose name and history I had cherished the liveliest interest from early childhood. I found it readily. It is situated in the centre of a low, dirty square, called "Place de la

Pucelle." I had often read of its unworthy appearance, of its being the centre of fish stalls, carriage stands, and beef market, and I was prepared to be surprised at what I might see; but what was my indignation and disgust at the dirty, filthy spectacle that greeted me, as passing "La Grande Rue," I came suddenly on this "Golgotha" of fish, flesh, stench, and confusion! Surmounting a mean apology for a fountain, at which horses, donkeys, cows, and two-legged animals were drinking, stands a heavy, sleepy, uncouth statue, helmeted and mailed, conveying as expressive an idea of the martyred heroine of Orleans, as the unsightly statue of Columbus and the squaw, at the east entrance of the capitol at Washington, does of the early history of America! Out upon such a heresy in art, such barbarism in taste! I had cherished the hope that, though oxen might bellow and donkeys bray, though piles of market garbage, and crowded thoroughfares might impede my progress, I should still gaze upon a statue worthy the name of 'Jeanne d'Arc'—one which, however simple, might serve to recall the character, the virginal modesty, and heroic deeds, of the "Maid of Orleans." Reader, judge of my disappointment when, as I have hinted, a huge, almost shapeless block of stone, half human, half monster—and, if I may be allowed the blunder, the other half a compound of military and senseless drapery, stood heavily on a shapeless pile called a fountain! And this in Rouen! This is the spot on which the matchless maid, the warrior shepherd girl from the forests of Lorraine, the heroine of Soissons, Senlis, Orleans, and St. Dennis, the pure bright being who waved the "Oriflamme"

and scattered the enemies of the pusillanimous Charles VII.; she who inspired the drooping courage of the army, and in seven days raised the siege of Orleans, thus placing the crown upon the Dauphin's brow and saving France from anarchy and defeat, this is the spot on which she died; this is the stage on which was enacted that foul murder, which has stamped the accusers, the jury, and the judge, with bigotry, revenge and cowardice. Thou baby king, who, trembling, hung upon her words, as she bade thee, in God's name, "On to the Crown at Rheims," while her gleaming sword lighted on thy armies to victory—where! oh where wast thou, when the wounded maid, in chains, in prison, and in tortures, prayed for thee and for thy cause? O! where was manhood, where was the last expiring ember of gratitude, when, insulted and accused of deeds as foreign to her soul as crime to an angel's love, she clanked her chains in hopeless captivity and saw slow death coming! Yonder stands the hall, at once her judgment-seat and prison, where, when asked on her mock trial, why, during the coronation of the Dauphin, at the cathedral church of Rheims, she stood by his side with banner unfurled and proudly waved it over him, she answered, "It has shared the danger, it has a right to share the glory of its king!" O faithless, coward king! Thou art crowned monarch of France, and Joan of Arc, thy temporal savior and thy guide, is a pinioned captive for twelve weary months in the dungeons of Rouen! She dies! is burned at the stake by an English foe, on the soil of France, and thy craven soul makes no effort for her rescue!

Such were the feelings which came over me as I stood at the base of her statue.

Here was erected that lofty pile on which "Joan" was to die! Here (then as now a market place), an excited multitude was gathered, and an escort of eight hundred spearsmen guarded the lonely, friendless female (not yet nineteen), all unarmed and defenceless as she was, to her place of execution. Here, perhaps, on this spot, on which I stand, she sank to the earth, as her streaming eyes rested on the platform, erected on piles of faggots. Here she turned and asked for her little crucifix, then mounted the steps, and stood and prayed aloud, calling with her dying breath on the sweet name of Jesus, while the sluggish flames (half unwilling to do their deed of shame) curled and crackled around her; and the innocent soul of the martyred Joan of Arc, ascended to that Searcher of hearts whose will she had accomplished, and whose child she was! Go, pure innocent being! Return to Him who whispered to thy young spirit, and sent his angel voices to direct thee! Thy mission is ended; thy meteor sword flashed terror on the foes of France, but never was stained with blood! Thy oriflamme has led armies to victory, but 'tis not allowed to adorn thy coffin. The heart which throbbed but for thy country's good is reduced to ashes. But all France shall unite in rescuing thy name from the foul blot of heretic, apostate, and sorceress!

So in fact she has! I need but quote the words of Lingard (for many reasons not to be suspected of partiality in favor of Joan of Arc) to show this. In

his history of England (Paris edition, 1840), vol. III., in a note to chapter IV., page 176, he says:—"Twenty-five years later this judgment was reversed by the Archbishop of Rheims, and the Bishop of Paris, whom Pope Calixtus had appointed to reverse it at the solicitation of her mother, Isabella." Honorable is the testimony borne to her memory, and worthy of the subject is the noble statue recently erected to her memory by the people of France, at Orleans, the scene of her noblest exploits. On an angle of the "Place de la Pucelle" stands the ancient hotel or public hall "Bourgtherolde," built in the fifteenth century, and famous for its antiquities and quaint historic bassreliefs. It is a venerable looking and irregular pile of building, commenced by William le Roux, a nobleman of Bourgtherolde, in 1486, and finished by his son and successor of the same name, in the beginning of the sixteenth century. The approach to the inner court is guarded by a high and massive gate, which seems of the days of Noah. I entered by a smaller one; and the only challenge heard, was the hoarse barking of a dog, which might have been, if not the "last of the Mohicans," at least the last survivor of his antediluvian race!

The building is now used, I believe, as a bank, and for other public purposes; although, if this be the principal entrance, there must be a beggarly account, indeed, of empty coffers. The wall of the principal story or piazza is adorned with a series of bas-reliefs more or less damaged by time and accident, yet exquisitely beautiful. Indeed, I would call them "high relief," or alto-relievo, for they are almost statues.

They are divided principally into six departments or panels, representing war scenes—the famous "Field of the Golden Cloth," the interview between Francis I. of France, and Henry VIII. of England; while others are pastoral subjects. Over each panel is a slab explaining the subject below. I had copied them, but my notes have become illegible. With the exception of some few in Rome, I nowhere saw such perfect sculptures. The most minute details among crowded cavalry, contending armies, processions of ecclesiastics, and other high dignitaries, are elaborated with surprising accuracy.

I can readily understand the enthusiasm with which Montfaucon, Dibdin, and other antiquaries have studied these silent memoirs of a by-gone age—for, even to me, they possessed a peculiar interest.

During the afternoon I visited the "Palais de Justice," built in 1449. It is an immense Gothic affair; and, as it occupied the remainder of that day, I will decipher my notes taken while wandering through its halls; reserving for the following, my visit to the Cathedral, &c. Standing in the hollow square, formed by three sides of this immense pile, the sight is beautiful. The height of the building, the numerous pointed spires, the lofty towers, the marble steps, the ornamental window sashes, frames, and niches, the immense arches, by which carriages and foot passengers enter from the streets; the strange unearthly griffins or frightful monsters (no two of them alike), which, here as well as every where abroad, I saw projecting from the top of the walls as necessary appendages to Gothic architecture, water-spouts I suppose;

the long black-gowned baristers, I suppose I must call them, or counsellers, with their three-cornered hats, passing from side to side; and the firm, measured tread of the "soldiers on guard"—all struck me with admiration. The Hall of Representatives forms an important part of this immense pile. It occupies one of the three sides of the hollow square, and is nearly 200 feet in length. It is truly a bold attempt at a self-supporting dome and roof, no column or pillar breaking the view of the interior. The immense hall has but a few empty niches, being strangely unadorned—perhaps the more striking from this fact. At one extremity is placed a colossal statue in plaster of the poet Corneille, and at the other I noticed the simple tomb of Claude Groulart, the first president of the Parliament of Normandy. Under this first floor are the dungeons inhabited by the wretched victims of the law. I cannot describe my feelings as I trod the "floor of death," as it is called, from the fact of the poor condemned criminals being accustomed to walk up and down this hall ere they enter the Court-room to receive sentence of death. The "Palais" of Justice, strictly speaking, begins at the northern extremity of the "Salle des Procureurs." It is a gorgeous building, ornamented with all that is striking in the Gothic architecture of the twelfth century. Round and square pillars, loaded with statues, niches, and emblems, and terminating in pointed spires; an octagonal tower; balustrades running the entire length of the building; the leaden railing which surmounts the roof; the countless niches, ornaments, and queer-looking devices, by which the en-

tire façade is enriched, make the exterior of this building unique in its appearance. It would be difficult to imagine a more splendid hall than that in which the Court of Assizes holds its sessions. The ceiling is of ancient oak, looking like ebony from age, and is divided into richly ornamented sunken coffers, or panels with rosettes, and other ornaments. With the exception of a large painting, the Crucifixion of our Saviour, suspended over the Judge's seat, there are but few ornaments. Here and there is seen a slab on which is engraved some extract from the civil and criminal codes. It is a venerable hall, the scene of many exciting debates of the Parliament of ancient Normandy. Statues of Louis XII., of Anne, of Cardinal Dubois, of Justice, of a laboring man, of a villager, a lady, a citizen, a monk, and of an artist, adorn the southern façade. The entire edifice is undergoing repairs; as, indeed, are most of the public buildings of France. Napoleon possesses the true secret of success; work for the masses, and a living for all. The "Concierge," who conducts visitors through the various apartments of the "Palais," was well versed in its history, and, by the way, possesses the knack of getting a good round fee from his patrons by simply and politely leaving it to the "very good pleasure of Monsieur." Evening was gathering as I returned to the "Hotel de Paris," where I found the proprietor all smiles and attention. He spoke English admirably; and thus chatting and refreshing the inner man with divers comforts, an hour or so stole away, and I was conducted to my room.

CHAPTER IX.

A market-house scene—Square before the Cathedral—Cathedral of Rouen—Butter tower—Interior of Cathedral—Richard Cœur de Lion—Rollo Duke of Normandy—William of the Long Sword—Unknown tomb—Reflections on leaving the Cathedral—Archbishop's palace—How to wind up a watch without breaking it—Tour de la grosse Horloge—Legend of the bell—Ringing the curfew—View of city from the tower—Church of St. Goddard—St. Patrick's Church—A gentle hint to the Curé.

EARLY the following morning, I sallied forth to seek the Cathedral. Passing on my way a market-house, a very bedlam of tongues, sounds, sights, and things; old women and young, feeble old men, and little donkeys, I assure you, reader, no larger than many good-sized dogs I have seen in America, harnessed to carts, with low wheels to be sure, yet holding as much as some I have seen elsewhere for horses; some tied with ropes by the head, and tail, and body—others with their big, ugly heads, forming nearly half their whole size, thrust through a hole in a blanket, and thus attached to the go-cart, or vehicle behind them; and all looking as sober, serious, and philosophical, as some of their asinine, two-legged drivers; din and confusion, screeches and sounds, to

me like the gabbling of geese; cabbages and squashes in young mountains; cackling poultry, squeaking pigs, bleating sheep, lowing cows, and braying asses;—well, it was affecting—very, to the ears, and olfactories! How on earth the dashing carts, and headlong porters, the milk-wagons and drays could go ahead as rapidly as they did, without demolishing piles of eatables, and scores of legs, I know not. Certain it is, I had difficulty in escaping this bedlam let loose. Now, thought I, the danger is over, and I'll have time to collect my thoughts before reaching the church; when, lo, here I am in the spacious square before the cathedral, almost as noisy as the "Marché Neuf"! This time, however, the scene is a little more bearable; for it is a market of plants, flowers, and young trees. And here is the Cathedral! vast, immense, grand! The silent chronicler of nearly sixteen hundred years; from the days of St. Melanius, 260, to those of Pio Nono; pillaged in 841, and almost razed to the ground, by fire and sword, at different epochs; yet Phœnix-like ever rising from its ruins; the church in which Rollo was baptized in 912; improved by Richard I; again almost reduced to ashes in 1200, and reconstructed by John "Sans Terre"; the work of centuries, and the admiration of countless generations! How like a dream; and how strange the sensations which arise, as I gaze upon the lofty spires, the centre one of which is now 400 feet high; receding, low, and elaborately sculptured doorways, its columns, and pointed bold architecture! The main building is 450 feet long. The two towers which stand at the side of the building in a line with the front,

give an appearance of grandeur to the façade, which is ornamented with numerous statues. The north tower, called St. Romanus's, whatever others may say of it, lofty as it is, seems to me injured in appearance by the strange-looking spire, surmounting it; but the southern, or as it is called, the "Butter Tower," is a perfect beauty, surmounted high in the air by an octagonal, at once rich and grand. It derives its appellation, "Butter Tower," from the fact that it was mainly erected by a tax levied on that article of food during successive Lenten seasons!

The interior is brilliant. The light is admitted by one hundred and thirty stained glass windows; many of which are to me, unaccustomed as I am to any thing of the kind, exquisitely beautiful. Among those which struck me most forcibly are, on the left on entering, those representing the life of "Joseph, son of Jacob." Between the chapel of the blessed Virgin and a little semicircular oratory are two windows, one the Passion of our Lord, the other some saint, whose name I forget; then the martyrdom of St. Laurence. These splendid "vitraux" or stained-glass windows are of the thirteenth century. I will not enumerate the representation of St. Thomas, St. Romanus, Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene, and numberless others. I was bewildered, and could scarce realize that the almost countless little pieces of glass that I gazed on could produce so surprising an effect; and as the morning sun entered through these stained windows, I was reminded of a striking comparison once made by Archbishop Hughes, when he compared the different impressions made on the mind, by the

same truths seen through different teaching, to the varied colors reflected by the stained window on the floor of some ancient cathedral. Nothing could be made more expressive. The building is in the form of a Latin cross, at each extremity of the cross section, is a large rosette stained window; and a similar one over the principal entrance. The organ is an immense affair made by Lefevre in 1760. It is unnecessary to dwell on the choir or sanctuary, on the *jubé* or arch thrown over its entrance, and from which the epistles, gospels, and lessons are sung or read to the people—an odd-looking contrivance to a Yankee traveller; but in keeping with the style of architecture, most common throughout France. It would be almost impossible for us in America to form a correct idea of this arrangement. I hope sincerely it may never be introduced into our church edifices. Fourteen grand columns surround the sanctuary. On the right of the main altar is another, under the patronage of the mother of God, called "the Altar of the Vow," from the fulfilment of a vow in 1637, when to obtain from Heaven the cessation of the plague, which was desolating the city, the public authorities in solemn procession deposited a silver lamp before the altar. God heard the prayer of faith, and through the intercession of the Virgin Mother, the pestilence ceased. Opposite stands a lovely statue of St. Cecilia, patroness of music. Around the spacious edifice are twenty-five side chapels, and, strange enough, the old parish church of St. Stephen, formerly the church of this quarter, forms now the first side chapel on the right on entering. What associations are connected with

this ancient chapel. The remains of Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy are deposited in the chapel of St. Romanus. On a black marble slab over the tomb are these words: *Here lies Rollo, the first duke, the founder and father of Normandy, of which he was at first the scourge, the terror, and then the restorer. Baptized by Francon, Archbishop of Rouen in* 912; *he died in* 917. *His remains were at first deposited in the old sanctuary, which is now the extremity of the nave. The altar being removed, the earthly ashes of the prince were deposited in this spot by the blessed Maurille, Archbishop of Rouen, in* 1063. In the same aisle and immediately opposite is the tomb of William of the Long Sword, son and successor of Rollo. A slab, similar to that over his father's tomb informs us that the slumberer beneath was betrayed and murdered in 944; that his remains, at first, were deposited near his father's: but, like his, subsequently removed to their present resting-place in 1063. Full-length figures in armor and shield repose upon their tombs. During some excavations under the old floor of this Cathedral in 1838, some interesting monuments were brought to light; among them a statue, and a leaden box enclosing a silver one, containing the heart of "Richard Coeur de Lion." It was but two feet beneath the surface. He died in 1199—this statue is in a remarkable state of preservation, notwithstanding its long inhumation; it is nearly seven feet long, and is temporarily placed in a chapel on the left of the choir or sanctuary. Richard is represented in death with his feet resting on a sleeping lion. How, as one passes this silent, yet almost breathing

statue, or looks upon the base in the sacristy now enclosing the heart of the fearless Richard, the mind wanders back to the walls of Acre, and to the bloody fields, where the fierce Saladin and his Saracen hosts met, in deadly conflict, this lion-hearted leader of the Christians, as the cross and the crescent waved above their ranks! Here lies the fearless chieftain; the Christian warrior; there reposes his heart: its wild throbbings are ceased; its emotions stilled. "No sound shall awake them," till the last trumpet sounds! It is much to be regretted that the tombs of "Henry the Young," brother to "Richard," William, the uncle of both, and of John, Duke of Bedford, regent of France under Henry V., King of England, who died in 1435, have been levelled by the indiscreet zeal of the canons of this Cathedral in 1736; for, as Liequet informs us, previous to that time these four interesting monuments were within the sanctuary. We pass by the tombs of "Pierre de Brézé," killed at the battle of Mont l'Héri in 1465; of Louis, grandson of Pierre, whose lifeless form is represented at the moment of death; and we stop for a moment before the tomb of the two Cardinals di' Amboise, uncle and nephew. The tomb of black marble is surmounted by the kneeling statues of the two Cardinals in an attitude of prayer; hands joined and eyes looking to heaven. Lovely little statues, representing the seven fruits of the Holy Spirit, surround the base of the tomb. These statues are of white marble. The expression of the countenance of the uncle is heavenly. At the foot of this tomb Cardinal Cambacéres, who died at Rouen in 1818, lies buried.

Over the altar of this chapel dedicated to the B. Virgin, is a painting said to be a masterpiece of Philip de Champagne, representing the adoration of the Shepherds : I must confess however I was unable to appreciate its beauties. As a parting glance at the numerous statues, tombs, and sepulchre slabs, which line the side aisles, walls, and floor of this Cathedral, let us pause before this one we are passing on the right as we leave the chapel of the B. Virgin. We see the figure of a Bishop stretched out in death under an arch in the wall. No name explains it; no clue to discover whose ashes there repose. Some mutilated bas-reliefs would induce us to think that a synod was represented; another represents angels conducting, as is believed, a soul to heaven under the form of an infant. Whose is it? Nameless and unknown the slumberer reposes, till the archangel's trump shall call him forth to judgment. As a matter of curiosity I will briefly relate what our guide, in his own peculiar, round-about way, gave us the history of this tomb. He informed us that in 1235, Maurice, Archbishop of Rouen, in a sudden movement of anger killed his servant-man with the cover of a kettle. On his death-bed, being deeply penitent for his crime, he considered himself unworthy to be buried within the sacred precincts of the Cathedral; and yet expressly forbade his executors to inter him beyond the walls. In this dilemma they buried him in this arch; thus being neither entirely within nor without the consecrated walls. Be this as it may, he believed it; and as it costs nothing to agree with him, I admit his story—until farther notice!

We have tarried long within these hallowed walls: yet how feeble and imperfect our attempt at description! The mind expands; the ideas become enlarged; and though never before a lover of gothic architecture, it was because never before had I seen so noble a specimen of human skill. The countless columns rising up, and upwards; until they were lost in the gloom of overhanging, pointed arches—the long aisles lighted by the mellow rays of a morning sun, reflected through stained windows; the airy open work, yet massive stone stairway, in the old Flamboyant style, leading from the west corner of St. Romanu's tower to the library above; statues of saintly heroes and helmeted knights in every niche and on every tomb; the kneeling crowds around each shrine and altar; the vested priests all robed for mass, and the sweet music which floated on the air from some choir or chapel I could not see—how fruitless the attempt to stamp on paper the soul's emotions! For us in America, there is no ancient history of our country. Its remotest period, as far as we are concerned, reaches scarce beyond our grandfathers' memories: but as the American traveller stands at the front door of the Cathedral of Rouen; as he sees and touches and almost hears the monuments around him telling of long centuries past; of changes in the outer world while they have remained, silent chroniclers of ages long before the daring Columbus crossed the waters, or Americus Vespucius gave his name to the Western World, he understands better the veneration with which the holy Catholic Church looks upon and cherishes her ancient monuments; he lives in the past; and seems

to breathe an atmosphere at once sacred, saddening, yet salutary; he takes in almost at a glance the glorious past of Catholic architecture; and spans the distance which, to the eye of genius, unites the "dark" to the present enlightened age!

Adjoining the Cathedral is the Archiepiscopal palace, an extensive and imposing building. It was commenced and partially completed by Cardinal Estouteville in 1461, and is remarkable as having served at various epochs as a garrison for soldiers; as the "head-quarters" of rival chieftains; as the resting place of Louis XII. when in 1508 he visited Rouen with his Queen; and as the temporary residence of the Dauphin "Francis de Valois," in 1531. At present it is the residence of the Archbishop, and is the depository of many rare manuscripts in the library of the Chapter of the Cathedral. The exterior reminded me more of a fortified castle than a dwelling-house. The walls in front are very high, and I remember with peculiar pleasure the attention of a venerable old dame, or "concierge," whose lodge at the gate, far removed from the main building, reminded me of a book store, curiosity shop, and Noah's Ark combined. At the gate a sentry stands guard—a right noble-looking fellow he was too. It is surprising, however, that the city or ecclesiastical authorities have allowed so many buildings to be erected, even against the walls of the Cathedral! In fact, they almost surround the edifice. Even between the buttresses or columns there are dwellings, three stories high, though surely not more than five feet deep; fruit stalls, fish stalls, shops of various mechan-

ical branches, and even "Cafés." The walls of the Cathedral are literally blackened with the smoke from stove-pipes and chimneys! It is well there is nothing combustible used in the building.

From the Cathedral I wandered listlessly through "la grande Rue," musing on I know not what—completely bewildered by what I had seen, when an agreeable episode changed the current of my thoughts and feelings. So true it is we are the creatures of circumstance! An unfortunate twist in winding my watch had broken the key, and I stopped at a watchmaker's to get another. While there a good-looking, jolly soul entered, with face all beaming with—heat I suppose, albeit 'twas blustry and cold. I must not in charity suppose that any thing but good health and exercise tended to rouge thus his jolly fat face, yet there were divers bumps and excrescences on and about his nose for which we, in America, have a very expressive term. With a good-natured "Bon jour, Monsieur l'Orlogier," he brought forth from the depths profound of his old Norman breeches watch fob a regular "Bull's Eye," one of your old-fashioned English watches; like the half of a potato; and insisted, in rather stammering French, that every time he wound it up he broke it. Indeed, shrugged our little watchmaker, indeed, and looking most quizzically at his customer, he asked when he wound up his watch every day? "After dinner," was the reply. "Ah, tres bien, monsieur, tres bien—now when I mend it this time, do you wind up your watch every *morning* and you won't break it." "Mercie, Monsieur, Mercie," replied he of the goodly corporation, and

red nose; and walked out quite impressed with his new lesson! So, thought I, with more than winding up a watch under excitement, we often do, and do badly, what, in the cool morning of reflection, might be done well. After a hearty dinner, and refreshing rest of half an hour I rambled, "guide-book" in hand, to the "Tour de la Grosse Horloge." This is an ancient Gothic belfry or tower, containing the huge bell which, every night from 9 until $9\frac{1}{2}$, sounds the curfew over Rouen. The lower story is occupied by an old gentleman, who, with his sons, (noble fellows,) carries on watchmaking. Over the door of this tower, which extends across the street, having an arch under it for wagons and passengers, is a brass plate, informing us in quaint letters and style, that in 1323 a certain right worthy Wm. Gues, Chevalier and Chamberlain to his Majesty the King, was captain of this honorable city, &c., &c., and so on! By a flight of two hundred steps we ascend to the summit of this lofty spire, meeting in our way divers offsets and turn-outs, from which obtrudes, now and then, the head of some member of the family, perched thus high in air like eagles, or rather let me say owls, in these dark and winding stairways. At the landing-place is seen the immense frame which supports the "Grosse Horloge." Why it is called the "silver bell," is a mystery; for the old custode confirmed what my "guide-book" said, there is not a particle of silver in it. There is a legend connected with this ancient bell, which runs thus: A nobleman of the city was under sentence of death. In vain had his wife implored his pardon, from "Sire the King." He resolutely refused: and

in a moment of petulance, as if to confirm his assertion, declared that he never would pardon the offender until he heard in Paris the bell of Rouen. The ever wakeful ingenuity of woman was ready. With true Roman fortitude, and love that conquers every difficulty, she at once made arrangements for casting this immense Bourdon, and, being in correspondence with some of the courtiers, it was arranged that on a certain occasion, when the king was enjoying the chase, this huge bell should be rung. The king heard the strange sound, and demanded whence it came? He was told it was the bell of Rouen, was reminded of his promise, and graciously pardoned the criminal.

Such is the legend. "I tell the tale as it was told to me." Now, however, that I am out of the old gentleman's sight, I may venture to express a doubt, whether he has not mixed up a fact connected with the famous Cathedral bell, called "La Cloche de George d'Ambois," which was cracked while ringing during the visit of Louis XVI. to Rouen, in 1786, and which was subsequently melted down in 1793, and moulded into cannons. This bell is rung only for the curfew, a custom established in England by William the Conqueror, and on occasions of public rejoicings, and calamities. On the night of the 23d November I was present, and assisted in ringing this ancient warning, the remnant of days of anarchy and confusion, the curfew. How often in childish days had I strutted on the mimic stage, declaiming the old familiar words:—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"

without ever thinking that, on the spot where, from

its origin, it has been continued for so many hundred years, without one single omission, I should one day help to send it booming o'er the city! The belfry literally trembles with the reverberation. The good old custode, now more than eighty years, seldom absents himself from the ringing to which his two sons attend. He had kindly taken the precaution to provide raw cotton for my special use, fearing I would be deafened by the noise.

It was almost needless; for had it been the roaring of a thousand more I think I would have tried to brave them all, so excited were my feelings. I know not how to describe the "modus operandi." The bell is not rung by a wheel, but by a board, about six feet long, firmly attached horizontally to the arms upon which it swings. The operators stand on a platform above the bell, and set in motion by each one's treading forcibly on his end of the cross piece, while he holds firmly by the railing around. Gradually the huge monster swings heavily from side to side: the operators are carried up and down at opposite extremities of the board; and the thousand-pound tongue speaks out in thundering notes. How I trembled; nay, even gasped for breath, as up and down I rode, see-saw fashion, deafened by the roar, fearful of a fall which must prove fatal, and—ringing the curfew!

To get off my plank was, to me, impossible; so up and down I went for nearly a quarter of an hour, which, to me, seemed a century; and right glad was I when the monster stopped, enabling me to step from my perilous position to the comparative security of the rickety scaffolding around the belfry. It was

paying dear for my whistle; but then it was such a glorious whistle!

Descending a few steps, a side-door leads to the clock-tower. Like the bell, this same old clock has witnessed the storms and sunshine of nearly 500 years! It strikes the hours regularly, and is now, as it has always been, the "Town Clock." A parapet or platform surrounds this belfry on the exterior, from which a view of the entire city may be had. It is beautiful; the tile-covered and pointed roofs; the quaint style of buildings; the surrounding country; and then, the association of ideas; the ages that have rolled by since the strong arm of man first raised these towers. The anxious hours passed here by warrior chiefs; as from this watchtower they marked the enemy's approach, and the signal horn was sounded, or the bell tolled forth its warning, or its joy. The countless eyes which have gazed on these very scenes on which I gaze, but now closed in death—there is something in all this well calculated to call up salutary thoughts. The stone arch which crosses the street, and which was constructed in 1527, is terminated by medallions or squares; supporting a shepherd surrounded by his flock. On one we read, "*The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep*," and on the other a fountain sends forth its refreshing streams, surmounted by "bas-reliefs," representing the fable of Alpheus and Arethusa. The good old custode seemed mightily tickled at the attention paid him; and I left him edified at his simplicity, piety, and honesty. In a bend of "La Rue l' Ecureille" stands the Church of St. Godard. It was undergoing

repairs. This Church was built in the sixteenth century; and is noted principally for two remarkable vitraux, or stained glass windows among many others. One on the right, on entering the choir, represents the pedigree of the B. Virgin from the kings of Juda. The head and countenance of the Virgin Daughter of Sion is assuredly the sweetest production of the kind human eye can rest on. The second one represents different traits in the history of St. Nicholas. These windows are upwards of thirty-one feet high. To me the building wore the appearance of a dumpy, gloomy, and square concern.

Among the most interesting churches in Rouen, if we consider it merely on the score of art, is the old Gothic Church of St. Patrick, built 1535. It is a perfect gem of architecture and stained windows. Indeed, a goodly portion of the Chapel at the left extremity towards the east, is glass, which, like most of the other splendid windows of this Church, date from the sixteenth century, the golden age of this species of art in France. Among the most striking stained glass windows in this Church, I will enumerate those representing the "woman taken in adultery;" the annunciation; and some among the principal traits in the life of St. Eustache. In another series, are represented the Apostle of Ireland, and patron of this Church; one of which I remember, where the holy Bishop receives the confession of an unfortunate being, who had stolen a neighbor's sheep! My recollections of the Curé of St. Patrick are not the most agreeable. In the holy name of stranger I presented myself, not to ask personal favors, but to get per-

mission to visit the Church, &c. One of the assistants received me kindly; *I cannot remember that the Curé did so.* There are moments when a word kindly spoken may cheer a drooping heart: when a reception harsh or even formal, will chill. The former is as cheap as the latter, and brings a much better interest! It is well to support one's dignity; but dignity is sometimes manifested by condescension, and it is always well to mingle a good quantity of oil with our vinegar.

CHAPTER X.

Church of St. Romanus—Procession and legend of "La Fierté"—Trait in life of Patron Saint—L'Hotel Dieu—Church of La Madeleine—Trait of Father Deluol—Walk along the "Quay du Havre"—Douane or custom-house—La Bourse or Exchange—House of Louis Brune—Suspension bridge—Place and garrison St. Sever—Church of Emm—Loss and gain—Brothers of Christian schools—St. You Asylum and Church—Garrison of Bonnes Nouvelles—Statue of the Poet Corneille—Anecdote of hot soup—Novel method of sawing wood.

CONTINUING our walk to the corner of "La Rue de la Rochefoucault" and "Champ des Oiseaux," we come to the parish Church of St. Romanus. I find on the margin of my "guide book" this rather unfavorable entry, as it struck me at the moment: "Gloomy, dark, rusty, large; and, to me, 'a la mode market house!'" Exteriorly it is indeed all this; but the interior is adorned with numerous side chapels, each possessing objects of interest. Over the main door on the exterior are these words in large gold letters, "Sancto Romano Patrocinante." The edifice was built in 1680. On entering the church I was struck with admiration at the main altar, which stands in the centre of the choir. It is the marble

tomb of the Patron Saint Archbishop Romanus, and is an exquisite piece of workmanship. The stained windows in the church are also beautiful. Among them I noticed particularly the Transfiguration; another, divided into six parts, evidently the history of Adam; a St. Genevieve Patroness of Paris, the Martyrdom of St. Stephen, the Resurrection of Lazarus, and a singular affair—Dives at his sumptous table, and Lazarus at the gate without. There is something bold in these two last; but they made any thing but pleasing impressions on my mind. Around the church are many pretty bas-reliefs in marble, and carvings in wood; some ancient frescoes; and a few tolerably good statues—one of St. Louis, a pretty little marble statuette. The dome, which rises over the extremity of the nave, is ornamented with five large frescoes, representing various traits in the life of St. Romanus; his consecration as Bishop of Rouen in 626; the Saint overthrowing the statues of Venus, Mercury, Jupiter, and Apollo; the miracle of the dragon, or "Gorgonille," as it is called; a procession called in ancient annals "la Fierté," for the releasing of a prisoner from sentence of death; and finally the Apotheosis of the Saint. Of these frescoes it is not my intention to speak. As, however, I have never met in any book of travels with a history of this ancient procession, I may be excused for introducing here a brief notice of it. These pages will fall into the hands mostly of Catholics, for whom they are principally written. They will appreciate these and similar traits. Others, who may chance to read them, may smile at such credulity; mayhap turn such

things into ridicule. Be it so. It is, however, a rule in criticism to understand before condemning, and to admit or reject facts, according to the credibility of the testimony advanced. Passing over the various traditions since the days of St. Romanus, nearly nine hundred years ago, I prefer to combine the notes of Butler, in "Lives of the Saints," article St. Romanus, Oct. 23, with what the aged Curé of the church seated beneath the dome related, as the history of this procession. From early days the Metropolitan Chapter of Rouen enjoyed special privileges and immunities, which were secured to them for ages by the French Kings, and by the Dukes of Normandy. Among these privileges was the releasing once a year, on the feast of the Ascension, a prisoner from death; and the celebrating of High Mass on that occasion, after the procession, in which the relics of the Saint are carried by the ransomed man, even though it be in the evening. In the fresco above us the Saint is repsented slaying a huge dragon or gorgonille, which had destroyed many persons. This, as some will have it, was done by the aid of a criminal thus delivered. It is most probably, however, a symbol of the devil, overcome by the soldier of Christ. How this privilege originated is uncertain. But it is more than probable that it was granted in acknowledgment of a fact related in his life—where the holy Archbishop, being absent from Rouen at the Court of King Dagobert on affairs concerning his church, heard the sad intelligence of the overflowing of the Seine, by which much suffering was brought upon his flock. Instantly he returned to share their fate; and knowing that

his Divine Master had promised to grant when asked, he knelt, crucifix in hand, with his afflicted people, and called on God to stay the angry waves. The same voice which had soothed the troubled waters of Genesareth's lake, by its almighty "peace, be still," breathed over the angry waters of the Seine; and they retired to their channels, conquered by the prayer of faith! But let us proceed on our tour through the city. Retracing our steps to the Boulevard or public walk of Bouvrenil, we turn down the square, (albeit 'tis a circle,) Cauchoise, till, as we pass the street of Crosine, our attention is attracted by a grand and imposing edifice. Referring to our guide-book, we find it is "l'Hotel Dieu." Let us take a rapid walk through its various wards, and drop in for a moment to see the beautiful Church "La Madeleine" attached to this establishment. There are seventeen large halls or wards, containing rather more than six hundred beds. It is intended only for the sick of the city, barring sudden emergencies.

The nurses or waiting sisters were like angels of mercy, noiselessly moving around with words of comfort and sweet hope on their lips, and tears and smiles blending in their eyes, as they wept over the sufferings, and shared in the joy at returning health of their sick charge. From one of them I learned that this hospital receives only acute diseases or such chronic cases as are supposed curable. They are here kept six months; at the end of which time, if uncured they are dismissed, or removed to a "general Hospital." She informed me that the average num-

ber of patients thus admitted annually was four thousand, without counting annually six hundred military, officers and soldiers! The most admirable order reigns throughout the building. Separate wards are appropriated for surgical cases, female patients, and contagious diseases. It is a free hospital; and surely must bring God's blessing on the city. On the south side of the long row of buildings is the church attached to the hospital. The façade is composed of a peristyle, supported by four beautiful Corinthian columns. In the fronton or tympanum is Charity, symbolized by a bas-relief of a woman with a child in her arms—suitable emblem for such a church. The interior is simple, wearing an air of silent retirement and piety. There are several paintings adorning the side chapels, from the pencil of "Vincent," an artist much esteemed in France. I was particularly struck by that representing our Lord restoring sight to the blind man. In the rear of the main altar, which stands out in the centre of the sanctuary, is the private chapel of the "Religieuses" sisters of "Hotel Dieu." There were several of them at their devotions, and as I involuntarily bent my knee, a crowd of recollections came over me. I thought of the good sisters in my own loved land; and realized then more forcibly than ever the truth of that noble reply given by Father Deluol in 1832 or 3, to the directors of the Maryland Hospital in Baltimore, when the Sisters of Charity were about to take possession of the house, and were selecting one of the parlors for a chapel. "Gentlemen," said the man of God, "you all admire the courage, and devotedness of these good Sisters. You have often ex-

pressed your wonder to me. Do you know where they imbibe their spirit? Do you know where they grow so strong, so humble, and yet so fearless? At the foot of the altar, gentlemen—at the foot of this altar! Take that away and you will have no Sisters of Charity! Let them give the best room in the house to God, and He will give you good Sisters!" Noble words! true words! The same spirit animates the Sisters all over the world. At the foot of God's holy altar they come to drink in fortitude, and grace, and strength, for their arduous duties. Blessings on you, sweet messengers of Charity! We will continue down by the Champ de Foire until we reach the Seine, opposite the "Isle de petit Gué." Let us turn to the left, pass along the "Quay du Havre," with its din and clatter, its confusion of tongues, varied and motley groups of bloused bipeds, and shaggy quadrupeds, canine and feline inhabitants; the chattering magpies, frisky monkeys, caged serpents, and ragged rag-pickers. After wading through this varied collection of natural and unnatural curiosities, surely the residue of Noah's Ark, we reach the "Douane" or Custom House, a lofty building at the corner of "les Rues de l'Entrepot and St. Eloi." Its style is of the Florentine school. Emblems of commerce surmount the edifice, and adorn the front, the entrance, and the halls. In appropriate niches on the façade of the building are two life-sized statues in stone, personating the geniuses of navigation and of commerce. They are the production of the sculptor David. As I could not get sufficiently near them to judge of their merits even were it otherwise, I must believe, as all who

see them admit, they are masterpieces. Navigation is represented under the form of a bold athletic woman, grasping a helm with her left hand, while with her right she raises a scroll or sail, I know not which, and discovers the world. At her feet is the compass, and behind her an anchor with cable attached. I read on the helm (a curiously wrought affair) the names of the celebrated navigators, Columbus, Franklin, Gama, La Peyrouse, Ross, De Blossvill, and others. Commerce is symbolized by a young man of noble mien, bearing in his right hand the emblem of commerce, and in his left, a pair of scales. At his feet are four smaller figures, quaint-looking objects; one an Asiatic, easily recognized by his costume, presenting to Commerce his perfumes, and costly tissues or cloths of Cashmere; the next, the dark, swarthy African, recognized by the entire absence of costume, bearing in one hand a coffee-plant, and in the other a bow; a third, Europe, under the form of a spruce, tidy fellow, bearing in his hand a book, emblematic of science and intellectual power; and then comes America, a veritable demon in shape of an Indian, flourishing a war-club with one hand, and extending his skins and furs with the other. I scarce knew whether to laugh or to feel indignant at this burlesque, for such it is, though perhaps not intended. With all deference, I would say, that if Monsieur David knew no better, Havre now knows better symbols of American commerce than a drunken Indian and a few fur skins! Perhaps, however, I was rather sensitive; so, smiling at the doughty savage, I proceeded on my way. Proceeding along the quay, we soon pass the Post-Office, towards which

I turned a wistful look, yet fruitless, I knew. On we go along the "Quay de la Bourse," until we reach the corner of National and Iroquois streets. Facing the quay there are long walks and offices of the Bourse or Exchange. It is a lovely spot, surrounded by high iron railings; and every morning and evening, numerous mammas and nurses, with their little cherub babies, may here be seen taking an airing on the spot where, at business hours, "merchants most do congregate." Passing by an edifice which, I was told, was a theatre, we see on the right of the grand suspension bridge a queer-looking house. It was built in honor of Louis Brune, a noble, whole-souled fellow, who at various times, regardless of personal danger, saved upwards of forty victims from watery graves. There is also a hall, appropriated to the reception of bodies in a state of asphyxia. We are at the suspension bridge. Let us cross and pay a flying visit to the Faubourg St. Sever, beyond the Seine. It is unnecessary to describe the bridge. It is, I presume, like all other suspension bridges, save that it has a draw on a plan entirely new to me. The navigation of the river is not at all impeded by it, while it stands a proud monument of engineering skill. At the opposite end of the bridge is the "Place St. Sever." It is large, clean, and beautifully adorned with trees. On the right stands the Caserne or Garrison St. Sever's, the largest of the three in Rouen. It is nearly in the form of a parallelogram, and can accommodate one thousand infantry. Save me, thought I, from living here! Such military movements, strict order, break-neck stiffness of discipline, and beating of drums!

Passing by an old musty-looking edifice, I tarried a few moments at the Church of St. Sever, a poor, gloomy, and contracted affair. The old custode or sexton bored me with some long yarn about this, that, and the other claims this church had to my very particular regard, until, in self-defence, I handed him his fee and rushed from the door. I was delighted to hear that a new building was soon to be erected in lieu of this dingy, prison-looking affair. I remember some years ago, before our present postage system was established, having advised a poor fellow, whose coat and hat were rather seedy, and who appeared capable of doing something with his pen, to write to the "Sun" office in Baltimore, and ask employment as correspondent. The wag looked at me and said, with a fund of humor, "I have written twice already, and all I have *gained* is the *loss* of the postage!" So with me on the occasion of the walk I am describing. I had heard much of the "School of the Christian Doctrine," of "St. You," and being not more than a mile from the spot, I resolved to trudge out to see it, fatigued and jaded as I was. I knew the Brothers of the holy "la Salle," who died in 1719, had built the asylum and church. I had read in my own country, that they were the architects, mechanics, and laborers, from the first stone in 1728 to the lofty cross surmounting the dome; and that they had been subsequently driven from the house by the revolutionary suppression of religious institutions in France; that the "Brothers of the Christian Schools," with their helpless charge of orphans, and even several poor lunatic children, had been scattered, as sheep

whose shepherd is slain; that the noble buildings had been successively used as garrisons, prisons, and granaries, military hospitals and poor-houses: yet I was impressed with the idea that all was now straight; and that I would here see what I had so often seen at old "Calvert Hall" in Baltimore, some thousand boys drilled by this admirable system of tactics. So on I went. What was my surprise at finding "St. You" a lunatic asylum for women! In 1820 the general council of the city of Rouen decided that St. You was the most suitable place for a lunatic asylum for both sexes; and it was accordingly converted to this noble use. By degrees it became too small, though additions were made from time to time, until in 1849 a new asylum for males was erected in another portion of the city; and this was devoted exclusively to female patients. So all *I gained* by my long, lonely walk was the *loss* of my visit! As it was about 5 o'clock, P. M., I paid but a hurried visit to the Caserne or Garrison of "Bonne Nouvelle," an immense place, capable of accommodating six hundred soldiers. Tradition says, it received its name "Bonne Nouvelle" from Mathilde, wife of William the Conqueror, by whom the garrison was founded. She was here when the "good news" of the victory of Hastings reached her. Returning by "la Rue La Fayette," we find ourselves soon in the "Place" of the same name, and on the "Pont de Pierre," a noble structure, or rather two noble structures (for there are two), the island La Croix intersecting the bridge. In a square tastefully ornamented with trees, &c., stands a colossal statue of the pride of Rouen, the poet Corneille. It is bronze,

was cast in Paris, and stands on a pedestal of white Carrara marble. Louis Philippe laid the corner-stone in 1833, and it was solemnly inaugurated in 1834. On my way to my hotel, all jaded as I was, the ludicrous scenes almost perpetually occurring kept me in good spirits. Among others I will relate what (with very little addition) actually occurred, although something like it may be familiar to my readers. I entered a "restaurant" on the "Rue de la Madeleine," not far from the "Mont de Pieté," and called for soup, At a small round table, near me, sat three men, honest perhaps, and better than myself, but most villainously ugly, dirty, and lank. By this it will be perceived that I had not been over particular in my choice of an eating-house. No matter; I was hungry, thirsty, and fatigued; and surely, in such a case, "any port in a storm" is admissible. The soup was forthcoming, piping-hot. They know how to make soup in France, gentle reader. The first attempt I made was a failure, for I scalded my mouth. So, quietly laying down my spoon, I busied myself with studying my neighbors. Their soup had come also—and such soup! Mine, I know, cost three cents! How much theirs cost I know not; but, to judge from the dancing eyes, smacking lips, and restless movements, theirs must have cost as much! One fellow seized his spoon and, opening the wide expanse of mouth he called his own, deposited a goodly quantity of the boiling liquid therein; but, reader, pray excuse me, it was soon disgorged, and, with a convulsive twitch of his head upwards, and a still wider opening of his oral capacity, 'twould seem, from ear to ear, he

said, with solemn gravity, "Oh! how far it is from the earth to the sky! It was evident that he wished to conceal from his companions his sad mishap, that they too might be caught. In a twinkling, lantern-jaw the second was giving a repetition of number one, and, with admirable presence of mind, though writhing under the pain, he looked waggishly at the first mentioned and replied, "Yes, 'tis just about as far from the earth to the sky as from the sky to the earth; only a little more so." "Morbleu," roared number three, rising in a towering rage from the table, upsetting plates, soup, and all, as he aimed a blow at his nearest neighbor, "Maudite soit votre philosophie! pourquoi ne m'a tu pas dis que la soupe etoit si chaude?" which, in plain English, might mean, "*To perdition with your philosophy! why didn't you tell me that the soup was so hot?*" In an instant the whole posse were fighting, and I withdrew. It was after dark when I reached my hotel, and, as I entered the gate, I could but laugh at the queer method some people have of sawing wood. Two strapping fellows hold the saw, while two others push the log backwards and forwards! "Well," thought I, "this goes ahead of what I heard of France; for I was told that they hitched a horse by the tail when they wished to back the cart!"

CHAPTER XI.

Church of St. Ouen—Important official—Trait of jealousy—Reflections on St. Ouen's Church—Hotel de Ville—Museum—Library—Trait of Copernican system—The photographer—The halls and warehouses—Protestant church St. Eloi—Church of St. Vincent— Anecdote of the Duke of Argyle—Church of St. Vivian—Church of St. Nicaise—Association of ideas—Norman style of coaches—Hack drivers versus friendship—Church of St. Gervaise—Reflections on church of St. Gervaise—Subterranean chapel of St. Gervaise—Death of William the Conqueror—The old Monk—Anecdote of prosy preacher—Preparations for a journey.

At an early hour, on Friday 23d November, I started for the Church of St. Ouen, after the Cathedral the most celebrated church in the city. How shall I describe it? It is a pile of beauties, antiquities, and curiosities. Never shall I forget the strange feelings which came over me as I gazed upon this immense pile; and even now, as I read my notes and look upon the picture of the building, I can scarce control my nerves. It was originally an abbey or monastery, the first in Normandy. It was founded in 553, destroyed by the Normans in 841; but some years subsequently, Rollo, of whose conversion and baptism we have spoken, restored this monument of religion, and

had the relics of St. Ouen brought back to their original shrine, from which they had been privately removed by the monks of the abbey during the sacking of the city and church. About the middle of the eleventh century a new edifice was erected, which, although begun in 1046, was completed only in 1226. Twenty years later this entire structure was destroyed by fire. Again were the church and abbey erected through the liberality of the Empress Mathilde and of Henry II., her son, only again to be razed to the ground by fire; and finally the present edifice was commenced in 1318. The choir, the chapels, the pillars which support the tower, and a portion of the transept, occupied twenty-one years in building. The edifice was completed in the sixteenth century. In conveying an idea of this vast and gorgeous temple, I shall adopt the sentiments of a writer whose soul appreciated the beauties here so profusely spread out before him. I can readily understand how such emotions possessed him as he gazed upon it; for surely no one can enter this church without feeling a certain awe—a consciousness that it is "no other than the house of God and the gate of Heaven." "No edifice," says Count Brugnat, himself a model of piety and a man of genius, "strikes the eye more forcibly, or proclaims more effectually the majesty of the only Lord, than the Church of St. Ouen. The perfect harmony of all its proportions increases the admiration which at first fills the beholder; and the dim light of day, reflected from the stained windows, adds to the inexpressible feeling. But one thing is wanted to perfect the entire—a soft, sweet note from the organ

floating down the aisles and arches." The exterior has lately been restored, or perhaps finished according to the original design. The church is 450 feet long, the nave, 240 feet, the choir or sanctuary, 102 feet, and the chapel of the B. Virgin, in rear of the main altar, 69 feet long. It is about 102 feet to the key of the dome. The transept is 129 feet long. It is lighted by 125 stained glass windows, divided into three rows. Besides these are three large "rosettes" or circular windows. I was particularly pleased with one on the left on entering—a Sybil declaring some prophecy, and St. Romanus conquering the serpent; another represents the saint kneeling, as the waters of the Seine are retiring before the force of his prayer.

In this church, near the grand entrance, I remember a beautiful holy water vase, which, by a skilful deception or perfect optical illusion, reflects the entire ceiling of the church. The effect is singular. Unlike most other churches, the side-chapels of St. Ouen surround only the choir. There are eleven of them, including that of the B. Virgin. I noticed in the wall a slab, bearing the name and the date of the death of Alexander de Berneval, one of the architects of the building. It ends with a simple petition, "Pray God for his soul." Sweet and touching request, nowhere seen, nowhere practised, save in the Holy Catholic Church! While deciphering the quaint old Gothic letters of this slab, I learned the history of this man's death from our polite guide, who (like all such officials in France) was dressed, "a la militaire," with chapeau bras, short breeches, long white stockings, and buckled shoes, with a scarf, hanging broad and

flowing across his left breast; bearing a bedeau or long staff in his hand, which he flourished every now and then, like a "drum major" at the head of his band, as he'd bring its feruled end down with emphasis upon the marble floor, making the whole building ring with his official dignity. De Berneval was executed in 1439 for the murder of his apprentice, under the following circumstances. At each end of the transept is seen a large rosette window, beautiful beyond expression. The master-workman, Berneval, executed one, and his apprentice the other. The latter's work was pronounced superior to the former's, which so filled the narrow soul of De Berneval with jealousy, that he slew his apprentice. For this he was put to death; and the monks of St. Ouen, having obtained his remains, interred them within the walls he had raised.

With the exception of a passably good life-sized statue of St. Cecilia, I saw but little else in any of these side-chapels to attract attention. Where all, however, is so grand, it is difficult to select. It may perhaps be as well to refer to the tomb of the son of Talbot, Marshal of France. It is in the chapel of the B. Virgin, and bears a quaint old inscription in Gothic characters, which I copied at the time, and which bore date VI Janvier, MCCCCXXXVIII. There is another tablet, bearing an ancient inscription, in honor of the Abbot Roussel, under whose auspices this building was commenced; and near it a sad memento of the Abbé Mac Carlan, who fell dead in this church, on descending from the pulpit in 1851. As a general thing, I do not think the paintings remarkable. Of

all, perhaps the multiplication of the loaves, by Daniel Hall, is most pleasing. Perhaps it was because I was incapable of appreciating their beauties, or because I had read there are but few good paintings in the churches in France; or perhaps because their bold points were lost, literally swallowed up, in the all-absorbing effect of the stained-glass windows around and above me; but, certain it is, I found little interest in looking on them.

While as I stood, and, wondering, gazed at the "toute ensemble,"—the perfect harmony of parts, the blending of ten thousand mellow tints upon the marble floor, the forest of banded columns, light, airy, and high, supporting what seemed a sky of light, whose brilliant yet subdued rays spoke of that upper world of beauty and of bliss—my soul expanded with the theme, and, like the "ever ancient, ever new" Niagara of my own loved land, new beauties opened and fresh wonders appeared, the longer I gazed! It is said to be the most perfect specimen of mediæval architecture in France.

O how enchanting was the scene, as, seated near the main altar, and unseen by the pious crowds in prayer, I listened to the explanations of my guide; the bright morning sun came pouring in from side and top, from rosettes and concealed windows, so arranged as to cast a soft, mellow reflection on shrines and altars; the very walls seemed one blaze of glory, lighting up the countenances of the living, and the statues of the dead! Never before, and never since, have I experienced such emotions. I have seen many cathedrals, imposing churches, and awe-inspiring temples; but,

while each may have its peculiar grandeur, complicated or almost infinite vastness of extent, St. Ouen surpasses them all, it seems to me, in the heavenly soaring spirit which it inspires. Its very design, so frail apparently, and yet so perfectly adapted to its object, renders it remarkable. While the huge, frowning cathedral seems almost to shut out the light of day, or inspire its own sombre feelings, St. Ouen courts the light of Heaven, and inspires feelings of cheerful devotion. It seems the realization of the mystic old law, in the bright fulfilment of the shadowy past. With Dibdin, the celebrated English traveller, I too think that sensations are here experienced which no other church of the kind produces. A few words on the tower and exterior, and we pass to the "Hotel de Ville," formerly the abbey attached to the church. From all parts of the surrounding country, the noble tower and façade are seen proudly rising above surrounding objects. The main tower rises 100 feet above the comb of the roof, and is 290 feet high from the street. It rises in graceful portions, ornamented with rich resources of true Gothic style. Pointed spires, windows, and arches adorn it. It is surmounted by circular open work, truly grand.

This tower is supported by four massive pillars within the church, each pillar consisting of twenty-four columns grouped together. The west front or main entrance, which had been left unfinished, has recently been completed. The arched and receding doorways, like those of the Cathedral, are elaborately ornamented with statuary and figures in "bas-relief." The entire façade or front is 117 feet broad, its very

narrowness, in contrast with the immense length of the building, producing a striking effect. This façade is adorned with numerous historical statues. In a niche, above all, is St. Ouen, patron of the church. Then in the upper gallery come eleven niches, the centre of which is occupied by a noble statue of William the Conqueror, the other ten by Bishops, Dukes, and Abbots, who have befriended or presided over the Abbey of St. Ouen. Beneath this gallery of statues, and above the first or grand entrance, is a symbol of the Trinity; under this, a statue of our Redeemer; and on each side of the main entrance are statues of the twelve apostles, most exquisite in detail, and each distinguished by the symbol or implement usually attributed to him—St. Peter by the keys, St. John by the chalice, out of which a snake escapes, &c. The other doors, front and lateral, are ornamented in a similar manner by the kings and dukes of France, and by distinguished saints and patrons of the abbey. Grand and imposing as is this façade, it is not so pleasing to me as the south entrance, which has been recently repaired I was forcibly struck by the boldness with which the artist has suspended two pendants or large ornaments, as if in the air. Three panels represent in bas-relief the burial, the assumption, and the entrance of the Blessed Virgin into heaven. Striking and beautiful figures. I crossed to the opposite side of the Place St. Ouen, and stood looking up to the towers, spires, and lofty windows of the church; and I thought what high and noble appreciation of the beautiful in morals, as well as the sublime in nature, must that mind possess

which first conceived the idea of so vast an edifice! what exalted ideas—what almost intimate acquaintance with the hidden laws of cause and effect—what creative faculties! Surely the mind that planned and executed St. Ouen's Church, must have been conversant with the higher feelings which take in all that is lovely, cheering and grand, in divine revelation. A sordid, earthly mind might dream of beauties such as these, but could never mould them into form.

Adjoining the north wing of the transept is the modern "Hotel de Ville." It was originally the dormitory of the Abbey of St. Ouen. Public offices occupy the ground-floor; the library and museum the second. I passed an hour in each of these; the former is opened nearly every day to the public. It is extensive and well arranged. At present there are upwards of one hundred thousand volumes, and more than twelve hundred manuscripts, among them a missal once belonging to the Archbishop of Canterbury, and brought to France from England in 1050; besides others equally remarkable for their illuminated letters. The museum, on the same floor, comprises many objects of interest; but I found most pleasure in examining the numerous paintings, which, by the catalogue, were over three hundred. A very polite old gentleman, whom I at first mistook for a general or military officer of some grade, but who proved to be a policeman, was at the door, and waved me back as I approached. I soon understood that the museum was open only on Sundays and Thursdays to the public. But when, in the name of "American citizen," I asked admission, I was more fortunate than

on my application to the curé of St. Patrice! A catalogue was politely handed me, and my umbrella as politely taken from me, and I entered. There are many noble paintings here. How I regretted my ignorance of art! Among those which pleased me most, were the "Virgin of St. Sixtus" by Raphael; the blessed Mother is encircled by little children; "The calling of St. Matthew" by Valentine, but which I thought inferior to one in the Mead Gallery in Washington City; and "St. Francis in an ecstasy" by Annibal Carracio. Of these tableaux, all I can say is they pleased me more than the others. There are many statues among them, one of Corneille in "terre cuite." One of the greatest curiosities of the "Hotel de Ville" is the flight of stone steps, which seem almost self-supported, as they mount, in circular form, from the ground to the upper story in the middle of the building. There are statues of Louis XV., Corneille, and others, in different portions of the long corridors and halls. In the gardens, once the silent walking-grounds of the holy monks of St. Ouen, but now public walks, is a simple fountain, near which, in an angle of the church transept and the Hotel de Ville, is an odd-looking building, said to be a relic of some one of the many churches or chapels successively standing here. At present the first story is used as an office, and the second for the works of a large clock which tolls forth the hours. On leaving this interesting spot, I remember entering a café near the corner of Rue Napoleon and Damiette, where the "garçon," after much ado and delay, brought me what he called coffee. He was a sorry specimen of the genus "garçon," who are

generally all life, activity and cleanliness. This poor shoat was neither. One eye was the worse evidently of having run against a fist or pump-handle; one cheek bore unmistakable evidence of finger-nails. He was a veritable apology for a "garçon" as I called him, much more so for "Mons. Le Proprietaire," or the master of the house, as afterwards I discovered him to be. With divers bows and flourishes, he entered into a half-suppressed conversation, as he cast a glance now and then at the door in the rear. I soon learned the "pauvre diable's" story. He had a second wife; the first he used to whale unmercifully; the second whaled him cruelly! "And no later, Monsieur, than yesterday, elle m'a battu terriblement!" and he cried aloud. Unfortunately, at the moment while he was engaged in delivering this jeremiad, up came his wife, a veritable Xantippe, and off dodged our hero of the black eye; I laughed, and she laughed, as he shot through the door and disappeared. It reminded me of the distich written by a half-witted mortal in the same predicament. He never would admit the Copernican system—that the earth moves and the sun is standing, till, one day, philosophizing on the revolution of all earthly things, after a sound thrashing from his "cara sposa," he whined out:

"Copernicus, thou sayest true—
The world turns round, and not the sun;
For I beat my first wife black and blue,
And now I'm beaten by my second one."

Sound philosopher that man! I know not whether such profound thoughts ever emanated from the luckless wight who has just made his exit; but this I

know, he seemed evidently to have deserved all he got. In a thickly-settled quarter of the city, on the corner of the Rue Malpolie and Martainville, stands the ancient Church of St. Maclon, built in 1472. It is nearly concealed by the high houses surrounding it, destroying the view of its porches, doorways, and curiously-ornamented façade, which render the church a remarkable specimen of the architecture of the fifteenth century. I find pencilled on the margin of my guide-book, "grand and beautiful." I met here a daguerreian taking photographs of the façade and bas-reliefs. I remember the shrewdness with which he sought to involve in mystery the process of photography, no new subject to me, and the very disinterested manner in which, as "Monsieur was a lover of 'les beaux arts,'" he would put one of his copies at the extremely low price of twenty francs (nearly four dollars), when twenty sous would have been enough! I had long since learned by sad experience that "fools and their money are soon parted." Over one of the doors, in bas-relief, are represented different traits of the "general judgment," an odd-looking affair. More pleasing figures, also in bas-relief, over the southern and western doors, are arabesques, and different traits of scriptural history, the death and burial of the Blessed Virgin, &c. Its interior is vastly more imposing than one would imagine from the exterior. Its numerous stained windows, some of which, I think, have been disfigured by attempts to repair them—its remarkable flight of circular stone steps, in open work, leading to the organ—its holy silence, even though in the midst of a noisy neighborhood, renders it a place of much

devotion. It seems like a breathing-place between the excitements of business and the solemn truths of eternity, the noisy world around and the silent tombs beneath. Nearly opposite the northern gate of the church is a cemetery, often visited as a curiosity; it is called "l' antre St. Maclon." I saw, however, nothing curious there—little, indeed, to indicate that it was ever a burial-place. Let us pay a hasty visit to "Les Halls," to St. Eloi, St. Vincents, St. Mecaise, St. Vivian, and St. Gervase; then to my hotel to prepare for the morrow's journey to Paris.

"The Halls" are a series of magazines for all kinds of industrial and mechanical products. They consist of distinct storehouses, some of them, as that for cotton fabrics, being immense. All sorts of merchandise may here be found; it is, in fact, an "omnium gatherum mixture composition"—a "world's fair" on no small scale. Although the present building is comparatively modern, some remains of "La Vielle Tour" still exist, incorporated into the present edifice. Here it was that Richard I., Duke of Normandy, whose bold motto was, "sans peur et sans reproche," built in the middle of the tenth century a fortified palace and tower, which served afterwards for a prison. Here it was the monster, John "Lackland," imprisoned his nephew, Arthur of Brittany, and assassinated him.

Not far from the "Hotel de Bourgtherold" and the "Place de la Thulle," stands the Protestant Church of St. Eloi in the Place of the same name. It is a more modern-looking structure than any we have seen. There were a few gathered for service when I entered. Its interior is large, empty, and unadorned,

save by a few religious emblems. However, if they who worship here find no fault with this, why should I? The Protestant service has been performed here since 1803, and I was informed that out of the population of Rouen about 2,000 are numbered among the different sects. We pass in our homeward route the ancient Church of St. Vincent. I find entered on my guide-book "*Pas grande chose.*" It is, however, interesting on the score of its stained windows, one of which, in the side nave on the right, represents the "Virgin Mother" kneeling in prayer near several of the apostles. There is something strangely attractive in the bold, dignified faces of the latter, and pleasing in the sweet expression and in the graceful drapery of the former. The beheading of St. John the Baptist, on the left, is a noble production, also in stained glass. The whole interior presents a light, airy style of architecture of the fifteenth century. Portions are spoiled, I think, by the execrable taste which introduced fantastic ornaments on the columns around the choir. The barbarian, even though it were "De France," who could thus mar the beauty of such columns, deserved, in my opinion, the thanks of the community in the same sense in which the Duke of Argyle returned his to a rude fellow who entered his parlor, booted and spurred. "I return you my profound thanks," said the noble Duke. "Why?" asked the intruder. "For not bringing your horse along with you into my parlor." We will hasten on to the Church of St. Vivian, in the street of the same name. It is remarkable for nothing except its antiquity, as it was built in the twelfth century. There is a curiously-

carved organ and a frosted belfry. It is a sombre, dilapidated, moss-covered building; yet there is something imposing in its very gloom. On "la rue Poisson" stands a still more ancient edifice, moss-covered, crumbling, and gloomy—the Church of St. Nicaise. It dates from the eighth century, and was founded by St. Ouen. The interior is dumpy and sombre. Here, however, I saw two windows which pleased me. In one of them are represented faith, hope, and charity, under lovely figures—the other, some bishop. Although from the sixteenth century, or perhaps earlier, the colors are fresh and brilliant. I could but smile as I saw the old musty red covers for the chandeliers and candelabra; for it brought to mind an old country church to which I often walked during vacations at "Pigeon Hills, Adams co., Pa.," when old St. Mary's College, of Baltimore, was in full blast under the lamented Eccleston and Chanche. Strange association of ideas! yet so it was, kind reader, and you perhaps may one day realize, in a far-off land, that "trifles light as air" at home will bring a smile, perhaps a tear, as the "light of other days comes o'er you!" Jumping into a "voiture" or apology for a hack, with two lank, barrel-ribbed quadrupeds, called horses by courtesy, I was rolled along with a speed which would have done credit to a convalescent snail, until I reached the ancient Church of St. Gervase, beyond the Faubourg Bouvereau, the extreme N. W. end of the city. On alighting from this specimen of Norman locomotion, I could but think what a remarkable similarity there is between the hack-drivers and what the world has desecrated by the term "Friends."

When I was bargaining for that cab, I was surrounded by a score or less of noisy cabmen, all desirous of "l'honneur, de la compagnie de Monsieur!" but when I left it, I was alone; even the driver seemed sulky because there was nothing more to be got out of me. So, thought I, with friends, as they are falsely called. When you are sailing on the tide of prosperity, and "Monsieur" or "Madame" has the winning charm of money, favor, or patronage, to bestow, all are anxious to have "l' honneur de la compagnie de Monsieur" or "Madame." But, get over your journey, let them get out of you all you have to give, and how soon they'll slam the door of their old hack—their empty hearts against you, like my surly driver! Such is human friendship. *Reader, have you ever experienced this?* On this spot, in 386, St. Victricius, a Bishop of Rouen, erected a chapel or shrine to receive the relics of St. Gervase, which had been given by St. Ambrose. This was the origin of this old church. From age to age, for sixteen hundred years, it has been repaired, destroyed, rebuilt, and preserved, a glorious remnant of almost apostolic days. Through fire and blood, and devastations by man and nature, this old tower stands; and to-day, as centuries ago, ere half the kingdoms of Europe existed, the cowled monk and sandaled priest is heard, chanting his matin song and evening hymn to Heaven! How many stories could these old walls repeat! what scenes of destruction have they witnessed! How often have these old stone slabs been stained with the blood of Christian heroes, shed by savage hordes! And then, again, as we descend by a flight of twenty light steps

into the subterranean chapel, and, by the feeble glimmering of our torches, look around us, what holy thoughts come over us! On the right and left are arches in which the Archbishops of Rouen, Sts. Mello and Aritius, are buried. Here, then, are the remains of that ancient chapel! Here, within these hallowed walls, thirty-four feet long, and fifteen to the floor of the present church, how many saintly persons have knelt—how many tears and prayers have been offered to Heaven! It seemed as if I was treading the confines of time—the past and the future seemed blended in one solemn present—and I paused to listen to the old Monk's legends with reverential awe. "Here," said the "old man eloquent," "they laid him down when he died." "Whom?" asked I. "William the Conqueror," he replied. "And was it here he died?" "Yes, yonder the old monastery stood then;" and he continued in a tone and manner that rendered every word he uttered, and every gesture, simple as they were, perfectly graceful, because free from affectation. "In the king's last days, Robert, his son, rebelled against him. In a personal encounter between Robert and his enfeebled old father, the king, William was wounded in his hand. This broke down the energy of the monarch; for, of all afflictions, the heaviest is filial ingratitude. The old king's days were drawing to a close. He had been a mighty conqueror—a great man, and no doubt a bad man—but he had a good heart. He was afflicted with some disease that made him very corpulent; and, while undergoing a course of medicine to reduce his size, word was brought him that King Philip of France jested at

his expense—that he had compared the Duke of Normandy to a woman in her confinement! This exasperated the king, and he swore that at his "churching" (a custom in use in the church even from the earliest days) "he would make all Paris blaze with candles." He marshalled his army, marched towards the French borders, seized and sacked the city of Mantry, when, by a mysterious providence, his career was stopped. He was riding round the smoking ruins, when his horse stumbled, threw him violently against the pommel of his saddle, which caused a rupture. He at once felt it would be fatal, and directed his attendants to bring him to this convent. Here he lingered six weeks, and died piously, as the convent bell was calling our brothers to prayer, on the 9th September, 1087." Here the old man paused, and, making the sign of the cross, breathed the fervent prayer, "May the good God grant peace to his soul!" I will remark, that subsequent reference to Lingard and other historians confirmed the old monk's story. By a slab over the front entrance I learned the same, and also that the body of the king was subsequently taken to Caen, and deposited in the Church of St. Stephen, which he had erected. Here then, on the place on which I was standing, the "Gauger," as he was styled, "William the Conqueror," the once ruthless Northman—the fearless "Sea-King," after filling the world with the glory of his name and his exploits, came to die! Here it was that the expiring hero, after striving to make his peace with Heaven, and to obtain God's pardon for crimes committed through ambition and misguided zeal, at the sound of the

convent bell, when holy men bent in prayer, exclaimed, in the words quoted by his chronicler, "*I commend my soul to my blessed Lady, the Mother of God, that by her holy prayers she may reconcile me to her Son, my Lord Jesus Christ.*" How strange it seems to me to stand here! How little we in America can appreciate such association until we are on the spot! I left the good old monk, and pursued my homeward way. Evening was stealing on apace, and I hurried to the Hotel to make arrangements for the morrow. In my walks I could make but a partial visit to many other places of deep interest in the city; and I leave them for abler pens to describe. For the rest, I sincerely hope that thus far my readers have not become so fatigued by following me in my wanderings, as to fall asleep on the way; for I fear they may make the same reply to me once made by a gallant colonel to a prosy preacher: "Oh, Colonel, so you were sleepy during the sermon yesterday! why did you not put some snuff in your nose to keep yourself awake?" "Why didn't *you* put some snuff in your sermon, or something else, to keep us awake?" We will rest from our labors this evening, pack our extensive wardrobe! and court "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," preparatory to our morrow's journey.

CHAPTER XII.

Leaving Rouen—En route for Paris—Travelling companions—Ludicrous scene—Bird's-eye view of country—Tunnels—Poissy—Castles—Smoking in the cars—Arrival in Paris—Police Regulations—Examining luggage Hotel J. J. Rousseau—Interview with Father Deluol—The old "Family —Roof"—Church of St. Eustache—Cathedral of Notre Dame—High Mass at Notre Dame—Interior of Notre Dame.

WITH many pleasing recollections of Rouen I took my seat in the cars for Paris on Saturday morning, November 24th. This depot, like all in France, at the principal stations, is a splendid building. From this city to Paris is a distance by this route of three hours and a quarter. The same order prevailed here, the same regularity as in Havre. And were it not for the rush at the last moment for seats, you would scarce imagine yourself on the point of starting on a journey. Farewell to Rouen; its splendid churches, historic monuments, and literary institutions, I may never see again. Yet go where I may, I shall always remember the few and pleasant days I passed within her gates with mingled pleasure and sadness: for 'mid all my rambles, go where I might, and let what would arise, I felt lonesome!

Had my brother been with me I had seen ten thousand attractions where now I saw but few, because they would then have been "reflected from looks that I love!" The signal is given, off we go—once more, adieu to Rouen! And now let us look round, and see our "compagnons du voyage." I must do something to divert my mind from gloomy reflections, for I feel that every revolution of the wheels carries me farther from home—nigher, it is true, the goal of all my hopes and wishes, Rome—yet farther from home! This time I am in the third-class cars. Around me, "live stock" of all kinds. The day is rainy, and our hard-seated cars are closely confined. The windows are down and we are locked in. Bless me, how stifling the atmosphere soon becomes. It is insupportable! Perhaps a cigar may revive me. "Ah! pardon, Monsieur," and the "courtesies of the weed" are extended by a bloused "Paysan," most essentially ugly! Pull away, and pull away—"Ast totum in vanum!" It would require a stronger blister on the back of my neck to draw that cigar, than it is said was used by a friend of mine in the lower counties of Maryland for a similar purpose! The fact is, I *must* open the window. And with "pardon, Monsieur," "ah, pardon, Madame," and a desperate rush, the window is *fortunately* opened. On we go, thirty miles an hour, passing gardens, villages, and farm-houses, which seem as atoms flying by. At length we stop at Tourville, without time to catch more than a glance at the beautiful landscape, which is spread out before us, as we pass through over the bridge Oissee—the village is

decidedly old-fashioned. Off we go, passing through the gloomy tunnel, which is nearly 1,400 feet long, and the little city of "Pont de L'arche,' glorying in its immense bridge of twenty-two arches, its Gothic church, and its beautiful promenades; until we reach Londres a small specimen of a city having about 1,100 inhabitants. Here we stop for a few minutes. From what little I saw of it, I should conclude that Londres was head-quarters of odd-looking old dames, for dogs, and peanuts! Leaving St. Pierre we enter the frightful tunnel of Villers, which is nearly 6,000 feet in length! It is like going through the valley of death. The horrid screaming of the locomotive, the thick smoke, the darkness of the cars made visible by a smoky lamp suspended from the roof, the roaring of the cars thundering through, and then your own thoughts—to me it was gloomy enough. Soon we emerged, and the light of day was cheering. Vernon, with its churches, chateaus, and castles, on the right and left, then an almost endless tunnel through rock, nearly 7,000 feet in length, called the tunnel de Rolleboise, when we bring up at Rosey. From a loquacious, but sensible man, if man I may call so shrivelled and dried up, so hatchet-faced, and bewhiskered an animal, I learned that the chateau yonder on the brow of the hill once belonged to the "Duchess de Berri;" that here was born Sully, the friend and Prime Minister of Henry IV.; and that the neighborhood still cherished the memory of the sad yet noble Duchess with gratitude, for she had been a benefactress to this little village, which she loved to visit. Nantes is our next stopping-place. Menlau

on the right, and Triel on the left are passed, and we bring up again at Poissy, the birthplace of St. Louis IX., King of France in 1215. All who have read any thing of French history will remember that the Saintly King often, through humility, styled himself "Louis de Poissy." There is here a splendid cathedral, erected by Philip the Fair, the altar of which stands on the identical spot on which St. Louis was born. There is something sweet associated with this place; where the illustrious Queen Mother, Blanche of Castile, who often and emphatically repeated to her pious son and those around her, that dearly as she loved him, and necessary as she believed his life for the peace of France, she would prefer a thousand times to see him dead before her than to see him live to commit one mortal sin! History attests how piously the Sainted King corresponded with her instructions. Soon we pass the village of Maisons with the noble chateau of Monsieur la Fitte; and, after passing two bridges, we reach the village of Colombe, where Henrietta of England and daughter of Henry IV., King of France, died in 1669. On our way we have changed our passengers nearly five times. Oddities getting out only to let quiddities get in!

Soldiers, paysans, garrulous old men and women, whose tongues clattered to the time of the wheels—laughing, rollicking, jovial, singing young folks, all happy and cheerful. Surely I was in a hard crowd: there is, however, an innate politeness in a Frenchman, no matter how humble his position, that is always pleasing—sometimes irresistibly ludicrous. At Poissy, a thin-visaged little "Rooster Monkey" of a

fellow, cross-eyed and pug-nosed, entered our menagerie car, and soon pulled out a cigar for Monsieur this one and that one, and some others besides! Then, with a most expressive grin, intended for a smile, he touched his greasy little black cloth cap, and bowing profoundly to a little snapping-turtle Miss near him, spoke as loud as he thought necessary to ask if smoking in her presence would be agreeable. She, of the frills and capers, and quaintly-fashioned cap, either did not hear him or heed him. I suggested that, perhaps "Mamselle" was hard of hearing. "Ma foi! pauvre enfant!" said he, and standing as straight as the motion of the cars would allow him, he bellowed out in a voice of young thunder, "is smoking disagreeable to you, Mamselle?" The effect was electric. She had been dozing; and roused thus suddenly from her dreams, she started—bobbed against our "Rooster Monkey," and replied, "pardon, Monsieur, pardon!" She courtesied, and he bowed, and it was "pardon, Monsieur," and "pardon, Mamselle" for some minutes. No cigar, however, was smoked, while I was literally sore from laughing! We are approaching "La Grande Ville," Paris, the city of Europe *par excellence*. How strange it seems—yet on we go, thundering, rushing by lines of fortifications, gradually accumulating houses, through arches, over bridges, passing teams and vehicles of all sorts and sizes, high hills, deep precipices, factories, laborers in the fields in blue-colored blouses, flying by telegraph posts, and we catch a distant view of the dome of St. Genevieve, the lofty column of Vendome, and numerous spires, domes, and columns of the

city. Here we are at the depot in Paris—an immense building. Here, on descending from the cars, we are ushered into a large hall, through which we pass to another where the luggage of the passengers is ranged on a platform like the counter of a store. On selecting his own, each opens it in turn for inspection by the police, a mere form—and then selecting a porter, easily known by his dress, he proceeds to a cab which he will find in readiness for him, as if awaiting his express arrival; entering it he will be supplied with a card containing the number of the cab, the rates of fare, and a notice where to apply for redress in case of any attempt at extortion on the part of the driver, or any complaint you may have to make. All this is done with the most perfect system. And, in a few minutes, on you go to your hotel or address, through the thousand winding, muddy streets in the vicinity of the depot, and are landed where you will. By the advice of mine host of the "Hotel de Paris," at Rouen, I drove to hotel "Jean Jacques Rousseau," in the street of the same name; although I must confess I was a little dubious from the very name it bore. It proved, however, most excellent quarters—reasonable, comfortable, opposite the post-office, in a sufficiently central part of the city, and presided over by a motherly old lady, to whom I was afterwards indebted for many kind attentions. Surrendering my passport to "Madame," who entered it on her register, I was conducted to my room, neatly furnished, for one franc a day. Again, said I, in snug quarters! It was about 2 P. M.; and although fatigued with travelling, there was a restlessness about me that

would not let me remain quiet. Reader, do you wish to know its cause? Many who may read these papers will anticipate my answer. With them I remembered the days of old—the good old days of St. Mary's College and Seminary in Baltimore, when a gray-headed, beloved old superior, presided over the one, and an Eccleston or Chanche over the other—where more than half the pangs of separation from home were forgotten, in the happiness around us; when the thousand boyish tricks we played were attributed to proper sources—where science taught us to love religion, and religion elevated and sanctified science—where every Thursday found us a happy group, following the lead of that noble, tall, erect, old man, beloved and venerated alike by Protestant and Catholic, whose long, gray locks floated over his ample collar, as he'd stop, ever and anon, hat in hand, to relate a story, or point his long cane at some ludicrous object, making us as merry, light-hearted, and gay as himself; then when we'd reach Spring Garden, and enter the boats, some to pull at the oar, while others would chant the "Ave Maris Stella," under the lead of the good old Father; until, reaching the old Fish House, or Cromwell's, some would prepare for a swim, others band together for "prisoners' base," football, or the "hop, skip, and jump," until the signal for spiritual reading under a shady tree or on the river bank; then onward and homeward we'd journey as the oarsmen kept time to the "Ave Maria Gratia Plena," and we reached our happy home the Seminary. Reader, that good old man was Father Deluol! And he was now in Paris. Blame me not for this digres-

sion—for every old child of St. Mary's will feel his heart throb quicker, and his eye moisten with a tear, as I repeat the name Father Deluol. Countless reflections rush on the mind as I trace the name and refer to these old associations. There are hearts cold enough to forget old times—shallow enough to ignore their associations, and empty enough to receive any new impressions. Mine is not of that cast. At home and abroad, on the ocean and within the Sixtine Chapel in Rome, I have loved to recall memories, traits, and trials of days gone by. With the poet of nature, Tom Moore, I too exclaim :—

> "Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
> Like the vase in which roses has once been distilled;
> You may break, you may scatter the vase if you will,
> But the scent of the roses will hang round it still."

I started for St. Sulpice. On I went, guided by my map, through the Rue J. J. Rousseau, Rue des Grenville, across the Rue St. Honoré, passing through the splendid arches of the Louvre, over the "Pont des Arts," and on and on, until I found the Place "St. Sulpice," and stood at the door of the Seminary. Without pausing to cast more than a passing glance at the church, fountain, and splendid buildings before me, I rang for admission, was conducted through long corridors, and with a throbbing heart I stood at the door of him whom, of all on earth, next to my mother, brother, and sister, I love most fondly. My guide announced that a "stranger from America" wished to see him. In an instant I was folded in his arms, and father and child wept what words could

not express. Is it wrong to expose thus to public view, the scene of our meeting? I am not writing a "Guide-Book," or a dull dissertation on matters and things in general, but "My Trip to France and Rome." And what to me would Paris have been had not Father Deluol been there? To meet once again the guide and patron of my youth—that good old man, whose counsels, had they been better followed, would have always insured peace and happiness—whose every word and motion were identified with the happiest period of life—and whose smile was my highest ambition, next to that of Heaven—whose frown my greatest dread this side of error. To meet him once more; and as he clasped me to his heart after hard years of trial and separation, oh! it was too much happiness! He too felt, no doubt, that a true son's heart was throbbing against his own; and as the good old man sobbed "my child! my own child, my own boy John!" the guide stood wondering who and what I was. Do not say that human nature is all depraved; that there is nothing left but sordid avarice; for I would have given half a lifetime to be where I then was, and to realize that, though thousands of miles away from the scenes of home, there was one who knew me, one here who loved me! Hours passed swiftly away in sweet interchange of thought. I found him still the same in heart, in feeling, and affection—but all else, how changed! We, the younglings of his care, the children of his solicitude, the once young Levites under his guidance; we can remember him in his palmy days—that ever-smiling face beaming with love,

cheerfulness, and good humor—the noble form, the loud, merry laugh, and indulgent spirit, which pardoned our youthful follies, and won our whole soul's love. Such is the Father Deluol of our recollection. The scene has changed. His face still wore the fatherly smile we loved so dearly. His voice, feeble as it is, fell like sweet music on my ear. His heart was still the same, but emaciated, feeble, broken!

The casket was shattered, though the jewel was unharmed. To many, as to me, this will be sad; for his name is embalmed in the heart's deepest affections of his numerous old children; while the widow, the orphan, and the young man struggling with poverty, yet aspiring to honorable distinction, will ever breathe his name with gratitude. With them I wept at the wreck time had made, and though I saw no more the full, white locks, the stately, almost military gait, which I had so long admired, still it was Father Deluol! 'Twas late in the evening when I tore myself away; and through windings and turnings, which seemed to me endless, I found my lodgings. It was raining, and I moralized on a plain truth, as homely as it is true. Reader, did you ever have a good umbrella? If so, did you ever keep it, or a good penknife, long? I'll be bound that six of every eight will say "No." My good old cotton "family roof," as Miss Bremer calls it—my old umbrella, sticks to me wonderfully. Had it been silk, or an "uncommon" good one, 'twould have been long since among the missing. As it is, 'mid trials by sea and land, from New York to Europe, from the "hermitage" on Mount Vesuvius to old Rock Island in Illinois, *that* old

umbrella, bought at random, and in a rain storm, in the street the morning I left New York, is at hand like a true friend. Highflyers and butterfly-friends are like a silk umbrella, or a "Rodger's patent." They stay for a while with you, but somehow or another when you most need them—"Where can my umbrella be? Who has my new knife?" On the morrow (Sunday, Nov. 25th) I assisted at early Mass at the church of St. Eustache, and at High Mass at the cathedral of "Notre Dame." The former is the parish church of this quarter, and is situated at the extremity of the Rue Montmatre and the "Place des Halles." It was cheering to see the crowds of communicants of both sexes. This church is considered one of the finest monuments of the kind in Paris. And although situated in a mean, dirty location, and surrounded by fish stalls, vegetable stalls, and any amount of offensive garbage, it still presents an imposing appearance. It comes down from the year 1215, when a chapel in honor of St. Anne stood on this spot. The present edifice was commenced in 1532, and continued at different epochs down to 1788. It is of mixed architecture—Greek and Gothic—presenting apparent contradictions; yet its general effect is imposing. What struck me most forcibly in the interior was the immense height of the ceiling, the ten lofty columns, each 100 feet high, supporting midways, a gallery running entirely around the church; twelve large Gothic windows of stained glass; the choir or sanctuary is superb; the principal altar, of Parian marble, cost nearly 15,000 dollars. It is richly sculptured. There are many side chapels; the

most beautiful of which is that dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. The interior of this church had been recently renovated, and evidently looks much better for its new dress. "Notre Dame," the cathedral, is situated on the "Isle de la Cité," on the Seine. Its history reaches far back in the early settlement of Paris. The very "Isle" was the original "Lutetia" of the ancient Parisii under Julius Cæsar. The present proud capital was then but a collection of mud huts, inhabited by a savage horde. From age to age the city spread; and though now the "Isle" is but a small portion of "La Grande Ville," it is venerable as the cradle of Paris. It is believed that a temple dedicated to Jupiter once stood on the site of the cathedral. This opinion is confirmed by the fact that, in 1711, while excavating the grounds around the cathedral, different altars were found—deities of Pagan Rome, and Gaul, bearing the name of the Emperor Tiberius. When it was destroyed is not certain. In 347, under the reign of the Emperor Valentinian, when Christianity was first introduced into Paris, or as it was early called, "Lutetia Parisiorum," a small chapel stood here. Gradually it increased in size. When the ancient edifice was commenced is not certain. Thus far in the gloom of antiquity does the sombre pile reach. Some antiquarians maintain that Pope Alexander the Third laid the foundations of the present building in 1160, when the previous one had fallen into ruin by the devastations of the Normans in the ninth century. Nearly three hundred years passed in the building. During the year 1223 the western façade was completed. Dur-

ing the reign of Philip Agustus, in 1312, under Philip the Fair, the north transept was built; and only in 1420 the "porte rouge," or "bloody gate," was built by the Duke of Burgundy, as part atonement for his crime, the assassination of the Duke of Orleans. Although "Notre Dame," so intimately associated with the history of Paris, its vicissitudes, revolutions, "lights and shadows," has been so often described, that perhaps it is as familiar to most of my readers as to myself, I will venture my description, reliable as taken from actual experience, either by measurement or study on the spot; and surely not the less interesting from being the spontaneous feelings of an American traveller. The building is in form of a Latin cross. Yankee-like, I wished to see for myself its length and breadth. So I "stepped it off," and found that it was 172 steps and two feet, thus making 518 feet long; in breadth, in the nave, thirty-five steps and two feet, or 107 feet.

The pictures we generally see of the Cathedral of "Notre Dame" are correct. They serve to convey a good idea of the exterior; but, like all other pictured views, they are more successful in deceiving us in the adjuncts of scenery. To believe the generality of those "views," "Notre Dame de Paris," like the "Forum Romanum" of the "Seven Hilled City," is most romantic—an old building here, a mouldering trunk of a tree there, a portly chevalier or an humble beggar at this precise spot—skies, bright or cloudy, or an ancient view bounding the horizon—such is the fable. Look on that picture, then on this. The "Forum Romanum" of classic Rome is the "campo

vaccino" or cow-field of our days! and the vast square or "Place Notre Dame," where our cathedral stands, is literally, as I have pencilled on my note-book, "a noisy, muddy, dirty, crowded, worldly place, suited to any thing save to call up pious thoughts, and the centre of all pursuits, it seemed to me, save the things of Heaven." The church stands east and west. The exterior is imposing, though horridly dingy and dirty-looking, literally covered with buttresses and pyramids. The façade on the west has three receding, low pointed arched doorways, elaborately sculptured. Among these bas-reliefs, those on the left doorway represent the death, assumption, and coronation in Heaven, of "Notre Dame." The centre one is adorned with the resurrection of our Blessed Lord, and with illustrations of the cardinal virtues and their opposite vices. The right-hand porch has the figure of a saint treading on a dragon, and several traits from the life of St. Joseph. The Vandal rage of the revolution, like its offspring of every succeeding generation, destroyed twenty-two statues, among which were several of the kings of Judah, which occupied appropriate niches in the gallery, adorning the western façade above the arched doorways. The grand front is terminated by two immense square towers, each 280 feet high. In one of these hangs the famous "Bourdon," which was cast in 1685, and weighs the almost fabulous amount of 32,000 lbs. It was consecrated to the glory of God in the same year, in presence of Louis XIV. and his queen, Emanuel Louise Therese. It is stated that the clapper of this bell weighs between 900 and 1,000 pounds. No won-

der, when this deep-toned "Bourdon" sends its thunder-notes over Paris, the city seems to listen in surprise; and every man, woman, and child, stands riveted to the spot. It has often, in sorrow and in rejoicing, sent its "Miserere" or its "Jubilate," its wail of sadness or song of joy, over tower, dome, and hills. Fresh in our days is the recollection of its joyous notes booming over the city, as Napoleon III. and Eugenie were married; still later, as the imperial father held up to "le peuple Français" the hope of his dynasty, his newly baptized heir, the "Prince Imperial!" Besides this monster "Bourdon," there is a fine chime of bells, and many single ones, which keep, with their peculiar regulations, clock-striking, &c., a continual clatter, any thing but agreeable. In the north tower is a staircase of 385 steps, which I ascended to get a view of the city. It was well worth the fee of ten centimes, or two sous, but it would require an equally violent fever of enthusiasm to take me up there again. The porch or arched doorway of the north transept is extensively sculptured with figures, representing the nativity of our Lord, and of persons possessed by the evil spirit—that of the south with traits of some saint, I believe, St. Stephen. A gallery, supported by columns and surmounted by an entablature, extends the entire length of the façade or front, between the towers. The interior of this church is, I must think, less imposing than the exterior, although its historic associations overpower us as we enter. Sunday as it was, and a crowd assembled for worship, still, with every wish that it were otherwise, I found it cold, cheerless, and comfortless. The im-

mense sanctuary was occupied by canons of the church and "Enfans du Chœur." The strong voices of the former, blending with the musical voices of the latter, produced a pleasing effect. The grand altar is of white Parian marble, ornamented with light Ionic columns. Solemn high mass going on; but I am free to own that many of the ceremonies were entirely new, nay, even incomprehensible, to me. The leading features at the altar during the holy sacrifice were familiar, but to a stranger there is something incomprehensible in the long processions before the "Asperges," the walking up and down of the chanters during the "Gloria," the "Credo," "Sanctus," and many other things. When will the day come when there will be no "Parisian Ritual," no "Lyonese Ritual," or any other local ritual; but in old France, the eldest daughter of the Church, as she is and ever has been so intimately united in faith with her old mother Rome, there will be no other than the "Roman Ritual?" This may seem gratuitous on the part of a stranger, but it is the honest wish of one who loves France much, but Rome more. Unity of discipline, so little less than essential to unity of faith, is dawning on the country of St. Louis—may it dawn brighter and stronger until the perfect fulfilment of what all desire! I cannot say I was pleased with the music. This argues doubtless want of taste in me; but I thought I had often heard better chanting. After divine service I remained to study the church. The beadle was dressed in full uniform. At first in Havre I took these worthies for officers or generals. Bless me, thought I, how many officers! and how

edifying in them thus to act the part of sextons! I soon found they were but sextons. The church consists interiorly of a nave, divided by rows of columns into two side-aisles. These columns are lofty, sixty-one each side, and a gallery, which to me seemed half concealed, runs nearly, if not entirely, round each side-nave. Surely these old galleries can seldom be filled. The roof is 102 feet from the marble-paved floor. A high iron railing separates the sanctuary or choir from the body of the church. Although it is a beautiful piece of work, it was repugnant to my feelings; for, like all others I had seen of its kind and use, it seemed not only to shut us out from a full view of the inner sanctuary, but to be as a barrier between the things which are of God and the people who stand in need of them. This, I own, may be fastidious in me; but, at the expense of being thought Puritanical in my notions, give me the free open space, the simple railing of our churches in America. Such they are in Rome also. The choir floor is richly paved with marble. Twenty-six stalls or seats surround it, and the grand altar beneath a canopy is reached by marble steps. Behind this altar is a large marble group, representing the descent from the cross: this is usually called the vow of Louis XIII. It is a superb production, consisting of four life-sized figures. The B. Virgin is represented seated, her eyes raised to heaven, the head of our Saviour resting upon her knees, an angel supporting the body of the dead Christ, and another holding the crown of thorns. Among the twenty-four side chapels is one in honor of St. Thomas of Canterbury. At each end of the

transept, and in front and rear of the church, is a noble rosette stained-glass window, each 36 feet in diameter. It is indeed a sombre, awe-inspiring edifice. In spite of all my efforts, I could not like it, and the impressions it left on my mind are as fresh to-day as at the moment when, leaving its doors, I turned to take another look. And the same at each succeeding visit. Yet I could not like the cathedral. I knew its sad history of the revolutionary times, a history which should make every scoffer at religion blush. The wild bacchanalian scenes here enacted when, during the French revolution, men maddened by fury and lost to every sense of shame, here, on the main altar, enthroned a degraded woman as the goddess of reason, and offered incense to her as to a divinity. I had read that a star on the marble pavement indicated the spot on which Napoleon I. stood when he placed the imperial crown, first on his own head and then on that of his Empress Josephine, in presence of Pius VII. in 1804. I looked for the spot but could not find it; it is probably within the sanctuary enclosure. Where formerly stood the Archiepiscopal palace, now stands the graceful fountain of Notre Dame. In a lofty pointed niche formed by columns resting on a foundation about 18 feet high, is a very pretty statue of the Blessed Virgin. The niche is surmounted by a simple Gothic steeple, presenting a very pleasing appearance, harmonizing admirably with the cathedral. It may be remembered that in one of the sudden outbursts of popular fury, as incomprehensible as they are frequent in Paris, the residence of the Archbishop was sacked and destroyed, in 1831, on the occasion of

the funeral services in the Church of "St. Germain l'Auxerrois" for the assassinated Duke of Berry. The square on which the fountain now stands is called the "Place de l'Archevêque." It is behind the cathedral, handsomely laid out in rows of trees, and surrounded by an iron railing.

CHAPTER XIII.

Sunday in Paris—Square and Church of St. Sulpice—Vespers in St. Sulpice—A morning view from Pont Royal—Palais de Luxembourg—Gardens of the Palais de Luxembourg—Statue of Marshal Ney—Imperial observatory—Church of Val de Grace—Pantheon or Church of St. Genevieve—Ascent to the dome—View from the dome—Visit to vaults—Tombs of Mirabeau—Of Voltaire—Of Rousseau—Reflections at their tombs—Interior and paintings of Pantheon—Anecdote of Voltaire and Rousseau—Church of St. Etienne du Mont.

FEELING but little inclination for dinner, and anxious to see all I could, I crossed the bridge leading to the other side of the Seine, continued up le Rue St. Jacques to Rue des Mathurins, to le Rue de l'Ecole de Medicine, across the Carré de l'Odeon to the Church of St. Sulpice, facing the beautiful Place of the same name. Here I arrived in time for Vespers. Crossing the bridge from the island, I turned to take a view of the scene before me; and, as by the aid of my map I threaded the crooked streets, I was surprised to witness such an almost total disregard of Sunday. Shops and stores were open, carts and drays were loading and unloading; even masons and car-

penters were at work! Surely there must be no Sunday for many thousands in Paris, or they do not know when Sunday comes! I found no difference between Saturday and to-day. Nothing strikes an American more forcibly than this; and to me it seems an enigma, that, where the conveniences of church are so great as in Paris, there should be so little external regard for the sanctity of the Lord's day. Such is the fact; and while charity teaches us to deal favorably with the motives, surely a sense of right and wrong justifies us in condemning so evident a violation of God's holy ordinance.

Before attempting a description of the Church of St. Sulpice, let us look around and gaze for a few moments on the square, its splendid fountain, public buildings, and animated scene. The "Place St. Sulpice" is situated on the southern side of the Seine, and is beautified by trees and walks. In the centre, a large monumental fountain rises in grand proportions. It is built of stone, and consists of three basins, one above the other, in form of a pyramid, and is surmounted by a quadrangular column or pavilion, and by a dome. At each of the four angles formed by the first or largest basin is a couchant lion; and at each corresponding angle of the upper one is a large stone vase, from which the water flows gracefully into the basin beneath. In deep niches formed in the sides of the main shaft, are life-sized statues of Bossuet, Fenelon, Massillon, and Flechier. This fountain is among the grandest in Paris. On the south side of the Place stands the immense Seminary of St. Sulpice, the parent-house of the Sulpicians in Canada and Baltimore.

On the west is a public building used as barracks for soldiers. The exterior of the church is grand and imposing. I do not remember having seen a similar façade, except perhaps that of "Sta. Maria in Via Cata," opposite the church and convent of St. Marcel on the Corso in Rome, and this even is far inferior to St. Sulpice. By a flight of stone steps we reach the platform of the porch. Twelve Grecian Doric columns, each 42 feet high, support a stone entablature beautifully ornamented, and thirteen feet deep. Over this is a gallery supported by a corresponding number of Ionic columns. Two lofty towers, said to be about ten feet higher than those of Notre Dame, terminate the front. They are of a mixed style, partly octagon, partly circular, and in part square. The corner-stone of this edifice was laid by Anne of Austria, mother of Louis XIV., in 1646. The interior is decidedly grand. The church is built in the form of a Latin cross, the altar standing about midway between the nave and the choir, which is in the upper end of the cross. In the rear of the altar are the stalls or seats for the clergy. This main altar is beautifully surrounded by statues of the twelve apostles. In the chapel of the Blessed Virgin, behind the choir, stands a lovely statue, in white Parian marble, of the sinless mother, over a richly ornamented altar. Light is admitted by concealed windows from above; and, as the soft, mellow rays fall upon the statue, they seem to light it up with unearthly majesty. I was perfectly ecstasied, and stood gazing on altar, shrine, and statue, unable to suppress my tears. Who can be there, and not almost realize a foretaste of that

sweet home where "no sun nor moon in borrowed light" revolved the hours. I noticed some exquisite paintings around the church and chapel. At the front entrance are two immense shells, now used as holy water basins. They were originally given to Francis the First by the Republic of Venice. How they came here I know not. What supports the pulpit I could not discover. It is a curious affair. Vespers were chanted with solemnity; and I could almost fancy myself once again in the Chapel of St. Mary's in Baltimore. Indeed that sweet little chapel was modelled after this in part. It was late when I left the Seminary, whither I had gone at the close of "Vespers." Fatigued and hungry, I returned to J. J. Rousseau, supped and retired. If my reader will come with me to the "Pont Royal," on an early walk, his eyes will be greeted by as lovely and exciting a view as Europe can produce. We are on our way to the "Palais du Luxembourg," "Pantheon," "Sorbonne," and "St. Etienne du Mont." This bridge leads from the Tuileries to the Quais Voltaire and D'Orsay, and was erected in 1684 by a Dominican, "Brother Romain." It has changed its name since then under the different dynasties in turn ruling France. As we are crossing, let us tarry a moment to look around us. The silvery Seine flows beneath us as calm and smoothly as if its waters had never been dyed with the blood of untold thousands, from Montereau to Paris and to Havre. Towards the last we have the Pont du Carrousel, the Pont des Arts, and the Pont Neuf, one of the most historic of the twenty-nine bridges crossing the Seine,

always peopled with passengers, its broad parapets, its statue of Henry IV., and the spot on which "Morlay," Grand Master of the Knights Templar, was publicly burned to death in 1304. The noble "Island of the City," with the proud dome of the "Palais de Justice," the lofty spires of the "Sainte Chapel," once the dungeon of the lovely and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, of Madame Elizabeth, and the Royal Dauphin; then a chapel, then again a dungeon, and now again a chapel! the dark frowning prison of the "Conciergerie," with the bold towers and commanding front of "Notre Dame," and the Seine, which, after flowing past the "Isles de St. Louis" and "La Cité in two channels, here unites and rolls majestically on, covered by numerous steamboats, crafts, and floating houses for bathing, clothes-washing, and places of amusement. Turning to the north, the palaces of the Louvre and Tuileries, and the wide space, nearly two miles long, for the garden of the Tuileries, with its rows of limes, chestnut, linden, and elm trees. On the south, the splendid quais D'Orsay and Voltaire, with their ever-varying scenes, and on the west an endless variety of spires, domes, and monuments; bright skies above; a clear, bracing atmosphere; and on the bridge, even thus early, old blind men, grinding music out of hand-organs, antiquated accordeons, cracked flutes, and jingling triangles; miserable specimens of antiquity, in the shape of old women, singing their nasal twangs, or offering for a sous to black your boots, take the grease from your coat, or sell you a kitten, terrier, or pointer—surely, kind reader, you

must have the blues incurably, if such a scene, rich, varied, and natural, fail to interest you! Let us proceed to the Palais de Luxembourg, so called from the Duke of Luxembourg, who here resided about the year 1560. It has been successively a palace for "Marie de Medicis," widow of Henry IV.—for "Gaston d'Orleans and his grand-daughter—the unfortunate "Madame du Barri"—a prison under the republic—Hall of Meeting for the Directory, the Consular offices, the Senators, the House of Peers—and, in our own days, for the delegates of the working classes in 1848, under the presidency of Louis Blanc. At present it is the residence of the Chief of the Imperial Legation. Where but in Paris could a building be appropriated to so many different purposes in so comparatively short a time? Like most of the other palaces in Paris, it has its tales of happiness, and misery—of blood, and deeds of darkness. Its exterior is very pretty—each extremity of the front is adorned with a tower, from which rises a graceful dome. Its interior is interesting from the many and varied scenes here enacted since the erection of the present building in 1615. The Senate holds its sessions here. The seats of the Peers or Senators are arranged pretty much as in our own Senate Chamber in Washington, save that there is a gradual rising from the centre to the outer seats. In front of the president's chair is the "tribune," or elevated desk, from which the speakers address the auditory. Adjoining and around the palace is the garden, one of the most lovely and tastefully designed in Paris. There are numerous fountains, flower gardens, groves or shady walks with-

in the walls; and groups of students, children, and loiterers like myself, may be nearly always met here, enjoying the refreshing breezes, redolent with odors of orange and acacia trees. Among the statues which adorn this spot are many of the heroines and queens of France; "Joan of Arc," who has her rosary by her side, helmet and casque at her feet, and hand uplifted, as if in supplication; also Mary Stuart: passing down the grand avenue into that of the observatory, is the statue of the chivalrous Marshal Ney, who forty years ago was here ingloriously and unjustly shot as a traitor, after having fought 200 battles for his country. Continuing along, we pass the imperial observatory. It is a singular-looking building, entirely unsuited to its original design, as experience proved; and completely fire-proof, neither wood nor iron being used in its construction. By special permission I was allowed to visit the hall on the second floor, in which, by means of two ingenious instruments, the amount of rain which falls during the year in the city is ascertained. Leaving the observatory behind us, we pass through the rue Cassini, and that of St. Jacques, and soon the lofty dome of the church and military hospital of "Val de Grace" rises before us. The building, used since the reign of Napoleon I., was originally an abbey for Benedictine nuns; Ann of Austria, or rather Louis XIV., her son, laid the foundation of this edifice, while he was yet a child, in fulfilment of a vow by his royal mother. In the rear of the main altar are the private chapels, in which the Sisters, attendant on the sick, hear mass. Within this church lie the remains of Henriette, daughter of

Henry IV., and wife of Charles I. Continuing our ramble down Rue St. Jacques, we cross la Rue Sufflot, and on the right stands the majestic Pantheon, now the church of St. Genevieve. This majestic temple was commenced in 1767 under Louis XV., on the ruins of an ancient church, erected in honor of the virgin patroness of Paris, St. Genevieve, by the pious consort of Clovis, first king of the Franks. It is built in the form of a Greek cross, the four arms of which are equal. The grand entrance on the west is reached by a flight of marble steps, leading to the magnificent portico, 121 feet long, and 22 feet high, with 22 fluted Corinthian columns, 59 feet high, and 5 feet 6 inches in diameter. This portico strongly resembles that of the "Pantheon" at Rome, now the church of "Sancta Maria ad Martyres." The fronton or pediment, like most of the modern productions of Paris, has undergone many changes. It is curious to trace them. At first it was ornamented with a luminous cross, with brilliant rays in gold. During the revolution in 1791 the cross was expunged, and a pagan "bas relief" took its place; when the "Assembly" decreed that this temple should be used as a "Pantheon," in which her infidel gods should be adored after death. Such gods as such monsters loved to worship! Mirabeau, the sensualist—Voltaire, the incarnation of impurity—Rousseau, the impious! What a farce to intermingle such contrasts as Fenelon and Malesherbes! At the restoration under Louis XVIII. the cross was replaced, and again banished during the revolution of 1830, when the bas relief, half pagan and half mongrel Christianity, sup-

planted the emblem of faith.—It is an allegory; France in the centre between Genius and Science. In this motley group of soldiers, divines, statesmen, and infidels, we recognize Napoleon I., La Tour, Malesherbes, the faithful friend of Louis XVI., Fenelon, Voltaire, Rousseau, Mirabeau, La Fayette, and numerous others. What a parody on the ever-changing spirit of the French! This allegory is explained by an inscription in large gold characters, restored in 1830 on the frieze of the portico: "*A grateful country to her great men*,"—a fitting motto for a civic hall, but ill suited to a temple of religion. When will the cross again resume its place on the fronton, or reflect the sun's rising and setting rays from the summit of its majestic dome? Louis Napoleon has done much in restoring in 1851 this "Pantheon" to Christian worship; but glorious as the "Tricolor" is, a more fitting emblem for the House of God would be the sign of Faith. The interior, vast and extensive, is singularly plain. Indeed, to me, there is little of the Catholic Church in the whole edifice. I find pencilled on my guide book: "Correct picture of a splendid pagan temple, but no church for me." So, indeed, I thought with others, and so I still think. Above the cross-section, and supported by four immense arches, each 42 feet in diameter, rises a triple dome: first a tower, ornamented with sixteen columns with as many windows. A beautiful cupola surmounts this, richly adorned with sunken coffers and golden rosettes. The summit of this cupola is open, and 30 feet in diameter. Above this rises another dome, closed at the top; on the sides of this are some splendid paintings by Gross

—the apotheosis of St. Genevieve. Four kings of France are in the group, each representing an era in the history of the country. Clovis, Charlemagne, St. Louis, and Louis XVIII. We also see the luxurious Louis XIV., the virtuous and martyred Louis XVI., with the equally virtuous sharer of his crown and fate, Marie Antoinette, with the King's sister, Madame Elizabeth—worthy companion of their sufferings and martyrdom—also the Duchess of Angouleme, daughter of Louis XVI. This painting is immense, covering upwards of 3000 square yards. The effect, at a certain distance, is grand. The virgin saint descends from the clouds, her countenance beaming with inexpressible sweetness, and smiling on the group beneath. Would that the actions of some there represented, confirmed the fiction of the artist! It is not ours to judge. "The evil man does, lives after him; the good is oft interred with the bones." Never did poet or speaker utter truer words. A singularly beautiful effect is here produced by the light of windows which are invisible from the pavement of the church. As, however, we are in this second dome, we readily perceive how it is effected. It is by means of light admitted between the first and second cupolas. A third dome rises above this, which in turn is surmounted by a lantern, as it is called. The top of the main cupola is 268 feet from the floor. I ascended by a flight of 475 steps, and right glad was I when it was over! Some few of us ventured to the top of the third dome, which is 368 feet high, and from which we enjoyed a splendid view of this world in miniature. Had we ventured even higher, and mounted to the

Lantern, 450 feet high, which may be done with safety, it would have been more striking perhaps; but fatigued as I was, and no provision being made for a relay of legs, I was contented with the view from my then present altitude. It was enchanting: the atmosphere was clear: the almost countless palaces, the Louvre, Tuileries, Palais Royal, Luxembourg, Hotel des Invalides, Champs Elysées, Notre Dame, St. Sulpice, Colonne Vendôme, La Madeleine, Colonne de Juliet, and its glittering figure of Victory;—the distant hills, the frowning towers of the fortress of Vincennes in the blue distance, the heights of Montmartre, the beautiful windings of the Seine, until lost in Charendon and St. Maude;—such is the sublime panorama spread out before me, as from my lofty position, 368 feet above the "rest of mankind," in the world of Paris, I gazed in admiration. The interior of Genevieve is divided in three of its naves by a double row of fluted Corinthian columns, of which there are above 130, each about 40 feet high. On the walls are the names of those who fell in the revolution of 1830. The altar in honor of the patroness is in the south transept; it is beautiful, and the walls, like those of the chapel of the B. Virgin in the north transept, are elaborately frescoed with copies of Angelo's and Raphael's cartoons in the Vatican in Rome. There are four noble paintings on the spandrils or corners, formed by the arches above the columns. They are France, Glory embracing Napoleon, Justice, and Death. Let us now follow our loquacious guide into the vaults beneath this vast temple. This doughty "Ship," as he is called, armed with his staff of office,

his bunch of keys, and bearing that same old cocked hat and flowing sash, marshals us "à la militaire," in solid column, and addresses us to this effect: "Messieurs! we are about to descend to the world beneath. The world above and around us is grand, but the world beneath is interesting. (?) You will see the tombs of some among the most illustrious men of France—you will not be allowed to come up until all is finished. (!) Messieurs! give me each four sous! Allons!" After the order of the day thus given, we form Indian file—the huge doors grate on their hinges, and we descend by a long and winding stone stairway, as dark as Erebus, to the "world below" which is so "interesting!" Once down, we find it tolerably well lighted and scrupulously clean. We pass many tombs of distinguished personages, until we reach the now empty one where once the impious Mirabeau reposed. The false god he worshipped, abandoned his name and memory after death, as the true God whom he despised had long before. He had been amongst the earliest instigators of the French revolution, he had guided popular opinion, and been the idol of the people—now their self-constituted pleader, and again the vacillating defender of his sovereign; he, whose last moments were those of a sensualist, and who, in the language of the infidel Michelet, "ordered his servants to shave and dress him that he might die perfumed and crowned with flowers; lulled into death by soft music; and thus go to meet the sun then shining into his room; which he impiously called "if not God, at least his cousin-german!"—he whose funeral was said to have been the

largest the world had seen—preceded by that political chameleon La Fayette, the National Assembly, the Jacobin Clubs, first proceeding to St. Eustache which was desecrated by the impious rite,—he, over whose coffin 20,000 National Guards at once fired a salute, shattering to atoms the numerous windows of the church; and who was then deposited in 1791 by torch-light within this very vault at which I am now standing; but who, in three short years, was banished from his resting-place by the same fickle crowd and faithless Assembly! Where now sleeps Mirabeau? If some medical student has not long since strung together his skeleton bones, they are mouldering in the burial-ground of Clamart, where executed criminals are thrown, unhonored in death, as they were unholy in life! We pass on to the tombs of Voltaire and Rousseau, names which should bring a blush to every cheek, as they were the fatal cause for every woe which fifteen years later deluged France in blood. Why sleep they here, polluting even with their mouldering remains the house of God! Why, ah! why is it that the "evil man does lives after him" to corrupt the young, misguide the old, and ruin so many thousands! Who that knows the infamous career of Voltaire, and the equally filthy character of Rousseau, can tolerate their names, much less follow their maxims? Voltaire, the corrupter of youth, who, while yet a student in the Jesuit College in Paris, gave sad evidence of his future career. The ungrateful son, the disloyal subject, before his 31st year exiled for his crimes from his father's and employer's house, flying to Holland, publicly whipped by a play-actor, and

severely chastised by an officer; imprisoned in the Bastile, again exiled from Paris, soundly trounced by a nobleman's servants for insults offered to their employer, again confined to the Bastile, exiled from Paris for dishonesty and turbulence. See him now in England, herding with the depraved and low, and even swindling his publishers out of their dues when they published perhaps his least objectionable work "*La Henriade*," and again smarting under corporal punishment inflicted on him, pitifully suing to return to France, and soon abusing the permission given, soon again forced to quit the Capital for his abuse, not only of religion but of government. From such early youth and manhood what might be expected? His old age was but a fitting close to such a gloomy morning. A continued series of beastly excesses, impiety, truckling to the passions of the rich, and a death perhaps the most frightful ever witnessed. See how this gray-headed libertine is checked in his career by "Him, the holy one," whom in his mad folly Voltaire more than fifty years had vainly tried to crush. "Écrasez l'infame." From his residence in Ferney, near Geneva, he had long hurled his railleries against religion with infernal cunning, and wonderful talent; he knew too well the secret to interest youth, and with a flowing style and brilliant diction he infused his fatal principles into the minds of the young and the working classes. By flattering the pride of opinion we all unfortunately possess, and by sophistry, of which he was master, he gained over many of the highest classes of life.—Death advances. See now how the blasphemer shrinks aghast, the impious phi-

losopher belies his infidel professions! 84 years had rolled over his head, when a sudden vomiting of blood prostrates him. He cries out for a priest! He who had advocated the massacre of all those who wore the livery of the sanctuary, and had passed a long life in ribald abuse of all God's holy service, now calls on God for mercy, and on the priests for comfort! The venerable Abbé Gauthier, vicar of the church of St. Sulpice, flies to his bed-side. He seeks to animate the death-stricken wretch to hope and trust in God. Voltaire sees eternity before him. Already he can see the dreadful abyss awaiting him, and he feels that the impious tenets of infidelity cannot sustain his sinking soul. He makes his confession to the priest of God, and placed in his hands an authenticated retraction of his infidelity. He declared that he wished to die in the bosom of the holy Catholic church, and earnestly implored to be readmitted to the sacraments which he had received in childhood, and more than once desecrated by sacrilegious hypocrisy, before he threw off all restraint. Such was the wish of Voltaire; but, frightful thought! what was the dispensation of Heaven so long outraged? When the Abbé Gauthier again sought admission to his room, all entrance was refused. The dying man's friends, as they styled themselves, repulsed the priest, for they feared the reaction had the high-priest of their wicked system died a Christian. In vain the dying man begged for the priest; he knew not that his confessor had tried and tried in vain to get admission to him. "Abandoned by God and man!" was his frequent exclamation. All the horrors of despair now seized his

soul; he blasphemes again the God on whom he had so lately called, that great Being who, though the Father of all, will not be mocked with impunity! his eyes stare wildly, and he screams in horror, as he already seems to feel the tortures of the reprobate; he trembles, and restlessly throws himself about upon his bed, he bites his tongue, he tears his flesh, and dies, literally eating his own excrement. Thus died Voltaire, the impious reviler of the Christian religion, and as the dread visions of eternity burst upon his soul, his last shriek was the cry of despair! And here lies that rotten carcass, that hateful thing, called the skeleton of Voltaire! And whose tomb is this before which we stop as our guide goes on to explain? It is the impious Rousseau's, the hypocrite, the cynic, and debauched libertine; now a Protestant, again a Catholic, and always a dishonest infidel. Like his neighbor Voltaire, "all things in turn and nothing long;" driven from place to place for his dishonesty, now in the seminary and shortly afterwards the travelling companion of an impostor, calling himself a Greek Bishop, making collections for the Holy Sepulchre! Passing twenty-five years in open profligacy, hunted from France for his inflammatory appeals to the passions of the people, like his prototype seeking refuge in England, to corrupt there by his specious writings, as he had polluted the atmosphere of France; the unnatural parent who abandoned his own children to the foundling hospital, and ended his life by the double crime of poison and the pistol in 1778. Then honored by the wild enthusiasts of the revolution, like the arch infidel Voltaire, with a public funeral procession, and a

tomb in the "Pantheon!" And here he lies. These are the two apostles of infidelity whom so many admire! whose writings have fanned all France into a flame, and whose fatal results are still felt! This is the fruit of their philosophy! These are the enemies for ever battling against the church of God! Who would acknowledge their leadership, or wish to resemble them? How my blood curdled as I thought of the wreck of innocence, of virtue, and religion, I had more than once witnessed in my own country among the youth of both sexes from the poisonous effects of these men's writings. Well does the good book say, "*The enemies of the Lord have lied unto him, and their time shall be for ever.*" I felt sick at heart, and I turned in disgust from the spot, for it seemed to me I could hear the sighs, and groans, and deep curses of perverted sons, ruined daughters, and heart-broken parents, the shrieks of untold thousands from the scaffold, and the wild howlings of France, lashed into fury by these master-spirits of infidelity. The same sentiment seemed to pervade all our companions, and we returned to the body of the church. On taking a parting view I noticed several large holes in one or two of the paintings on the north and south walls. I learned they were made by the balls of the artillery, who fired on the insurgents in 1830. They had taken a strong position in this church, and much injury was done the brazen doors, the windows and walls, before they could be dislodged. These injuries have been repaired, with the exception of the paintings. As we left St. Genevieve I could but smile at an anecdote, related by one of the party. It is well

known that Voltaire and Rousseau were jealous of each other, and agreed in nothing except in bitter animosity to Christianity. It is both ludicrous and painful to read their characters, each depicted by the other. On one occasion Voltaire was visited by Rousseau, but not finding him at home, he wrote with chalk on the door "*rascal.*" The following day Voltaire, who was in a very bad humor, met him in the street, and apologized for not having been at home, but added, "I found your name on my door!" Both were cowards, as such wretches always are. Rousseau, smarting under the remark, walked on, and as he passed, jostled against the other, saying: "I never get out of the way for fools or puppies." Voltaire stepped aside, and bowing, replied: "I always do." Leaving the "Pantheon" on the right, we reach the church of St. Etienne du Mont on Rue de la Montagne St. Genevieve. It was founded in 1223, is mixed Gothic in style, and has some splendid paintings, stained windows, and other objects of interest. The jubé or arch over the sanctuary is a splendid affair. Over the choir is a narrow gallery, to which two spiral stairways lead. The pulpit is richly ornamented, and is supported by Samson, who kneels on a dead lion. Here I saw, as in Havre, the custom of burning tapers before the shrine of the "Virgin Mother," or the patron saint. True, I had seen it in many churches, but in none did it strike me so forcibly as in these two. In a sweet little chapel, enclosed by a railing, is the tomb of St. Genevieve, the shepherd girl, and the patroness of Paris; before the tomb numerous wax tapers were burning, the votive offer-

ings of the poor, the rich, the feeble, and the strong. Mothers knelt there in trusting faith, and fathers came to breathe a prayer for loved ones; pious young persons were kneeling in devotion, silent and unmindful of the world around them—some for their children, others for parents and relatives, all for grace and strength and God's protection. So knelt and prayed the pious group around St. Genevieve's shrine; and in testimony of their faith each placed his lighted taper on the shrine of the Shepherdess Saint. The view brought tears to my eyes. Absent ones came to mind; I thought of home, of friends, of loved and loving ones far away; almost involuntarily I approached the little stand on which the wax candles were placed, paid the sou, and lighting my little offering, placed it on the tomb, and knelt to ask her prayers and intercession for me and mine. Simple and sweet devotion! If the "immaculate mother" brought two doves to the temple in offering, why may not her children on earth offer at the shrine of another in heaven a testimony of God's dominion over all, and their faith in the communion of saints?

This ancient church has derived a melancholy interest from the assassination of the Archbishop of Paris, by an unfortunate priest, named Verges, on Saturday, January 3d, 1857. The sad details are fresh in the minds of all, and humanity shudders at the crime. Never before in France, even amid the wildest horrors of the revolution, was so atrocious a deed perpetrated. It is, however, consoling to find that the foul murder meets with universal execration. Peace to the good Archbishop's soul—God's mercy on the wretched Verges!

CHAPTER XIV.

University of Sorbonne—Tomb of Cardinal Richelieu—Hotel de Cluny and Palais des Thermes—Chamber of the White Queen—Life a Voyage—Chapelle Expiatoire—Tombs of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette—Meditations among Tombs—Trial, Condemnation and Execution of Louis XVI.—Trial, Condemnation and Execution of Marie Antoinette—Church of La Madeleine—Danger of using Eye-glass—Place de la Concorde—Guillotine in Paris—Charlotte Corday assassinates Marat—Her Trial and Execution—Trial and Execution of Philip Egalité, Duke of Orleans—Execution of Girondists—Execution of Madame Roland—Execution of Danton and Des Moulins—Horrors of French Revolution.

THE University of Sorbonne was the next place visited. This building or series of buildings stands in the place of the same name. It was founded by Dr. Sorbonne, confessor to St. Louis in the 13th century. In gratitude to his old Alma Mater, Cardinal Richelieu, whose tomb is in the church of the college, restored the old edifice to its original state. The various sciences, belles-lettres, philosophy and theology, are here taught by professors, supported by government. Thirty-three public courses of lectures are here given annually, which are attended by students from various colleges in the city. The tomb of Cardinal Richelieu is a

curiosity. It is of marble, and consists of a group of figures, representing an expiring Christian supported by Religion, his arms resting on two angels, and Science weeping over him. The whole place bore a cold aspect; and never having been over-friendly to the institution from early reading, my impressions were not more favorable from this hasty view. Continuing my way I came soon to the "Hotel de Cluny," and the "Palais des Thermes," one of the most singular places in Paris—at once a remnant of the Roman empire, and a proof of the many vicissitudes through which French society has passed. Let me here observe that the term "Hotel" does not convey in France the same idea as with us. It is used indiscriminately for a palace, a public or town hall, a court of justice; any public edifice, as well as the idea conveyed by the term Hotel in America. To begin with the Palais des Thermes, or ancient "Bath," erected by Constantius Chlorus under the Roman Empire, and for seven months the residence of the Emperor Julian: It is certain that the Emperors Valentinian, Maximus, Gratian, and several of the Roman Cæsars made this palace their occasional abode. In the early days of the French kingdom it was the residence of her monarchs. Of all the ancient splendor of this palace of Thermes nothing now remains but the ruined walls, which within the last half century have been roofed in and cleared of the accumulated filth and rubbish of centuries. This museum, for such it has been since the praiseworthy efforts of Monsieur Dusommerard rescued the ruins from destruction, contains many objects of interest, boxes or rather sarco-

phagi, also the spurs and stirrups of Francis I., a chess-board which once belonged to St. Louis and to Louis XVIII., swords, busts, statues, &c. To me, however, the walls of this immense hall were a greater curiosity than all the rest; for they are formed of little pieces of stone, embodied in mortar about an inch thick, and small flat bricks. Other curiosities are here preserved, many of them discovered at different epochs during the 18th century beneath the cathedral of Notre Dame. Towards the middle of the 14th century Peter de Cluny, Abbot, purchased a portion of these grounds, and erected the edifice which has since borne his name. It is in Gothic style; the chapel is unique in its kind, bold, original, and striking. Since its origin this building, like many others in Paris, has been appropriated to various purposes; first a monastery and chapel, then a play-house! subsequently the residence of the Abbess, and community of the "nuns of Port Royal," little if any less reputable than the residence of the monster Marat of revolutionary celebrity, until finally, for the good of science and the peace of society, less than forty years since it fell into the hands of Mons. Dusommerard, by whom it was converted to its present use. Within a few years it became the property of government by purchase. In the "Chamber of the White Queen," so called from the queens of France who bore white as their robe of mourning, I was told that the sister of the monster Henry VIII. of England, Mary, who was the widow of Louis XII. of France, slept. It was here also the Scotch monarch James V. was married to the daughter of Francis I. To me it seemed al-

most a dream as I listened to the guide, and traced in my note-book the most striking events of my visit. From the chapel, a perfect bijou in its kind, we descended into the garden which led us to the thermes or baths of which I have spoken. Why it is that in our guide-book the formality of a ticket or passport is prescribed for admission, I know not—I had neither; but, when asking admission as an "American citizen," I met with free access and most polite attention. Had I reflected, however, I could have brought my passport. The reader may imagine that by this time I was somewhat fatigued. So exciting had my visit been, and so varied the emotions it had called forth, that I completely forgot dinner, luncheon, or refreshment, until hunger began to knock at the door. Evening was gathering on apace, and I was far from Jean Jacques Rousseau.

In my way I passed an eating-house of the lower order; there was such a clatter of dishes and oyster shells that I stopped for a moment before the crowded window to see the sight. Surely if life is a journey, as some say, these passengers seemed to be laying in food for the entire voyage.

Early on the following morning, Tuesday, Nov. 27, I started again on my "trip." I had read so often of the sad fate of Louis XVI. and his noble queen Marie Antoinette, that I was anxious to see the chapel, erected over the spot where their remains were deposited. This I found by the aid of my guide-book. It is called "la Chapelle Expiatoire," and is situated in "la rue d'Anjou St. Honoré." At the time of the revolution this spot was an orchard attached to the

cemetery of la Madeleine church. Here the mutilated body of the king was buried. Some ten months later the lovely and unfortunate Marie Antoinette, sharing the fate of her illustrious consort in life, shared also his resting-place in death. As a mockery of order both human and divine, the remains of the unfortunate monarch, the descendant of sixty kings, were enclosed in a common box and covered with lime, that nothing might remain for future recognition. While still less honored, the noble Marie Antoinette was refused even a grave and coffin by the French nation. As La Martin states, on the common entry book of La Madeleine is found the following charge against the Commissioners of the poor: "*For one grave for the widow Capet 7 Francs!*" This is the spot I sought, and all I had read of the kind feelings of Louis XVI. towards my own native country, of the generous aid in men and money afforded by France, came to mind. With saddened feelings, mingled with curiosity, I mounted the steps, and entered the long avenue of cypress trees lining the pathway to the chapel. It is as silent as if far from the busy city. The remains of the two illustrious victims were suffered to repose here until the period of the restoration under Louis XVIII., when in 1815 they were transferred with all due respect to the ancient tomb of the monarchs of France, the abbey St. Denis; when it was decreed that this funeral pile should be erected over the spot, so long their resting-place (from 1793 to 1815). The building is small and in form of a cross, of Doric architecture, and extremely simple. Facing the entrance stands the altar, at which holy

mass is offered every Sunday and Feastday. It is of white marble and plain. On the right of the altar, at the cross section, stands a white marble statue of Louis XVI. in royal costume, an angel by his side pointing to heaven. On the front of the pedestal, on which these figures stand, the king's last will is engraved. Opposite is the statue of Marie Antoinette, supported by an angel. On the pedestal I read portions of the touching letter written in the prison of the Conciergerie the day before her execution to her sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth, simple, expressive, dignified. The noble "Swiss guards" who fell in defence of their sovereign at the Tuileries on the 10th of August 1792, are buried in the court before the chapel. What with the isolated position of the chapel, its sad associations, and the gloom reflected from its long rows of cypress trees, I felt inexpressibly sad. Descending to the subterranean chapel, I stood before the Cenotaph of Louis and his queen. The good old dame who acted as custode, kindly handed me a chair, and I passed an hour in that still solemn place, reflecting on the outrages heaped on the virtuous couple who once lay buried here. What scenes of blood, of terror and of death! And this was the reward they made you. This the honor they bestowed on you, son of St. Louis! This your fate, Marie Antoinette, worthy descendant of Ann of Austria! Again in imagination did I hear the wild savage cries of Robespierre, of Danton, of Mirabeau, of Marat, St. Just, and, oh! "unkindest cut of all," the roué Duke of Orleans, Philip Egalité, the king's own nephew, demanding the blood of the monarch! Again did I

see the royal pair fleeing from an ungrateful people, arrested at Varennes, and brought back amid the yells of an infuriated rabble thirsting for blood; again did I see them prisoners in the temple, the monarch refused the commonest necessaries of life, his virtuous queen doomed to every species of insult. And now the brutal Santerre, on the 7th of November, 1792, ordering his sovereign, then a prisoner in the temple, to appear at the convention, whose members, though devoid of principle, and vulture-like thirsting for his blood, were awed to reverence by the noble bearing and dignified appearance of their victim. How false each charge is proved! how his bitterest enemies are baffled! Again on the 26th December is the king dragged before the convention of his murderers, where he made that noble remark, so expressive of calm dignity and conscious innocence, to his Advocate, De Sere, whose defence brought tears to the eyes of many, "I wish justice, not sympathy." See again the butcher Santerre, on the 19th January, announcing the decree of death against the king, who listened to it with composure. In vain did he plead for three short days of respite. One favor was indeed granted him, it was to see for the last time his queen and family, from whom he had been separated, and to have a confessor of his choice, the Abbé Edgeworth, by birth an Irishman, and the pious director of the king's sister, Madame Elizabeth. How mournful was the scene, when the illustrious prisoner met with his wife, Marie Antoinette, his son, the Dauphine, his daughter, the future Duchess of Angouleme, and his sister! With an aching heart he embraced them, and was forced

away. He saw them no more in this world. Early on the following morning the king heard mass, and received holy communion in his cell, and as he left his prison for the place of execution, he turned to take one lingering last look at the prison where his family was confined. He mounts the car; through gathering thousands, now hushed to silence, and again like the roaring billows of the ocean, surging to and fro with excitement, he reaches, after two hours, the fatal spot on Place Louis XV., now "Place de la Concorde." The car stops, the victim descends, he asks as a last favor that after his death no insult should be offered to his confessor. The minions of the law approach to bind his hands, from which he shrinks indignantly; the Abbé reminds him in sobs and tears that his divine master was bound like a malefactor; when the humble Christian submits, saying to his executioners: "Do what you wish, I will drink the chalice to the dregs!" He mounts the scaffold, and with one word "silence!" hushes the noisy clangor of trumpets and of horns. "I die innocent of the crimes imputed to me. I forgive my enemies, and pray God that the blood they now shed may never be visited upon France." At this moment Santerre orders the drums to beat, fearing a movement in favor of the king. The victim bows his head, and as the axe falls: "Ascend to heaven, son of St. Louis!" rings out on the air from the lips of the intrepid Abbé Edgeworth. So perished on the 21st January, 1793, Louis XVI. in the 38th year of his age, a man gifted with every quality to adorn a throne, but with none to defend it. Had he possessed resolution to arm his

own hands and those of his friends in support of right against wild anarchy, he had not died thus by the hands of his subjects. They brought him here, and some few months later they brought also here the virtuous Marie Antoinette, the sharer of his scaffold, as she was the sharer of his virtues. "Ah, bloodiest picture in the book of time!" An inoffensive woman, a comparative stranger, the idol of a court she adorned by her virtues, her beauty, and her talents; welcomed to France by the loud plaudits of a people, who hailed her coming as the Aurora of a bright day, the sharer and promoter of that anxiety ever evinced by her illustrious consort for the reign of justice and truth in France, idolized by the crowd for that simplicity of manner and urbanity of disposition, for which she was so distinguished; gay, and sometimes imperious, if you will, and liable to the charge of influencing the king to acts which forced him blindly to his own ruin; the representative, if you will, of an antiquated rather than the embodiment of a new monarchy to suit the times, yet free from the charges of wilful wrong against the people; unsullied in her morals, sacred in the eyes of society as the worthy descendant of an illustrious house, and doubly sacred by the titles of mother and unprotected woman—is cruelly separated from her two children, and hurried to the dungeons of the Conciergerie; insults and abuse are heaped upon her, the ruffian Robespierre condemns her to a mock trial by nine of the lowest refuse of the Pavé, an ordeal more terrible to her than death, yet too noble to daunt the fearless courage of her soul; refused the consolations of religion from a priest she

acknowledged, but forced to listen to the hated words of an apostate, oath-bound clergy; enabled only to receive absolution and holy communion from a faithful servant of God, who, at the risk of his own life, penetrated disguised to her prison; conveyed in an open wagon from her cell amid the infuriated yells of a populace ever fickle, and now visiting on her lone head the accumulated faults of dynasties long since past, and drunk with the blood of untold thousands, shed, they knew not why—such is Marie Antoinette! "Farewell once more, my children," she exclaims on the scaffold, as she turned to the Tuileries and her prison, "I go to rejoin your father!" Her head is placed on the block, the axe falls, and it rolls upon the scaffold; an impious brute, in form a man, takes it by the hair and exhibits it to the multitude!

France! but a few years since thou didst adopt Marie Antoinette as thine own, calling her to the throne of St. Louis! And is this the fulfilment of thy vows? The place "Louis XV.," where now her blood is flowing, lately the scene of her royal husband's execution, shall be reddened with the blood of their murderers! And here they brought her on the 16th October, 1793, in her 38th year. Gloomy associations these, and I feel my heart heavy within me as I trace the history of Louis and Antoinette!

As we leave this solemn funeral pile, now called the "Chapel Expiatoire," we see a slab over the porch setting forth the object of its erection. May the noble object thus proposed under the restoration, expiate in some measure the horrid crime! May the adorable sacrifice here offered for France, the ex-

ecutioner, and for her royal victims, appease the anger of Him who said: "By me kings reign," and blot out "the handwriting of the decree," registered in heaven against the persecutors of the church of God!

A few minutes' walk leads us to the church of La Madeleine, in the street of the same name. It stands on the side of an ancient chapel, destroyed in 1764 to give place to the present gorgeous temple under Louis XV. Whatever others may say of La Madeleine, I cannot see any characteristic of a Catholic church in it, save the altars and some few paintings. It is a gorgeous hall, an almost fairy palace, a rich boudoir or gilded saloon, if you will, any thing grand, rich, imposing, but has no claim to a church in my opinion. Nearly always you will here find crowds of visitors, —the canons and clergymen attendant on the church are edifying; Holy Mass is offered from an early hour until noon. The stiff, formal appendage, called "Le Suisse," with his long staff surmounted with something very like a hatchet, is on hand; and it seemed to me a favorite place for marriage ceremonies, for on each of my repeated visits the good curé or his vicars were uniting in the silken bonds of wedlock some happy pair. On one occasion I was curious to witness the ceremony, as I observed it differed from ours in America. Being blessed with short sight and an eye-glass, I took my position at what I thought a respectful distance from one of the side altars at which the curé was marrying a couple, and with all satisfaction imaginable was looking quietly on. I felt a heavy hand rather rudely on my shoulder, and turning to

seek the cause, there stood "Le Suisse" looking daggers at me, and in no very gentle terms reprimanding me for my insolence in gazing thus impolitely at the clergyman. I saw to expostulate would be vain, so assumed ignorance of what he was saying. My ruse succeeded; he left me, threatening, however, to turn me out of the church, if I used my eye-glass again. Had it not been in the house of prayer I could have laughed heartily, but I soon had reason to laugh outside the church; for in a moment of forgetfulness, as it was impossible for me to distinguish any object otherwise, I raised my unfortunate eye-glass, when, to my terror, I discerned the stern minister of the law making towards me. It is unnecessary to add that I made for the door as fast as respect for the place would allow me, to save him the trouble of showing the door to me or me to the door. I was edified at his strict observance of rule; for I do not remember any other breach of decorum, albeit this was most innocently perpetrated. The Madeleine, as we have stated, is a truly gorgeous marble temple, not unlike the "Pantheon" at Athens. The object of Napoleon I. in 1806 to make it a temple of glory to the soldiers who fell in the Prussian campaigns, explains the splendor of this gilded pile. It is of all the churches in Paris the greatest curiosity, if we regard only minuteness of decoration, and detail in ornaments. Under the reign of Louis Philippe the present building was completed, after numerous delays and no unfrequent alterations in its destiny. It stands on an elevation, to which 28 marble steps lead, is Greek in style, 328 feet long, and 138 broad. It is entirely surrounded by

a colonnade of 50 columns each 60 feet high, comprising base and capitals. Between each two columns is a niche filled with a statue of a saint. The portico fronts on a square which may be called the central or rallying point of not only the most interesting events of the past century of France, but of the present busy metropolis of Paris, "the Place de la Concorde." It is supported by 16 columns. These are surmounted by a tympanum, adorned with a bas-relief of the "last judgment;" a bold and striking production. The "sinful Mary" is seen kneeling at the feet of the sovereign judge, imploring mercy for the fallen. The blessed are on the right; and allegorical figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, support Innocence. To me the most striking part of the subject is the sovereign Judge, repulsing the reprobate, who are here seen under the allegory of the seven capital sins. On the right is a body rising from the tomb, on which is seen, "*Behold the day of salvation!*" and in fearful contrast is seen on the left, "*Woe to the wicked!*" It is truly a striking representation, whatever may be its claim to artistic merit. The immense doors are bronze, richly ornamented with subjects taken from the Old Testament; each door is 33 feet high, and 16½ feet broad. The interior consists of a simple nave without aisles, and is literally dazzling. The walls, arches, columns, with the capitals and bases, are all polished marble, gilded or richly painted. The ceiling is divided into three domes, which admit the only light. On the sides are recesses or side chapels, each containing a statue of the saint whose name it bears. The main altar is grand beyond expression. A marble group

represents the once sinful but now repentant Mary, supported by three angels who are conducting her to heaven. The pulpit is in itself a curiosity; and, I think, like all the rest of the interior of the church, overloaded with ornaments. Several rich paintings and sculptures are around the interior, representing the principal events in the penitential career of Mary Magdalen, and on the ceiling over the high altar is the coronation of Napoleon by Pius VII. It would be useless to attempt here a description of this masterpiece of execution. It is a museum of sculpture, of statuary, and of ornament; brilliant, dazzling, in a word, unique. Its cost is estimated at nearly a million dollars! From the Madeleine we pursue our course by the "Rue Royal" to the "Place de la Concorde." Here let us pause to contemplate the scene. The past with its varied events, its bloody tragedies and fearful excitements, its countless thousands crying out for blood, and daily satiated with human sacrifices! Who could realize it? Now all is gayety, splendor, and apparent happiness. It is said, and I believe with truth, that nothing in Europe equals a walk through the gardens of the "Tuileries" and the "Champs Elysees." As we approach, the majestic red granite obelisk towers aloft upon its pedestal. Its weight is upwards of 246 tons; and monolith, or a single stone as it is, it was brought from the temple of Thebes (now called Luxor) in Egypt in 1833, and raised to its present position in 1836. Truly an ancient monument, going back 1550 years before the Christian era! It is covered with inscriptions, and half a million of francs were voted in 1829 to defray

the expense of placing it in its present position. A splendid fountain adorns each side of the obelisk, showering its golden spray far and wide. The lower basins are fifty feet in diameter, and are crowned by two others which receive the water ever spouting from horns held by sea-gods. The place itself is adorned with bronze columns, supporting statues, while richly ornamented double and single gas lamps adorn the square. At the corners are eight towers, bearing allegorical figures of the eight principal cities of France. This square has been variously called "Place Louis XV.," before the revolution; "Place de la Revolution," and under the empire "Place de la Concorde." It was commenced in 1764 to receive the statue of Louis XV. which was destroyed in 1792 to give place to the fatal guillotine. The classic groups of Couston, known as the "Horses of Marly," most exquisite productions in white marble, adorn the square. On the east are the immense gardens and palace of the Tuileries, with the tricolor flag floating from its towers; on the west the "Champs Elysees;" on the north a row of splendid palaces, now owned by private citizens, and on the south are seen the noble Seine, the beautiful bridge de la Concorde, the Place du Bourbon, in which the Chamber of Deputies hold their sessions, and in the distance the glittering dome of the "Hotel des Invalides." The "Place de la Concorde," so conspicuous in the annals of French history for its bloody associations, is an irregular square 250 strides long by 167 wide. It is at evening when the rays of a setting sun sport in the spray of fountains and among the rich foliage, and are reflected

from gilded domes and crosses of temples, churches and halls, that one can appreciate the beauties of this enchanting spot. Here all that is exciting in the scenes of Paris; her gardens, groves, the gorgeous palaces of her emperors and kings, and the proudest memorials of her ancient and modern glory, may be seen at a glance. Alas! that the page of her glory should be dimmed by the sad events enacted here! How my blood curdled, as I stood on the spot, where for fifteen months the guillotine had been, and where within less than two years so many thousand human victims were immolated by the almost absolute fiat of the monster Robespierre! This now lovely place was filled to suffocation with crowds of infuriated men and women, dancing and screaming in savage frenzy as the blood ran in streams from the scaffold into the Seine. Here were immolated Louis XVI. and his illustrious queen in presence of a plaster statue of the goddess of Liberty. From its original position in the Place de Carrousel, that horrid guillotine was first brought here for the king's execution; from this it was transferred to the other extremity of Paris, near the old side of the Bastile. Again, after four days, and after 74 heads had been cut off, it was removed to the Faubourg St. Antoine, until such was the stench from the blood, that sickness and loud murmurings induced its removal to an open space near the Barrier du Trone, where in six busy weeks 1403 heads fell by its axe; when, like a restless spirit ever bringing death in its train, it was again and permanently erected here until the fall of Robespierre; and the dawn of civilization after the dark reign of

terror. Here it was that the young enthusiast, Charlotte Corday, suffered death on the 15th of July, 1793, for assassinating the monster Marat two days previous. Corday, the victim of a too lively imagination, of the infidel works of the day, and of the demon of revenge! Who that has read the history of that daring girl, her firm resolve, and self-sacrificing spirit, but could wish she had been influenced by Christian motives! See her leaving her home at Caen, and reaching Paris after a journey of three and a half days, alone, unprotected, and a stranger, yet with a smouldering volcano in her heart. See her manœuvring to reach her victim, now hesitating between Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, but feeling her hatred increasing hourly against the second, as the greatest monster of the triumvirate. She is admitted to his room, where the human brute, reposing in his bath, was seeking relief from the tortures of disease which made his putrefying flesh drop from his bones. He listens to her words, and already traces the names of the proscribed deputies of Caen for execution. She scans his figure, studies where to strike, and plunges her knife deep into the heart of Marat! Fearless and undaunted she stood the ordeal of trial, and here she died glorying in the deed! Here too, in less than a month after the execution of Marie Antoinette, was brought the time-serving Duke of Orleans, "Philip Egalité," so styled in derision by the revolutionists—he who had been the most uncompromising enemy of Louis XVI. and his queen, who had voted for the death of the former, and who from being the idol, the tool, and the jest of the assembly and populace, soon became their

victim on this guillotine! Among countless others, some of virtue and rare talents suffered; Bailley, who had been lately elevated to the Mayoralty by the unanimous voice of Paris, Pethion had but recently preceded him. Here just retribution speedily overtook Barnave, whose voice was ever raised against the royal family, and whose vote was given for the death of the king. Here perished that party, at once the friends and blind enemies of their sovereign, the Girondists, twenty-one in number. Misguided in their views, puffed up with pride, and failing in what they doubtless grasped at—power—they fell beneath the accumulated anger of the revolutionary tribunal, only a few days sooner than the leaders who imprisoned them. Among that band of enthusiasts how sad it is to find such ribald jesting and impious sentiments on the subject of religion! Well may we believe the Abbé Lambert, who watched anxiously the whole night at the door of their prison in the Conciergerie, when he assures us that his soul was saddened unto death at the impiety with which they laughed at divine revelation. There he watched and prayed for their conversion. In vain did he appeal to his friend Brissot, one of the condemned. God had no place in their thoughts. The false maxims of the world, its vain philosophy, and pride, hardened them. Fortunately perhaps for some of them the good Abbé Emery, the Superior of St. Sulpice, a fearless soldier of the church, and one who refused the revolutionary oath ordered to the clergy, prevailed on the unfortunate Abbé Fauchet, one of the prisoners, to raise his heart to God, and make an act of contrition. He, in turn,

heard the confession of Sillery, another whose heart was touched by grace. Fearful was the scene the night preceding the execution. They feasted, and sang songs to Liberty. The banquet of death! Yet who knows but some who turned to heaven for mercy on their way to execution, found that pardon they asked. How mournful must have been the scene, when, as the executioner entered their dungeon to cut their hair before starting for the scaffold, each came forward to bow his head, and offer his hands to be bound. "Take," said Gensonne to the Abbé Lambert, who stood weeping, "take this lock of hair to my poor wife; tell her 'tis all I have to send her save the assurance that I die with my last thoughts on her." Vergniaud, the stoutest of them all, if we regard pagan stoicism and fearlessness of death, wrote with a pin on the case of his watch the initials of a friend with the date of his own death; and asked that it might be conveyed to its destination. Nearly all addressed a token of affection to parents, families or friends. Five death cars conveyed them to this spot. One by one they bowed their heads upon the block, and "La Marseillaise," which they had all commenced on leaving their prison, grew fainter and less, as one by one the axe diminished their numbers. Thus in thirty-one minutes the axe of the executioner immolated these twenty-one deputies, who, whatever may have been their impious principles, were far less guilty than their judges. They were removed after death to the same burial-place, where the remains of Louis XVI. were lying, and the curious may still see on the old records of "La Madeleine" the entry:

"For burying 21 deputies of Gironde 210 francs." Here were executed two days after the deputy Luxe, from Mayence, and Olympe de Gonges, and in a few days that remarkable woman, Madame Roland, whose name is so intimately associated with the Girondists. Like them an enthusiast, a disciple of reason, boasting of freedom from all religious restraint, and sacrificing at the altar of fanaticism what might have rendered her an ornament to her sex. By the guillotine on the 7th of May, 1794, fell Madame Elizabeth, the pious sister of Louis XVI. Danton and Des Moulins expiated their bloody deeds upon the scaffold, April 5th, 1794. The former, a human monster, not alone in actions, but in appearance, a fit personification of the king of terrors, a nightmare, whose hated presence cannot be shaken off, "more like a Cyclop or unearthly goblin, than a man," says Michelet; colossal in stature, athletic in frame, his voice like distant thunder, eloquent and impressive in speech, cruel and repulsive, fearless in danger, a rival of Robespierre, the restless movement of his small red eyes "the embodiment of anarchy, swayed by madness, fury, and fatality." Such is the portrait given us by his friends, of Danton. Surely the soul was correctly pictured in his face—for more cruel and impious than Marat, he was only less so than Robespierre. He died as he lived, an infidel scoffer at religion, in his 35th year. And the young poet Des Moulins, what a firebrand was he! What talents prostituted to demoralizing purposes! The firm friend and tool of Danton, he had not a particle of his nerve. There are few things, however, more touching than the letter written to his young wife

(an equally talented and enthusiastic being) the day before his execution (she soon followed him to the scaffold). It speaks of a soul which was not created to be thus destroyed. The fickle crowd, so long swayed by Danton and Des Moulins, raised a shout of joy as their heads fell on the 5th of March, 1794.

CHAPTER XV.

Horrors of the Revolution continued—General Desolation—Robespierre—Population diminished by thousands—Death of Robespierre—Napoleon III.—Champs Elysees—Pet Dogs—Palais de l'Industrie—Closing Scene—Choir of Five Hundred Voices—"Vive l'Empereur."

THE appetite for blood was at length satiated; people grew pale, and trembled each for himself, when whole families were led out to slaughter—men for sympathizing with their neighbors, mothers for weeping over their sons, sisters because they were suspected of wishing well to brothers in the emigrant armies; the old and feeble, because they spoke of other days; the virtuous and good, because they wept over the desolation of the times—no one was secure. By thousands the population diminished almost daily, confidence was destroyed, man looked upon his brother with suspicion, families avoided each other. The death tumbril or charrette stole along the streets each morning, noon, and night, like a black spectre with its freight of human victims for the axe.

On the 29th August, 1792, the gates or barriers of the city had been closed, to prevent any of the citizens from escaping. Thus it was for 48 hours, during which the Supreme Directory ordered domiciliary visits under the pretence of looking for arms, but in reality to spy out all, whether priests or laity, who were suspected of opposition to the Reign of Terror. To carry out this object, all male members of families of sufficient age were summoned to the "Champs de Mars" to be enrolled in the foreign legion, and to march to the frontiers to protect "La République." The committee reported that they had arrested "all the refractory priests," under which name all friends of humanity were included. Terror and fear prevailed. Danton with his thunder-toned voice urged on the multitude to destroy the enemies of the country. The noble victims in the "Temple" were filled with apprehension. The prisons had been crowded with thousands during the preceding days. Their doom was evident. A band of 300 assassins marched to the "Hotel de Ville," where Robespierre, Billaut Varennes, and Collot d'Herbois addressed them in the most inflammatory strains, urging them on to deeds of "glory," and to spare not one of the enemies of the Republic! The soul sickens at the blood which flowed—the thousands immolated in the prisons, convents, and asylums! for, maddened by the liquor which was freely given them, the vile herd revelled in massacre, and rioted in bloodshed. It was not until absolute surfeit of human blood sickened the actors that this tragedy ceased. Robespierre, supreme director from 31st May, 1793, ruled the wild passions of the

populace with surprising skill. He had advocated, 27th July, 1789, that all letters should be opened under pretence of conspiracy against the State. His smile was life, his frown the sure presage of the guillotine. Like Æolus he guided the angry storms, himself ever trembling on the verge of ruin. At one time borne in triumph on the people's shoulders, again crowned with laurel! It is wonderful how he gained such mastery over the minds of his cotemporaries: for, from all we learn from the accounts of 1793, he possessed neither the qualifications of a leader, nor the talent of a statesman. In appearance he was repulsive, shrivelled, feeble in health, sallow-jaundiced complexion, remarkably short eye-sight, harsh, grating, and thin voice, sad, sharp and meagre countenance, restless and nervous, ever starting, if not at the sound of his own voice, at least at the slightest noise, ever excited, fearful even to the basest cowardice, and incapable of controlling his passions, either animal or social. In point of talents he was vastly inferior to many who trembled before the nervous twitching of his gray eye; and in all that we might expect in one so famous or infamous in the annals of the French revolution. He was far beneath either Danton, whom he hated; Marat, whom he professed to despise; or Rousseau, in whose death by poison there is little doubt of his complicity. Yet he ruled supremely, while thousands fell around him in every class, and untold hundreds of thousands died throughout France by his command. He had covered France with scaffolds; he had commissioned his proconsuls, Carriere, Couthon, and Collot d'Herbois, to travel through France with

supreme authority to butcher, destroy, and decimate the people. All who fell in his way, Danton, La Croix, and their numerous satellites, had fallen by his command, and had he lived but a few months longer, portions of France would have been depopulated by the guillotine, so extensive were his arrangements for the carrying out of his plans. He knew the weak side of the masses, knew where and how to strike. He was evidently an instrument in the hands of the "King of kings," to chastise the French nation. It is said of Tamerlane, the Tartar Khan, that in Damascus he piled into a pyramid seventy thousand human skulls, and gazed in savage exultation on his past glory, while he contemplated new ones! Alas! how many hundreds of thousands might not the monster Robespierre have piled up in France? But the day of retribution is at hand. Why is the guillotine, yet reeking with the blood of 1400 victims, brought back from the place near the "Barrière du Trone," where it has been only six weeks? Again, as when the sainted and the good died upon it, the guillotine stands on the "Place de la Concorde." What new triumph awaits the master spirits of the reign of terror? Robespierre! Rejoice, weeping humanity! the scene has changed! The tyrant, drunk with the blood of human hecatombs, has fallen, his measure of crime is filled to overflowing; the secret hatred, so long suppressed by fear, has broken forth among his enemies, even as the flames from Vesuvius or Etna; and ruin follows as surely in their train. In the midst of his career he is accused to the revolutionary Convention. It is decreed he should be arrested. His

presence of mind leaves him, for his thrice guilty conscience makes him a greater coward than ever. His wicked rule is drawing to a close. A reaction has taken place in the minds of the people, and they clamor for the blood of their late master and idol, Robespierre. The sharers of his favors now turn against him. Henriot, maddened with fury, is hurled from an upper window. Le Bas blows his own brains out. The younger brother of Robespierre precipitates himself from the window to the pavement below. St. Just alone stands calm and fearless, while the master demon, Robespierre, discharges a pistol into his own mouth, which, instead of terminating his life, only served to prolong and increase his tortures. His lower jaw is shattered frightfully. He is dragged by the infuriated populace to the Convention. Faint and bleeding he is laid on the table, on which he had signed the death-warrant of so many thousands; in the hall of the Committee of Public Welfare, gloomy and sullen, unable to speak, he hears the execrations vented against him. The handle of his pistol is still convulsively grasped; with it he strives to scrape off the blood, which, oozing from his shattered jaw, coagulates on the cloth which binds his face. Crowds of people fill the hall, breathing vengeance, and heaping curses on the wretched sufferer. He hears, for he cannot close his ears against them, even though he shuts his eyes to keep off the horrid sight. He is rudely conveyed to the Conciergerie, that gloomy prison, to which he had condemned so many, and the wretched St. Just, Henriot, Cuthon, with the younger Robespierre, are made sharers of his fate.

Early the following morning sentence of death is decreed against the culprits, 21 in number. Here then is the scaffold erected for the execution of Robespierre and his companions. The immense place or square is crowded with a multitude, more boisterous than ever, anxious for the blood of the tyrant. The Rue St. Honoré on my right, and the gardens of the Tuileries are filled—screaming women and frantic old men follow the charrette, demanding vengeance on the head of the monster. More furious than the rest one woman breaks through the guards, surrounding the cart on which Robespierre is seated more dead than alive, and screams: "*Murderer of my kindred! your agonies fill me with joy; go down to hell covered with the curses of every mother in France.*" On ascending the scaffold the executioner pointed him out to the multitude; a yell of exultation breaks from the populace. The bandage is roughly torn from his face, the remnant of his shattered jaw falls upon his breast, and a piercing shriek escapes him; it is echoed back by the curses of the infuriated people. He is thus exhibited, a frightful spectacle; his head is placed upon the block, the axe falls, and amid more bitter maledictions than have ever been heaped on mortal being, the wretched soul of Robespieree was ushered before its God! Crowds of women danced around his corpse, and for hours men seemed transformed into demons, exulting over the fall of him they had learned to consider the cause of their ruin. The other victims fall by the axe, adding to the general joy. The city of Paris seems intoxicated with delight; the reign of terror is at an end!

The guillotine may be said to be the only unanswer-

able argument of the revolution. It was a fitting deathbed for the wicked men who had sent their lawful sovereign to its axe! for those "who had sown the storm, deserved to reap the whirlwind." It was a fearful avenger of eighteen thousand six hundred and three victims who had died upon it during the "reign of terror!" It was the just avenger of the one million twenty-two thousand three hundred and fifty-one besides the above, throughout La Vendée, Nantes, and Lyons! What shall I say of the unknown thousands of priests, of religious women, of young and old who were butchered systematically in the prisons at Versailles, at Avignon, Toulon, Marseilles, and Bedon, where, out of a population of several thousands, only one hundred and fifty-five persons escaped! How shall I speak of the butcheries in the city of Paris alone, from Sunday the 2d to Friday the 7th of September, 1792! At the convent of Carmelites 244, at the abbey St. Germain 180, at that of the Bernardines 73, at the hospital of La Salpetriere 45, at the prison of Conciergerie 85, at that of the Chatelet 214, at that of La Force 164, in short, 12,000 in the prisons and hospitals of Paris within one week! The French revolution was infidel. It perverted morals, ruined order, deified reason, sought to dethrone God, disseminated false principles of philosophy, and rendered France the scoff and byword of Christian nations. It changed one dynasty, of antiquated errors if you will, for another of terror, bloodshed and crime! This in turn was succeeded by the old Bourbon line, to yield to the Corsican soldier, the bright meteor whose playthings were crowns, whose footstool were thrones!

the second Alexander, who, while conqueror almost of a world, seemed to weep that there were no more worlds to subdue. His dynasty yields again to the Bourbons, only again to be resumed in another form. The revolutionists have passed away ; that is, the chief actors of that bloody scene; their efforts have been laughed to scorn, their graves have been sealed by the united stigmas of infamy, crime and horror! And France still a kingdom, an empire! Her religion more flourishing, her temples more glorious, her pontiffs and priests more honored, and her Imperial ruler raised to his high estate to glorify God by his private worth, his noble protection to the Vicar of Christ, Pio IX. ; and by reflecting the virtues of the Christian, the wisdom of the ruler, and the daring intrepidity necessary to rule over France! I am no political partisan, nor do I know enough of State affairs to venture an opinion for or against the claimants to the throne of St. Louis, but I am free to own my admiration of this providence of God, who has thus brought good out of evil: to proclaim my belief in the providential elevation of Napoleon III. to destroy what infidelity essayed; and to re-establish the claim of France to the title of Catholic! In our enthusiasm I fear we have delayed our readers too long ; each will have his own views on the subject, while perhaps some may not have reflected on the scenes here described. Ere we leave this interesting spot, let me remark that here, where subsequently stood the guillotine, and where now stands yonder graceful fountain, an explosion of fireworks occurred during the fêtes in honor of the marriage of Louis XVI. in 1770. The

confusion and terror were so great that 1200 persons were crushed to death, and upwards of 2000 dangerously wounded. During the revolution of 1848 Louis Philippe escaped by this place from the Tuileries. On the fourth of November, 1848, the new Constitution was proclaimed here. Let us now take a hasty view of the "Champs Elysées" on our way to the "Hotel des Invalides." This promenade is divided into two parts by the avenue which begins at the Tuileries, and extends beyond the "Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile" to Neuilly, the favorite residence of the late Louis Philippe. It is the fashionable resort of all classes, and here on Sundays, the grand gala-day of the working classes, may life in Paris be studied. Every kind of amusement for childhood, youth, and old age, may here be witnessed. Mirth and laughter seem the genius of the place: the lovely foliage, the ample walks, and numerous fountains refreshing the atmosphere; the countless games perpetually carried on, the joyous groups of children sporting and tumbling on the green banks. The splendid equipages constantly passing towards "Bois de Bologne," varied costumes from all parts of the world, the gorgeous cafés which line each side in true oriental splendor, and the gay uniforms, prancing steeds, and clattering swords of the French cavalry and infantry, all this tends to render the "Champs Elysées" a most interesting resort. How strange to me at first seemed the attention paid by ladies and gentlemen to their pet dogs! nearly every fifth "pile of satin, silk, and millinery" led along a little, woolly, pug-nosed, snarling cur, often fantastically decked out with parti-colored

ribbons; and when the air is at all cool, with regular cloaks thrown over their delicate little bodies! Nor does the sterner sex differ in taste; for repeatedly I have met the combined results of tailor, hatter, and shoemaker delicately threading his way through the invoices of drygoods promenading the walks, and leading by every color of ribbon or cord his own most strikingly correct counterpart. Verily it requires more brains in Paris ofttimes to cultivate moustache and whiskers than to make a living! Music, dancing, juggling, gambling, and all conceivable and inconceivable sorts of pastimes are going on. The American is surprised at the total absence of rowdyism, or uproar. It is a bewildering scene, revolting to me at all times, yet vastly more so on Sunday. The Parisians enjoy it, and as they have to answer for it, let us leave it with them. There are upwards of a million inhabitants in Paris, and it really seems that a goodly proportion is poured into the Elysian Fields on a pleasant Sunday evening. I remember to have seen on Tuesday, November 27, the Emperor Napoleon and the king of Sardinia reviewing 60,000 troops on this spot. By my side was that veteran of the "corps diplomatique," Calderon de la Barca, so long known, and so well beloved in the United States. I expressed to him my surprise at the order and almost discipline in the immense crowd: and ventured an opinion that it might be explained by the bayonets and police around us. I learned from him that though such array was doubtless the partial reason, the characteristic politeness of the French is preserved in the greatest crowd. With us how different! A

few gather at a stump speech or election, and a stranger would imagine that the "area of freedom" was only to be enlarged by boisterous yelling, cursing, and confusion. Thousands may assemble in Paris on occasions of public fêtes, merry-making or display, and no disposition is evinced to create disorder. But let us proceed. We might enter the "Jardin Mobile" or the "Jardin d'Hiver," had we either time or inclination. Fortunately such is not the case. They are places of doubtful morality, to say the least; in fact, public schools for vice, where all that is fascinating in music, dancing, meretricious ornament, science, trickery, whirling waltz, breakneck polka, and unrestrained freedom, is held out to ensnare the unsuspecting. True, in the "Jardin d'Hiver" respectable families will bring on some occasions their little children to what is called an "Infants' Ball." Here they are dressed in all costumes, and, though some not more than three years old, learn to flourish before an admiring audience, and ape the free and easy antics of Parisian dancers. What may we expect from such education! "Just as the twig is bent the tree is inclined." From such beginnings, bad endings follow. And we may trace back to the misguided fondness of parents, and to the baneful influence of late hours, fashionable dress, promiscuous assemblages, sipping coffee in the open evening air by the dazzling light reflected from countless mirrors, fairy scenes of garlands, festoons, and music, the sad wanderings of thousands of unfortunate females in Paris. As we wander on let us tarry for a few moments to visit the "Palais de l'Industrie," or World's Fair, now in full

operation. Much has been said against the propriety of impeding the view, the circulation of air, &c., by this immense pile; with this we have nothing to do. No one can deny that the idea as well as its realization reflects honor on Napoleon; who, though immersed in the Crimean war, and necessarily occupied with affairs of the greatest import abroad, conceived the plan of uniting in Paris the great and distinguished of every clime, to contend in friendly rivalry for the palm of superiority in the pursuits and productions of peace. I had not seen the Fairy Palace that graced Hyde Park in England in 1851; but I had visited repeatedly the Crystal Palace in New York, and it entered not into my philosophy that glass and iron could be wrought into more noble forms of architecture. How my homely pride fell, as I entered the French "Palais de l'Industrie!" The main building is of stone. It cannot be said to lay claim to any particular architectural merit, yet it is grand and imposing. The vaulted and pointed roof of glass, countless arches, columns, the nave, the double row of windows, the gorgeous display of articles from the East and the West Indies, from all parts of Asia, from Egypt, Tunis, Turkey, and Greece, from the various Italian States and Sardinia, from Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Spanish and Portugese countries, and from the United States, each country represented by its flag, and having its peculiar gallery or hall for the display of its productions; to me it seemed like a dream. I seemed in a world of wonders, and though I passed more than three hours within its enclosure, I left it with a confused idea of having seen many wonderful things,

heard many wonderful sounds, and been most wonderfully jammed and squeezed! Never can I forget the closing scene of the exhibition, when the Emperor, attended by his staff and council, announced the conclusion of the Fair. He was dressed in plain citizen's attire. A choir of five hundred voices and instruments sent forth strains of unearthly sweetness. At the close Napoleon arose. He was calm and dignified. The twenty-five thousand assembled within the "Palais" were as silent as one. The clear bold voice of the Emperor rung out upon the multitude in tones of dignified authority: each word was audible, and in an offhanded, graceful manner he delivered an address, breathing patriotism, authority, and sound sense. I felt the blood coursing through my veins, and I could not refrain from joining in the cry of "Vive l'Empereur!" It is not within my province to describe the paintings, sculptures, machinery, both here and in the palace of fine arts. This would require a week of careful study, and a more scientific pen than mine. On leaving the exhibition I could but ill suppress my mortification to read, that of all contributors to the palm of superiority my own country was the lowest. She alone stood No. 67, while even Norway, the next lowest, was 436!

CHAPTER XVI.

Hotel des Invalides—Drummer Boy—Court of the Hotel—Old Soldiers, wounded and infirm—Old Soldier's account of Moscow—Burning of Flags—Interior of Hotel—Dormitories—Kitchen—Scene in Ward of St. Louis—Old Soldiers at Dinner—Anecdote of Soldier with wooden head—France always catholic—Anecdote of old Soldier who wouldn't go to Confession—Encouragement in France to become soldiers.

WE will now cross the Suspension Bridge on our way to the "Hotel des Invalides." This bridge leads from the north to the south side of the Seine. On turning to the left we enter the shady grove called "L'Esplanade des Invalides;" a beautiful open space, nearly 1500 feet in length. It conducts to an edifice, at once the pride of France, and the admiration of the world. Its imposing façade towards the river, relieved by several towers or pavillons, and rising four lofty stories, is 612 feet wide, while high above all rises the dome of Mensard, who, after thirty years of labor, accomplished a feat, if less than that of Angelo in Rome, surely second to none other in the world except St. Sophia's at Constantinople. As we approach the Hotel des Invalides, which I should have observed is an asylum for the wounded and dis-

abled soldiers of France, we cross a fosse or dyke. We enter on a terrace on which are mounted eighteen cannons, interesting from their associations, and some of them for their quaint shapes. They are spoils taken from the Venetians, the Dutch, Austrians, Prussians, Russians, and Algerians. No mother watches more fondly over her children than do the war-worn old veterans, here gathered, over these monuments of victory. And no father's heart exults more proudly at the sound of his first-born's voice, than do these old soldiers, when on days of public festivity they hear the thunder-tones of these cannons booming over Paris. On each side of the court leading to the main entrance, are little flower-gardens, exquisitely beautiful, and attended to by such of the old pensioners as have a taste for horticulture. At the entrance to this court are the lodges or guard-rooms, where, among several soldiers on duty, I saw the smallest specimen of a drummer boy I could well imagine. Scarce as high as his brass field drum, it seemed wonderful to me how the little urchin could roll out such notes from the instrument. He seemed as proud of his drum, dangling tiny sword, and bright uniform, as a field-marshal. The entire edifice and accessories cover an area of eighteen acres. It would be impossible for any but an experienced pen to describe this hospital. It is unique in itself, and resembles, for all that I can read, nothing but itself. It is, and doubtless ever will be, unlike the sombre hospital, the prison garrison, or sumptuous palace—but it will always be in style of architecture the "Hotel des Invalides." The form of the whole is

a perfect parallelogram or square ; this is divided into five squares or courts, the most beautiful one of which is called the "Cour d'Honneur," and is 315 feet or 105 strides long and 65 wide. Four covered galleries surround the interior of this court, one above the other ; of the other four there are two on the east, and two on the west, smaller than the one we are in. In these side ranges are the refectories or dining halls. There are four of them, each 150 feet long and 27 wide, and here assemble for meals the relics of battle-fields under the "drapeau Français," while they feast their eyes on the wars of Louis XIV., depicted on the walls. At the southern extremity of the "Cour d'Honneur" is the northern porch or entrance to the church ; this porch, widely different from that on "Place Vauban," is intended for the inmates of the asylum. Over this entrance is a splendid statue of Napoleon I. Entering the church from this side, no man possessing a soul can feel otherwise than awed. He sees war-worn veterans here and there kneeling in prayer, some blind, some deprived of one or both arms, others with wooden legs, scar-covered faces, or maimed in different ways—here they kneel in silence, recollection, and simplicity of faith, offering to God the remnants of a life, passed perhaps in sin, even while following the tricolor flag to victory, even while enduring untold hardships, and electrifying the world with the glory of their arms. Here they kneel. Their brethren in arms are mouldering in every land, their blood reddens the fields of Flanders, of Lile, Rocroix, Denain, Leus, Milan, Fontenoy, Jemmapes, Arcole, Wagram, Lodi, Austerlitz, Smolensko, and

Waterloo! The cold waters of the Rhine, the Nieman, and the surging Beresina have long washed the bones of thousands among their compatriots, and the everlasting snows of Moscow and other parts of Russia have entombed half a million of their brave companions. These, and many before them, have escaped, covered with glory and with wounds, not retreating, not in shame, but as one old soldier answered me, when I asked if he had lost his arm by frost in Russia. No. By amputation? No. How then? "By the cannon, Monsieur!" Here they assemble to pass in peace and in happiness the remnants of their days; here they kneel to adore the same mystic Lamb immolated for them by faithful chaplains on the battle-field; and here they come as children to their father to ask forgiveness for every evil done, and to prepare for that other, higher and holier reward which awaits the soldier of the cross. How did my heart throb quicker, and my tears start from their hiding-place, as I gazed upon these gray-headed soldiers of varied rank and office, here forgetting the world to remember they were sinners! The French soldier is noble every where, noble amid the roar of cannon, the rush of armies, the struggle with elements, fire, and sword. I have always loved to contemplate him defending right on the field of glory, where the Cross contended with the Crescent for possession of the Holy Land—misguided, if you will, yet noble soldiers. How often has my heart throbbed with wild enthusiasm, as I followed the sons of France under the flag of Turenne, of Condé, of Villars, and of others, when they planted the proud eagles on the towers and

ramparts of Europe! No other army, save the little band during our own revolutionary struggle at Valley Forge, the crossing of the Delaware, and the battle of the Brandywine, ever endured more privation, the total want of food and clothing, or displayed greater heroism amid undressed wounds, and more fidelity to principle. I have always admired the gallant soldiers of France for their devotion to Napoleon, when unmindful of their own sufferings they would have given their last piece of bread, or taken the blanket from their shoulders to keep him from suffering. I have read and read again of their noble exploits on the snowy fields of the Crimea, the Malakoff, the Redan, the entire siege of Sebastopol. Yet in these the excitement of war led the van, glory waved her proud banner over them, and "victory or death" was the war-cry. How much more sublime the scene on which I now gaze. Officers and subalterns, generals and privates, here coming in the evening of life to offer to heaven not alone the glory they may have won, but the tear and prayer of faith, of hope and love! O, man is great, God is greater! Glory is noble, religion more glorious! Our country on earth is dear, our country in heaven dearer!—This church consists of a nave, divided by lofty side arches, supporting a gallery on either side; it is called "L'Eglise des Soldats." It forms, strictly speaking, two distinct churches, the one we are now in, and the other beyond the main altar, called the church of the dome, to which we will presently pay a visit. This nave is 70 strides or 221 feet long, and 24 strides wide. From the marble pavement to the ceiling it is about 66 feet. The

sanctuary at the extremity of this nave is 18 strides long to the altar. Over the principal entrance, on the side, is a singularly constructed organ, comprising within itself a musical instrument, a clock, and an astronomical table. On the east and west sides are 18 lofty arches, surmounted by as many smaller ones corresponding to as many side windows; on each side are the tombs of different governors of the institution. These, at least some of them, are very grand. Among those pencilled in my note-book, I will mention the white marble tomb of "De Coigny" on the left. It is truly military. At each end are two lances, to which two sabres are attached reversed, and a garland of cypress. "Marie François de Coigny" was a Peer and Mareschal of France, had been in the wars of Hanover and Oberens, a deputy of Caen to the general assembly in 1789. He had been in the service of Portugal, returned to France under the Restoration, and died Governor of Hotel des Invalides 19th May, 1821. Another on the left is the cenotaph of Lobau, who died here 1838, on the 28th of November, a beautiful white monument. Also a brass tablet, bearing the names of such as are interred in the vaults of the church. Oudinot, Moncey, and Molitor have each a suitable monument. It may be well to observe that the office of Governor was bestowed only on the most distinguished officers of the army from 1674 to the present day. It is a military, not a civil commission. From the rich cornice which surrounds the upper arches, hang 54 weather-beaten and shattered flags, captured during and since the days of the republic. They are the remnants of the three thousand

which were burned by order of the Governor Serurier in 1814, when the allied forces entered Paris, and the Cossacks were encamped within and around the Esplanade through which we have passed. They are venerable relics, and serve as fruitful sources of many a battle-field, trod again in fancy by the inmates of the house. I remembered to have read that before the fall of Napoleon I., there were three thousand flags from all the hard-fought fields of his glory, and seeing but those of which I have spoken high above, I asked my old guide who had but one eye, one arm, and one leg, what had become of them all. "Ah," exclaimed the octogenarian, while tears stole down his eyes, "that is not the least effect of the campaign of Russia! Well do I remember that fatal battle; we had started from France a great army, six hundred thousand; our men died in hundreds every day by cold; we returned but a remnant of 'le grand armée,'" he sobbed; "I remember the last visit the Emperor paid to this house. It was the 5th of March, 1813. He was so kind! Le Mareschal Serurier received him with all the honors of the place; we were ordered out in file, and hailed the last hope of France in the person of the Emperor; we all went into the church there, the church of the dome, the other side of the altar, and joined in a 'Te Deum' for his safe return; but we were sad, and some among our oldest companions said, Napoleon would never come back again. Oh," continued he with enthusiasm, "Leipsic was our ruin. Lutzen and Bautzen were his, but success was ours no longer! Our eagle fluttered proudly," added he, "at Champuert, Montmirail, Vaux Champ, and Montereau, but

fortune turned from us." The Emperor, I asked, what became of him? "Ah, Monsieur L'Americain, L'Empereur, as you know, was hunted even as the hare, betrayed, sold, hemmed in! he abdicated at Fontainebleau. Paris was inundated by the combined armies, and la belle France was the prey of foreign hordes. Paris," sobbed he, and tears fell thick and fast from the old soldier's eyes, "Paris, the home of brave soldiers, the best city in the world, Paris, which had never been disgraced by an enemy's camp, now fell into an enemy's hands! Well do I remember the day, when all of us who could shoulder a musket, or use a spear, were under arms; the noble Moncey was our leader, but in vain; and there, Monsieur, over the esplanade, and on the field of Mars the Cossacks encamped! The flags of our glory, we all ran to gather them, on the floor of the church we piled them, and we burned them! For never shall France surrender a flag!" In his enthusiasm he had collected several of his companions around him, who for the moment, unmindful of the place, echoed "jamais! jamais!" Here then I learned the destiny of the more than three thousand flags which once adorned this temple. Proud trophies of France over Spain, Prussia, Austria, Portugal, Muscovia, and many others who had fallen before her resistless armies. Surely it was a sublime spectacle! Was ever pile so noble, were ever ashes more sacred to patriotism? Trophies of a thousand battles of almost fabulous daring, brilliant records of undying fame, glory, and feats of arms! See them smouldering in a heap of ruins! Soldiers in tears feeding the glorious flames. And as they

gaze and weep, and pile on banners, shattered with balls and stained with blood; as they shiver to pieces the sword of Frederic the Great, sooner than let it fall again into the enemy's hands, we can understand the mistaken enthusiasm of the French patriot who exclaimed: "*There is nothing eternal but the love of Country and of Liberty!*" The interior of the church is ornamented with numerous statues; the pulpit is of white marble. The altar stands under a grand arch, 60 feet high and 24 wide. I cannot better describe this altar, than by transcribing almost the words of my guide-book. It is surmounted by a canopy, supported by 4 columns of black marble, consisting each of an entire block, and measuring 22 feet in height. The capitals are gilded, but the light admitted through painted windows gives them the appearance of mother of pearl. A beautiful figure of our Saviour, in white marble on a cross of bronze, adorns the altar. It divides the church, as I have said, into the old and new parts, or the church of the dome and that of the soldiers. It was removed in 1840 to afford room for the cortege conveying the coffin of Napoleon I., but is restored as it was under Louis XIV. The ceiling of the arch over the altar is adorned with a triangle, richly gilded; the word Jehovah is in the centre, and angels in attitudes of devotion kneel before the symbol of the Trinity. Before we leave this portion of the asylum to walk around the "Place Vauban," where we alone can get admission to the church of the dome, let us take a walk with our soldier-guide through the library, refectories, kitchen, and dormitories. It will well repay us. In the for-

mer, on the mantel-piece, if I remember correctly, are two candlesticks which formed part of the camp-equipage of the illustrious Turenne, an admirable statuette of the Marshal, and the cannon-ball by which he was killed. In another hall are models of the "Hotel des Invalides," of the different fortifications of France, and portraits of the different governors who have presided over the institution. Within the library are 20,000 volumes for the use of the inmates, who are admitted from 9 to 3 daily. A bold copy of David's "Napoleon crossing the Alps" (the original of which is in Versailles) hangs here. The kitchen is an immense affair, and is always visited by strangers. Indeed, to me it seemed like a little town! glowing furnaces; busy cooks; and regular carts for hauling vegetables, meats, etc., for the five thousand inmates who can be accommodated within its walls! The guide informed me that eleven hundred pounds of meat were daily boiled, another thousand pounds used for ragouts, aynd twent five bushels of vegetables. A good family supply daily! Had I not been ashamed, I would have tasted the quality of the roast and boiled. From this we proceed to the refectories, of which there are four. Over the door of one of them is an allegory, which I do not understand; but on the walls, as said above, are painted the wars of Louis XIV., who founded this noble institution. These frescoes are bold and in good preservation. The officers take their meals apart from the privates, and are served from dishes of porcelain and silver ware, presented to their table by the Empress Maria Therese. The feeble, and those incapable from loss

of limbs of helping themselves, are served in private. But two meals a-day are taken; a custom, by the way, pretty general in Europe. Passing now to the dormitories, which are eight in number, running east and west, we find each named after some distinguished general, battle, or city, like the stalls and shops on the Champs Elysées; some of which sport most historic names, as "Wagram," "Marengo," and "Duroc;" so here we have the hall "Louvois," "Luxembourg," "Kleber," &c. They are perfectly arranged, with as much attention and cleanliness as our college dormitories. The infirmary is divided into seven large halls, each bearing the name of a saint. I remember in the ward St. Louis witnessing a simple, yet a striking scene. It was one of the Sisters of Charity, who have charge of this department, aiding a feeble-looking man (who either had the fever or was recovering from it) to kneel at the foot of the sweet altar, which is so situated in this immense hall that each patient can see the chaplain, as he says Holy Mass each day for them. It is immediately under the cupola which rises over the centre, where the two naves cross at right angles. The young man bore the marks of suffering; he was pale; his long black hair flowing profusely over his shoulders gave him an appearance even effeminate, were it not for his jet-black moustache. He begged to be permitted to kneel down before the altar, if even for a moment, that he might thank "La tres bonne chere Mère Marie" for saving his reason. The good Sister supported his tottering steps, knelt by his side, and with him thanked our blessed Mother for her prayers in

his behalf. The scene was so unexpected, so simple, so sublime, that I could have prostrated myself there with them, and mingled my tears with theirs! Another ward is for the officers, and is called "St. Joseph." Each disease or class of diseases has its apartment, everywhere you meet with cleanliness and order—simple little oratories, private altars for devotion, crucifixes, pious pictures, good books, the sacred scriptures, all to point the soul heavenward. And then the daughters of St. Vincent! those heralds of charity, those living martyrs to suffering humanity, whose name, whose praises, and whose spirit may be traced in one word: Sister of Charity! I will not tarry at the drug department, the bathing houses, or laundry—they are each models. As I passed the refectory, it was dinner hour; how I wished for the time being that I was an old soldier! Glory to their names, that gallant band of seared and time-worn veterans! They have deserved well of their country. Each scar they bear is a passport to a nation's gratitude. Now, as they meet, and talk of scenes and dangers past, they shoulder one his crutch, another his cane, and fight "in fancy" their battles over again. How they recount the dangers of the Lybian desert, the battles of Egypt, and the Pyramids, while each shows a proof of having grappled with the Cossack foe, or struggled with opposing elements for "La grande Nation!" Misguided though they were and half unconscious tools in hands directed by ambition, they have deserved that their country should now cherish them, smooth their pathway to the grave, and shield their declining days from want. They have

followed the pomp and "pageantry and circumstance of war," and here they come to tell us the sad truth, what war makes man! Some glorious and exalted, nay, dazzling in their splendor; but, like the meteor, blazing for a moment, then lost in gloom. Others maimed, crippled, and shattered wrecks of once strong men, but a footstool from which their masters vaulted to the saddle, and rode through glory, thorns and trials to—the grave!

These old worthies have their traditions, and zealously defend them. From one who seemed an officer of rank, I learned that they are as full of fun and mischief as college boys. Among other traits related by him I will here repeat one, to show how they appreciate the prying propensities of some who visit the institution, as though it were a menagerie! There was an old soldier, fully sixty years of age, who after many years of service found himself encamped here. He was both loved and feared for his bluntness and good humor; ever ready to take advantage of any opportunity presenting itself of turning another into ridicule, no matter who or where. On one occasion the presiding officer gave permission to a company of noble English ladies to visit the house, and gave strict orders that every attention should be paid them, that every department should be thrown open to them, and that nothing might be omitted that could in any manner interest them. So pompous was the order, and so important were the airs assumed by the visitors, that "Martin," the old soldier, who had overheard the instructions, formed at once a determination to turn them all into ridicule; calling together several

of his companions, he made known his plan. "Comrades," said he, "if you are like me, you do not like the everlasting peering and peeping of a pack of lazy idlers who are every day annoying us in our dormitories, chapel, and walks. Even this moment there is a set of such worthies in the shape of women, duchesses and countesses, idlers of the court, who are peeping into every hole and corner of the house. I have a plan to give them a surfeit of it; to disgust them with the 'Hotel des Invalides;' do you want to know what it is?" Yes! yes! resounded from all sides. "Will you all follow my orders?" We will! we will! they replied. "Scatter then each one of you, and tell each brother soldier that you meet to ask the ladies, *if they have seen the soldier with the wooden head!*" The plan took: each stationed himself purposely to meet the pompous officer and his consequential party, as they passed the old soldiers: these would smile and bow, and patronizingly ask, *if the ladies had seen the soldier with the wooden head.* The question was repeated so often, and so many singular sights of maimed and crippled old soldiers had met them that the ladies really began to think there was some truth in the case; of course, they did not suppose there was a man with a head of wood, but they began to think that there was something very strange, and they were determined to see it. They urged their officer guide to conduct them to the place where the "*wooden-headed soldier*" was. In vain did he smilingly assure them that it was a hoax, that it was impossible for surgery and medicine combined to operate such a phenomenon. Scarce had they

walked a dozen yards, when an old veteran on crutches or wooden legs would salute them politely, and ask, *if they had yet seen the soldier with the wooden head*, and would urge them to insist on seeing him before leaving the house; it was such a curiosity! Now, titled ladies like most other women have curiosity, and the more it is suppressed, the more it will not stay suppressed. Our visitors became so urgent at length, and insisted so strongly that the commanding officer had empowered them to see all that was to be seen in the house, that our officer found his position rather disagreeable; they would take no excuse, but insisted that he would at once take them to see the *soldier with the wooden head.* His answers were construed into a want of politeness, or an unwillingness on his part to take so much trouble. Fortunately for him the Governor of the institution was at that moment passing; they rushed to him, and complained of the want of gallantry on the part of their guide. Louvois, the Governor, turned an angry look on the young official, and demanded in what he had disobliged the ladies. They stated his repeated denial of the existence of *the wooden-headed soldier*, and his absolute refusal to show him to them. The what? exclaimed Louvois. *The soldier with the wooden head!* they all replied. The Governor, though stern in manner and ever dignified, roared with laughter. "Ormoy," said he, "who has played this joke on the ladies?" The officer addressed reflected for a moment, and his eye rested on old "Martin," who was at the moment enjoying the joke with his companions. "Old Martin, I'll be bound," said Ormoy; "it is so

like him." "Order him to my office," added the Governor. Martin obeys, he enters the commander's office, gives the military salute, and awaits the word. There he stands, a gray-headed veteran, one leg gone, one arm gone, all covered with scars and gashes, the remnant of many wars, and yet with a smirk in his eye, and a jovial expression of face. The stern commander is completely unarmed; he propounds a question on a totally different subject, and instead of punishing, gave him fifty francs. Such is the spirit of these old pensioners. They seem lively, jovial, and in general hearty. You will meet them in every quarter of Paris, all dressed in the handsome uniform of the house; remarked for their soldierly, erect bearing, always respected, because respecting their own dignity; they are sure to receive the reward due to their merits by an admiring people. Another instance of the French character will suffice. It is well known that France is catholic, thoroughly, emphatically catholic; true, the bright page of her history is now and then stained with dark spots, her glory is dimmed by occasional crimes, and her fidelity rendered, for a time, doubtful by the wild excesses into which her children rush, yet she ever comes out fair. The loveliest skies are sometimes overclouded; and whether from the deck of the ocean steamer, the lovely walks of Monte Pincio in Rome, or the bright "Hermitage" on Vesuvius' mount, you gaze on the ocean, sky, or Italian heavens, when least heralded dark clouds will gather, and a storm will burst upon you. So in the history of France. Revolutions may rage, dangers, anarchy, dark nights may reign, but

there never was a dark night in the history of France unfollowed by a bright morning. There never was, there never will be, a storm over the country of St. Louis unfollowed by a calm! From the days of Clovis and his pious consort to those of the sainted crusader Louis IX.—from the baptism of Rollo to that of the Prince Imperial in our own days, France has been heart and soul catholic. Her temples of religion proclaim it, her martyrs attest it, and, like the loved land of my fathers, glorious old Ireland, she has from age to age proved her catholicity by the blood of her children. Like Erin, France has tasted the cup of affliction, and like the "Island of Saints and of Scholars," the country of St. Louis has retained the faith! Their temples have been demolished, their priesthood scattered, their veins have been opened, and their life-blood has flowed in streams, but the torch of faith has not been extinguished; and the cross and the shamrock attest that the religion of their children is still green and flourishing. As long as France is attached to her father, her lawful sovereign and ruler, she is among the happiest, as she is the most refined nation on earth. But when false gods seduce her from her fidelity, whenever the false philosophy of the stranger becomes her guide, and she leaves the old landmarks of faith, she loses herself in the mazes of infidelity, anarchy prevails in her councils. But to my story. While abroad I read an anecdote which shows the character of the French soldier, whether Christian or not. It was, if it be not now, and if not, it should be, the rule that all who enter the asylum should make what we Catholics under-

stand by a Retreat, that is, a form of spiritual exercises to prepare the soul for eternity; a retiring from the busy scenes of life, its cares, occupations, and distractions, to devote one's entire attention to religious matters, to examination of conscience, to the exciting of the soul to contrition, to a thorough confession of all one's faults and misdeeds; and by a fervent communion to obtain strength from above to lead a better life henceforth. If for all such exercises be useful, nay necessary, how much more so for the poor souls, who, like the French soldier, are exposed to the contaminating influence of infidelity, superadded to other dangers. This truth is felt and acted on by thousands in every walk in society. At the time of which we speak, the Lazarists (a noble body of ecclesiastics, whose aim is to bring all to heaven by the holy exercises of religion) had charge of the Hotel des Invalides. It seems that the time required for such a retreat was from thirty to forty days, during which the person was to study his religion, hear instructions, and prepare for his confession,—a task not always agreeable to the wordly-minded, nor flattering to the pride of opinion. Be that as it may, fools will deride, while wise men love it. To the old French soldier, so long unused to religious restraint, so unaccustomed amid the excitement of wars and camps to call on God's holy name, save perhaps in curses and maledictions, this restraint was doubtless irksome. Yet if it was the rule, why should he be exempt rather than we, who "bongré malgré" have to submit to temporal inconveniences against our feelings, wishes, and efforts? Our old soldier was admitted into the

asylum under most favorable auspices. He had never given himself much trouble on the score of religion, but it was natural to suppose he was a Catholic. He had lost an arm, and was highly esteemed by his superior officers. Like all others, both officers and privates, he was required to go through the exercises of the spiritual retreat. At first he seemed well enough satisfied, but as the pious missionary urged him to prepare his confession, he rebelled. They knew not he was, or professed to be a Protestant. He who for thirty years had said no prayer to God save in bitter curses on the foes of France, who knew no other deity than his own passions, and had never known a thought or wish beyond the present, and the glory of the French arms, could ill brook the humiliating ordeal of self-accusation. He broke forth into oaths and curses. His spiritual directors were terrified, and reported the case to the officer in command. He was summoned to answer for his conduct, and in reply to a question whether he had blasphemed the holy name of God, he frankly stated that he had not served thirty years in the armies of his Majesty to learn to lie. He owned he had done as accused, and blamed the missionaries for it, as they had wished him, a Protestant, to go to confession! The matter was thus explained; he was, of course, exempted, and as the rules of the house prescribed that none should be admitted without conforming to its requirements, he took the pension provided by law, and retired to his family. What a source of honest pride to the Frenchman is this asylum! How exultingly can he point to it, and exclaim: let the other nations of the

earth show any thing to equal it in grandeur of idea, and in gratitude of purpose! All thanks then to Louis XIV., who, amid the seductions of a depraved court, the excitements of half a century of wars, forgot not the old soldier, but erected this noble edifice, where, from the high-ways and by-ways, from the various convents and charitable institutions in and around Paris, these war-worn relics of the times of Henry IV. and Louis XIII. and his own wars, might find repose! Where after them the soldiers of the Republic, the Empire, the Restoration and again the Empire, might pass the evening of life in security—because, whatever may have been their guiding star, France was the home they loved, the port to which they steered. Sublime was the object, grand the accomplishment. Well might the enthusiastic Montesquieu exclaim: "The Hotel des Invalides is the most interesting place on earth! I would rather have the glory of founding such a house, were I king, than gain three battles!" It is a rallying point for youthful ardor, it keeps alive that military enthusiasm, which forms a portion of every Frenchman's character, it elevates and ennobles man's earthly ambition, for it proves that "La belle France" appreciates the sacrifices of her sons. It is a beacon light whose rays are seen and admired in early childhood, and the little boy in self-importance beats his mimic drum on the "field of Mars," the "Champs Elysées," the "Esplanade," "Place Vendome," or gambols in play amid the gardens of the "Tuileries," looking at its palaces or feeding the swans which float upon the graceful lakes. The youth grows to manhood, and

catches the ardor of patriotic fire, he listens to and admires the deeds there reflected; and as he kneels to breathe his vow of allegiance to his king and country, he hears in the trumpet's blasts, the cannon's roar, and the tramp of war, but an echo from the "Hotel des Invalides." No wonder the French are born soldiers! no wonder they know how to stand and fight, and fall in myriads, but know not how to run. The very boys are soldiers, and from Havre to Marseilles, from Strasbourg to Bordeaux, the spirit of the sires is reflected in the little urchins, who, bare-headed and barelegged, yet with toy drum, trumpets and wooden gun, marshal their little armies, and fight in sport the battles of "La grande Nation." From the tombs of Napoleon and Turenne, of Duroc and Vauban, a voice is heard calling her sons to glory, while religion seeks to elevate and sanctify their ardor, as she points them to the church and altars of the "Hotel des Invalides." But let us retrace our steps to the main entrance, cross the dyke, and turning to the right, proceed to the grand entrance of the Church des Invalides on the "Place Vauban." We turn to take a view of the principal or front entrance to the building: a triumphal arch resting on ornamental columns supports a large bas-relief of Louis XIV. on horseback. Several other figures, among which are Prudence, Justice, Mars, Minerva, and a head of Hercules in white marble, adorn this entrance. The following inscription, in Latin, is engraved on the pedestal which supports the figure of the king:

LUDOVICUS MAGNUS
MILITIBUS, REGALI MUNIFICENTIA,
IN PERPETUUM PROVIDENS
HAS ÆDES POSUIT
ANNO 1675.

Louis XIV. the Great, wishing to provide for the welfare of the soldiers, inaugurated this edifice 1675.

CHAPTER XVII.

Exterior of Church and Dome des Invalides—Interior of Church and Dome des Invalides—Lovely effect of Church and Dome des Invalides—Chapel of St. Jerome, the temporary tomb of Napoleon I.—Description of Coffin, &c.—Permanently deposited—Napoleon on St. Helena—Unjust treatment—Last illness and death of Napoleon—Removal of remains to France by Louis Philippe—Incidents of the removal—Reception by the King at the Invalides---Guard of old Soldiers around tomb—Old Officer's account of the battle of Borodino, and the crossing of the Beresina---Abbé Benoit---Narrow Escape of Vaudeville.

FROM the interesting spot where we have so long lingered, we will now retrace our steps to the "Boulevard des Invalides," and proceed to the South front of the Church, which is opposite the "Place Vauban," a lovely semicircular park. Standing in the centre of Place de Vauban, and leaning against a giant oak, I gazed in mingled awe and wonder on this majestic church, till then the most imposing I had seen, and since, lacking in my opinion but the extended semicircular colonnade, the fountains, and extent, to be no miniature rival of St. Peter's at Rome. Truly is this edifice worthy the age of Louis XIV.,

which, however degenerate and unworthy the successors of St. Louis, must be acknowledged the golden age of French architecture. I will attempt but a brief description of the exterior. The façade or front is composed, as well as I can express it, of a double gallery of columns and pilasters, one above the other, the lower of Grecian Doric, the upper Ionic. Behind these are corresponding windows. A square platform is reached by a lofty flight of steps, and the main altar is beautifully ornamented. The dome, from which the church takes its name, is justly considered a master-piece, as I stated before. On the platform are six Doric marble columns, behind which are six pilasters. On this stage or floor are two large niches, each ornamented with a pedestal. In the western one stands a statue of St. Louis, armed as a crusader. In the eastern, Charlemagne in his imperial robes. Above these Doric columns and entablature rises another row of Corinthian columns. On this floor are several statues that I could not distinguish plainly. A tympanum surmounts this, which has doubtless undergone many changes in its ornaments. Standing on pedestals above the first or Doric cornice are four colossal figures, personating Self-reliance, Perseverance, Humility, and Magnanimity; on each side of the tympanum a high balustrade extends the whole length of the church. Mansard, the daring architect, was thirty years in the completion of this dome. It was finished somewhere about 1700. Originally it was to designate the centre of the "Hotel des Invalides;" but as successive additions were made, and walks or squares added, the original object was

changed, and we read that from 1675 to 1735 the most distinguished artists of France were employed in beautifying the façade and dome. Above the tympanum rises a square foundation or basis which not only gives a greater elevation to the building, but serves as a basis for forty columns of composite order, beautifying and imparting strength to the dome. Twelve large windows admit light to the interior. Above this is another dome, ornamented exteriorly with columns, pedestals, windows, and countless devices, the bare names of which are enigmas to me. An open stone balustrade surrounds this second dome. Above this again rises high in air a cupola, or lantern, surrounded by an iron railing. Interiorly the church of the dome which, it will be remembered, is divided by the altar and sanctuary, and a bronze railing from the church "des Soldats," forms a Greek cross fifty-six strides from side to side. On certain days the gates between this and the Church of the Soldiers are thrown open, that visitors may enter from the former to the latter; four enormous pillars support the double dome; four smaller ones above them correspond to the corners of the base above. Each of the four lower arches serves as the entrance to as many different chapels; Sts. Jerome, Ambrose, Augustin, and Gregory. Here, as in the second dome of the Pantheon, a singular effect is produced by the light admitted by windows concealed from the visitor on the floor beneath; the effect is however still grander here. On the left, as we enter, repose for the present the remains of Napoleon I. in the chapel of St. Jerome. Here reposes the idol of the

French nation, surrounded by the sacred atmosphere of religion, watched over by his old soldiers, under the shadow of the altar of the God of Armies, and amid the tombs of his noblest generals. Hither come crowds of every age and rank in life, to gaze upon the scene, ere the honored remains are removed to the splendid crypt in the centre of the church. Over this chapel are three beautiful gilt medallions, one of which represents the Pope blessing St. Louis. Bas reliefs, representing some of the prophets—Charity —angels with extended wings, bearing laurel crowns and French flags; St. Louis, nursing the sick on the battle-field; the same saint, carrying the crown of thorns in procession, and distributing alms to the poor—many such adorn the walls, cross-section, and arches of the tombs and chapels. The coffin of Napoleon is of ebony, exceedingly heavy; on its lid, as we read, is the simple word NAPOLEON! A name which speaks its own history. This is enclosed in a temporary sarcophagus, ornamented very simply with bronze devices; this again is enclosed in a second case of lead, which is richly adorned with gilded castings; on this we read the words:

NAPOLEON,
EMPEROR ET ROI,
MORT À SAINT HÉLÉNE.
LE V. MAI,
MDCCCXXI.

The case is covered with a richly-ornamented pall of purple, and is elevated about six feet from the

floor; at its foot towards the bronze railing in front of the door of the chapel is an old-fashioned stand, or ottoman, and on it rest the grand cordon of the Legion of Honor worn by the Emperor, the beautiful sword presented by the city of Paris, when he was elected First Consul, and the grand collar which was used at his coronation. On the 5th May, 1841, the city of Cherbourg presented a golden crown, as having offered the first funeral honors to the remains of the Emperor on their reaching France in the frigate "La Belle Poule." This crown was placed the same day on the imperial coffin by the Mayor and civil authorities of Cherbourg. On the sword, which was the favorite one of the Emperor, and worn by him at Austerlitz and at all his principal battles, a simple yet a beautiful affair, rests the identical hat, worn by Napoleon at the memorable battle of Eylau in 1807, of which we have an interesting statement from the lips of one of the few who lived to tell the tale; we will introduce it later. This is indeed an interesting relic; its history is briefly this: It formerly stood in the library of the "Hotel des Invalides," of which we have spoken. It came into the possession of the Baron Gros, a celebrated artist, who copied it in his painting of the battle of Eylau. In 1835 it was sold together with the other personal effects of the Baron, who had committed suicide; the price given for it by Monsieur La Croix, a physician of Orleans, was 2040 francs. By him it was presented to the "Hotel des Invalides," on the occasion of the Emperor's funeral. At the head of the coffin is a pyramid surmounted with a large ball, on which is perched a golden eagle

with extended wings; and around the sarcophagus the sixty-five flags concealed in 1814, when the others were burned, droop mournfully over the warrior's coffin. The chapel is hung in black: a sombre light is admitted by the cupola, and lamps are ever burning around the catafalca. The silence deep and solemn pervading the spot, the subdued whispering of the groups, which are admitted single file by the old guards of the Emperor, the enthusiasm which kindles in almost every eye, and the respectful earnestness, with which every one asks and is informed of even the minutest details—there is something in all this grand and overpowering. Here then sleeps the hero of so many battles, the bright meteor of France, the Alaric of his age; like him the scourge not of God, but of the world! unlike him seeking in the aids of religion pardon from man, mercy from heaven! How hard it seemed to realize that I was gazing on the narrow coffin of that colossus who bestrode all Europe! And is it to be wondered at, that as my eyes rested on the words extracted from his will, words so replete with affection and dignity, engraved in golden letters above the door, descending to the subterranean crypt destined for his final resting-place:

"JE DESIRE QUE MES CENDRES REPOSENT
"SUR LES BORDS DE LA SEINE,
"AU MILLIEU DE CE PEUPLE FRANÇAIS
"QUE J'AI TANT AIMÉ."

I wish that my ashes should repose on the borders of the Seine in the midst of the French people, whom

I have loved so much; is it surprising that even I should catch a spark of that enthusiasm which fires the bosom of every pilgrim to this shrine of fallen greatness? I could but think of the treachery, by which the proud eagle had been caged, of the hated insolence of Sir Hudson Lowe, the most inglorious jailer of the most illustrious captive that the fate of war ever prostrated. I could but remember the trusting confidence with which the defeated hero threw himself as a prisoner of war upon the honor of England, on the 15th July, 1815, in the harbor of Rocheford, and of the characteristic baseness with which that trust was repaid on the Bellerophon. I could but hear again the cry of anguish which escaped Napoleon, as from the rock-bound coast of St. Helena on arriving he stretched his arms towards France and exclaimed: "Farewell, land of the brave, a few less traitors, and thou shalt be mistress of the world!" I am no politician or essayist, but in common with all who admire honesty even among rogues, I could but feel that the day of retribution for Napoleon's treatment must come. "The lone barren rock," so long his prison and his tomb, the wild surges of old ocean, dashing and thundering at its base, the hoarse screaming of birds of prey, as they sail and float amid its volcanic peaks, the arid soil which refused cultivation, the almost total destitution of water, the fatal atmosphere of the Indian Ocean, all these Napoleon may have looked on often, and bowed his proud head to their superiority,—but to what shall we trace the base persecution which embittered the remnant of his days? Was it not enough that he had

fallen! Was it not enough that for the hero of Wagram and Austerlitz, of Eylau, Marengo, Arcole, the Pyramids, Moscow, Borodino, Leipsic and Waterloo, the sun of glory had set for ever! Was it not enough that for seventy days he had been tossed upon the ocean, as the Northumberland bore him, a betrayed prisoner, from the scene of his glory to the prison England had appointed! Was it not enough that the mountain hid the hero who had never surrendered a flag, or shrunk from a foe! O! was it not enough that *he* was then a prisoner, a captive, betrayed but never conquered; pining like the prisoned eagle, and at the mercy of his captors, was not this enough for even British vengeance! No! living witnesses attest that every species of petty tyranny was used to humble the spirit already broken, not bent! His faithful adherents, whom English policy allowed to accompany him, and share his captivity, were forbidden to call him Emperor, and the noble few, long accustomed to hail him by that title, were ordered to drop it towards their glorious chief! The simplest necessaries of life were often wanting. The counterfeit of humanity, but impersonation of hatred and wrong, Sir Hudson Lowe, like all other tyrants and cowards, feared the appeal, which in self-defence his imperial captive sought to make to the honor of the British throne, and refused to forward any despatch, unless couched as he thought proper. Verily the way of the transgressor is hard! How hast thou fallen, thou mighty one! The arbiter of nations, now suing for a cup of unstale water! Thou, the terror of kings, the thunderbolt of Jove, now dictated to and

crushed by one, who but yesterday would have held thy stirrup! Napoleon, God is great! In the day of your glory you forgot Him, and lo! as the dust before the wind, as the dried stick that is broken, you are cast aside! It is well. From your ocean prison lift your heart to Him! And even the roaring ocean and stormy wind will bear your prayers aloft! Pardon me, kind reader, for dwelling on this point. Who that has read it, who that admits God is great, and that His mercy never faileth, but must admire the triumph of faith in the death of Napoleon! See him ere the blow of death has prostrated him. See him in calmness and composure reasoning with one of his old generals and companions of his exile on St. Helena, and concluding: "You do not admit that Jesus Christ is God! I was wrong in making you a General!" See him in all the candid simplicity of a man forced in spite of pride, ambition, and every worldly motive, to admit the supremacy of the Chair of Peter, whose authority he had outraged, and whose incumbent he had wronged; see him, I say, as related by one of the voluntary sharers of his captivity, expressing his indignation and regret at the repeated appeals to him, when in the zenith of his glory, to throw off all allegiance to the Church of Rome, to start even a new system of religion, and proclaim himself, as Henry VIII. of England had before him, "Head and Front" of the new dispensation! "Once," said Napoleon to Bertrand or Beautherne, "as I was pressed to yield to such suggestions, I stopped the speaker, and said, that's enough, Sir! *Do you want me also to be crucified?* He looked at me surprised. I know, said I,

this is not your idea, nor is it mine, but it was necessary for the true religion. And I neither know, nor wish to know, any other." See him, as I have often seen the humblest Catholic, sign himself with the sign of the cross, when any wild, extravagant, or infidel idea was expressed in his presence, and he would call on the holy name of Jesus! Proud, broken spirit, thou who hast rivalled Nabuchodonosor, Cyrus, Alexander, Cesar, and Charlemagne! In the words of a modern Christian writer: "Napoleon, the incarnation of military and civil genius, turned his eyes towards that Rome, which he had so often persecuted, and begged for a catholic priest to receive his dying confession; and to reconcile him with the See of St. Peter!" See him on his bed of death, from the 27th April, 1821; till his last moment he occupied himself exclusively with spiritual matters. The Abbé Vignali, like himself from Corsica, attends him, he hears his confession, and such a confession! Yet steeped in crime, in sacrilege and sin, as was the soul of his penitent, why should the humble priest permit the dying one to despair of God's mercy! Countless as were the records against him, and piercing as were the shrieks of millions, crying for vengeance from almost every foot of ground in Europe, still, the VICTIM OF CALVARY was before him, and he knew *that an humble and a contrite heart God never despised!* He listens to his tale of woe, he *shows* him the mercy of God, he cheers his desponding spirit, he unfolds a bright eternity to the view of him who will place his confidence in the atoning merits of his Saviour, and strive to cooperate with His adorable requests. Napoleon be-

lieves—he always believed—he had repeatedly admitted that the sight of a priest always impressed him with reverence, that pride and interest overcame his respect, he owns that God alone is great, he proclaims that *he was born a Catholic, and he desires to die in the bosom of that holy religion.* He receives most fervently the adorable Viaticum, Extreme Unction, and the last Benediction. He passes the night in exercises of piety, and when the noble Montholon entered his chamber the following morning, Napoleon smiled and whispered: "General, I am happy! I have tried to perform my Christian duties, and I hope that at your death you may have the same blessing! I had need of it! I am an Italian, a Corsican, I never heard the sound of a church bell without emotions of piety, nor saw a priest without wishing to testify my respect, but I was hindered by pride, I was wrong; I wished at first to conceal all this, but I cannot; I ought, and I do give glory to God; I do not think I shall recover; no matter, General, God's holy will be done!" Such were Napoleon's dying sentiments. Truly God is great, and of His mercies there is no end! He gave directions from his bed of death for an altar to be erected in an adjoining room, on which the Blessed Sacrament might be exposed, and before which the devotion of the "Forty Hours" was observed. His mind wanders, but amid the excitement of that military soul thoughts of religion are uppermost. "I wished to unite all the sects of Christianity. I had arranged with Alexander at Tilsit, but reverses came too suddenly. I hope I have done something towards re-establishing religion in France. What can man do

without religion? I would wish to see my wife and son before I die, but God's holy will be done!" Repeatedly he received the holy Viaticum, and always addressed words of edification to the group of officers and attendants around his bed. At length, on the 3d May, 1821, he took leave of all, declaring that he forgave all, and begged all to forgive him. He crosses his hands upon his bosom, and the last effort of his mighty mind was to exclaim, "my God!" Some incoherent expressions escaped him subsequently, and on the 5th of May, 1821, at 6 P. M. Napoleon died!

St. Helena! St. Helena! Thy fate has yet to be written. Tyrant and monster, Sir Hudson Lowe, the opprobrium of mankind is on thee! "The snare of the fowler is broken," and the ransomed spirit of thy captive is free. The jailer of Napoleon was a faithful officer, he put his captive under a safe lock and key, even the grave! The secrets of that grave have yet to be revealed, and England and her jailer will yet hear them. With countless other heavy debts this is going on, heaping interest on interest, until the day of reckoning shall come; when the roll of Albion's drum, which now never ceases, shall beat her funeral knell, and the flag that the sun never sets upon shall be lowered in disgrace. Grant that Napoleon was her natural foe, that he had deluged Europe in blood, that he was a wild beast, which it was duty to slay, grant all this and more, still was he not NAPOLEON! a hero, a soldier, an emperor, a prisoner of war! And was he not in the name of each entitled to honorable treatment? What is more dignified than fallen

greatness? Napoleon a prisoner! What more noble than magnanimity in the captor, generosity in success? Pagan generals practised it, and here blessed Christian England refused it, and is cursed. Let it go! It is in keeping with her other deeds. She never kept a treaty, how could she show mercy? Will it be considered out of place, if I dwell for a moment on the interesting ceremonies connected with the removal of Napoleon's remains in 1840 from their distant tomb on St. Helena to this spot he loved so dearly, and where he desired to be buried "on the borders of the Seine?" Surely to any bosom alive to the grand and beautiful such scenes must possess interest. Unknown to the French people the government of Louis Philippe had been negotiating the removal of the remains of the Emperor. England was but too willing to be rid of them; for she saw in them but the mystic writing on Balshazzar's walls, proclaiming at once her ignominy and her coming doom. The French government, on the point of war with other European powers, saw in the movement it may be an act of national justice, but doubtless saw more clearly a master-stroke of policy; a movement which would enkindle from North to South the martial spirit of the "grand armée," and convince its enemies that in case of need the volunteers of 1793, troops like the "Colonne Infernale," as it was called, marshalling "les Grenadiers Français" of Oudinot, conspicuous on every battle-field of France, could again be called into action. Be the fact as it may, time has proved that Louis Philippe was right in both cases. In the columns of different French journals,

and among them the "Moniteur" of December, kindly loaned me by my friend, Señor Calderon de la Barca, I read or rather refreshed what I remembered indistinctly from the National Intelligencer published in Washington city. Seated cozily in a corner of the church "des Soldats," which my reader will remember forms the other portion of this temple, on a morning in Nov., 1855, I read and read again on the spot what had transpired. How my soul was excited! To others be the task of reading in a comfortable parlor facts and scenes like these, mine be the mental luxury of fighting them over and over again on the spot (even though shivering with cold). Never had ship left port laden with more hearty prayers than "La Belle Poule" for that frowning entrance to Pluto's regions, St. Helena. The Prince de Joinville, second son of Louis Philippe, was commander. From one extremity of France to the other, enthusiasm was at its height; but here, where I now am, it surpassed all bounds: no one, unaccustomed to the old French soldier, his excitability, his martial fire, and idolatrous love for the name of "l'Empereur Napoleon," can form an idea of the wild joy of these veterans. Will it be believed, there were among them the remnants of Wagram, Austerlitz, and Waterloo; many who would shake their wooden stumps in anger at the French government, because a whole fleet was not sent to bring back in triumph him, whom they could never believe to be dead, though the storms and winds of nineteen years had sung his requiem. The ship arrives at St. Helena: let us pass over the details of the landing, the opening of the grave, the almost per-

fect preservation of the coffin, winding sheet, habiliments and uniform of the Emperor, who had been buried in his military dress, and whose countenance was instantly recognized amid the sobs and sighs, the tears and exclamations of officers, soldiers, and noble old tars of "La Belle Poule." Let us pass over the mournful ceremonies of religion, performed on the spot by the Abbé Coquerau, chaplain of the French frigate. And let us listen to the booming cannon in the harbor of Cherbourg on the 3d of November, 1840, proclaiming that the ashes of Napoleon have reached "la belle France!" What enthusiasm seizes the people! The conquering hero comes! The proscribed victim of St.Helena! Not on the fiery charger at the head of conquering hosts—not amid war's desolation or the groan of slaughtered millions—but amid the earthly triumphs of death—amid the tears and acclamations of a nation—enthusiast if you will, nay vain and empty, yet national! On the 8th of December the coffin is placed on board the "Normandie," which proceeds to Havre with its convoy. From Havre to Rouen it is a triumphal procession. For one hundred and fifty miles along both sides of the Seine crowds gathered to accompany the funeral cortege. The day of glory for Paris and the "Hotel des Invalides" has come. The 15th of December, 1840, opened on Paris cold, drizzly, and gloomy, yet nothing could damp the ardor of her zeal. Every accessible spot on roof, and tree, and wall, and street, was occupied from an early hour. At Courberoy, a short distance from the city, a temporary chapel was erected, where the coffin was received by the clergy,

and the usual religious ceremonies observed. The funeral car forms a lofty mausoleum or pyramid, richly adorned with purple drapery, reaching to the ground; at each angle of the car is a colossal gilded eagle, bearing a laurel wreath. Sixteen horses, richly caparisoned and adorned with trappings of the empire, are attached to this car. The coffin is placed on this catafalca, and the four principal officers of France carry the four cords attached to the funeral pall. Thirty-two statues adorn the esplanade from the banks of the Seine on the North to the railing of the Hotel. They are the most glorious warriors of France. At the entrance of the railing a splendid canopy is erected, beneath which the funeral car with its glorious deposit halts. The official process of the reception of the remains is here read in presence of the civil and military authorities. It set forth that in virtue of the law of the 10th of June, 1840, the mortal remains of Napoleon I. were brought back to France, that they had been juridically identified, that they were contained in six different cases or coffins, etc. The king, in uniform of National Guard, arrives at noon with his family, the ministers of State and War, the Marshals of France, the Chamber of Peers and of Deputies, Council of State, etc. The Court officers and the heads of the army were here assembled. At 2 P. M. a salute of 21 guns announced the entry of the imperial coffin within the church. Louis Philippe is seated on his throne, the princes, princesses, and the queen on his right and left. At the front door the Archbishop of Paris and his clergy receive the corpse, and recite the prescribed prayers. The "De

Profundis" is entoned, and, led by the Abbé Coquereau, the cortège enters, accompanied by an escort of wounded veterans, from among the inmates of the asylum. Three hundred musicians in unison perform a funeral march as the procession advances to the foot of the throne. The king descends with his sons and aids to the platform, where the coffin is deposited. The gallant commander of "La Belle Poulé," standing at the head of his sailors, to whom it was given to bear the imperial corpse, addresses the king: "*Sire*," said the Prince de Joinville, "*I present you the body of the Emperor Napoleon!*"

"*I receive the offering in the name of France*," replied the king with a loud voice. The Emperor's sword, of which we have spoken, was then presented on a purple cushion to Louis Philippe, who, addressing the old Count Bertrand, said: "General, this is the sword of the day of Austerlitz, place it on the coffin of the Emperor Napoleon!"

High mass of Requiem is offered for the soul of the Emperor; and amid the most solemn ceremonies, prayers, and observances, the evening closes. Truly it was a memorable day! Here "he sleeps his last sleep," amid the old warriors who followed his proud eagles through sandy deserts, and frozen regions! What more fitting guard for Napoleon's remains than the old soldiers who had known his rise, his glory, and his fall. And here they come, those war-worn veterans, with faces bronzed by the sun of Egypt, or the colds of Russia; with the sad recollections of glory passed, and the honest pride of victory achieved; with

the din of war yet sounding in their ears, the roar of cannon, the meeting of embattled hosts, the clash of arms, the groans and shrieks of the dying, the charge, the repulse, the victory, the defeat, all passing in recollection before them! Here they are, that faithful few left from the fatal fields of Borodino, the most bloody and obstinate, for its numbers, that time or history records; the noble few left from the many thousands led by a Monbrun, a Caulincourt, and thirty other slaughtered generals; and of fifty-two thousand killed, and thirty-eight thousand wounded! One old warrior gave me some interesting details. "We were nearly dead," said he, "when we espied Moscow. O, ours was a glorious army, half a million strong, when we saw the Kremlin, and the spires and crosses of the city. The Emperor rode up full gallop, and his eyes were full of fire, as he gazed on the city. What cared we for cold, or hunger, or fatigue, when the Emperor was there. I remember well the day we entered Moscow. It was the 14th September, 1812. We expected to have some fighting, but the whole city was as silent as death. The only noise we heard was our own music, and the tramping of our own horses. Every body had gone, and that wonderful city Moscow, its palaces, churches, and dwellings, seemed, as if the inhabitants had just left them. We even found the dinners on the tables, and the beds as if they had been but just occupied. Our troops soon had comfortable quarters. The Emperor and his staff occupied the Kremlin or royal palace, but we were soon ousted. I was corporal of my company, and was on duty on the night of the 15th. I was ordered by the com-

manding officer to carry despatches to the Emperor, a fire was raging in the north part of the city. We had no means of extinguishing it. The Emperor heeded but little this affair; but the fire raged more and more, and for three days and nights it seemed as if the heavens and the earth were in a blaze. Many of our soldiers were consumed. We retreated. The Emperor swore and raged, as he left the Kremlin, which was soon blown up, and all that was left of Moscow was a heap of ruins! We had conquered the holy city of the Muscovites, but we got only a heap of ashes. O, Monsieur l'Americain," continued he, "it was a fearful sight." "And a right noble deed too," said I, "to burn rather than to surrender their city." "Yes, yes," said he, "it was worthy even La grande Armée!"

Here then were gathered, of the 647,158 who started on that ill-fated campaign, the few maimed and shattered relics of Napoleon's ambition. Here, too, were a few, now worn down with years, or disabled by wounds, who survived the dreadful 28th and 29th of November, 1812, where at the crossing of the river Beresina (in Russia), the French army vied with its Emperor in deeds of daring and endurance. I spoke with one who had been in the midst of all those horrors. He was every inch a soldier, that is, what was left of him; for he had lost an eye, an arm, and a leg; while a gash on his forehead showed, that he had fallen with his face to the foe. He came near being captured among the sixteen thousand prisoners, but little better than the fifty odd thousand, their companions in arms, left dead upon the field! Of

the well-disciplined hosts Napoleon led to the Russian campaign, but a confused mass, numbering about fifty thousand, was left to march towards Wilna. The prestige of 'La grande Armée' was destroyed. "Ma foi," exclaimed the old man, shrugging his shoulders, "that was a terrible time at the bridge of the Beresina! We thought we had hard times at Borodino, where the Russians fought us like demons. They were determined to hinder us from entering Moscow; but, ma foi, what could stop La grande Armée. Certes the Emperor was there, and we would have taken Moscow, if we had had to storm! But at Borodino we had fair fight. The Russians are noble fellows, Monsieur, noble fellows! How we hated to take them off, hundreds at a time! but, ma foi, Monsieur l'Americain! La grande Armée must go en route. At the crossing of the Beresina, Monsieur, there we had hard times—we had a hundred thousand fighting men, when we left Moscow; in five and twenty days we had but thirty-six thousand capable of action! Ah, Monsieur, if the Russians had only been wide awake they might have cut us off to a man at the Beresina. That is a villainous river, on the borders between Russia and Poland. It had no bridges, and we had to wade through marshes and mud. We had thirty thousand men, when we left Smolensk, a hundred and fifty cannons, besides a good supply of ammunition; but when we reached the Beresina, we had only ten thousand of our 'Grande Armée,' all in rags, and with scarcely a cannon! Oudinot and Victor soon joined us, however, and bettered our condition. On the night of the 24th November, we commenced throwing

two bridges across the river. The cold was excessive, and the ice floating down the rapid current annoyed us greatly. On the opposite side were thirty thousand Russians, and behind us, and below us, on the bank, were large armies of the enemy. Ah, Monsieur, then was the moment for Napoleon to show his skill! He was equal to the difficulty. Dombrowski, and Oudinot, and Victor were ordered to marshal their commands for one last, desperate struggle. We had some desperate fights; the Emperor completely outwitting the Russians by pretending to build a bridge some miles lower than where we had actually built them. Oh! never, Monsieur, can I forget the enthusiasm of our noble soldiers while we were at that work. Our engineers worked wonders. Nothing could resist them. In freezing water up to their shoulders, and that for hours, they worked; and when the Russians detected our real motive, and began to gather on the opposite side, and fire on us, Corbineau, with his gallant cavalry, swam across the river to drive them back. The enemy made a sad blunder, Monsieur, in concentrating their forces where we had pretended to erect our bridge; so that such of the French troops as crossed over had very little to do. On the night before the first troops crossed the bridge, Napoleon called a camp council. The officers were almost unanimous in their advice either to surrender as prisoners of war, or to provide a safe escort for the Emperor through the enemy's files; but l'Empereur spurned their counsel, and ordered all the Eagles of the army to be burned before him, lest they should fall into the enemy's hands. On the 28th November the Russians attacked us on

both sides of the river. Oudinot stood it bravely, Monsieur. He was on the right bank with the main body. The fight continued till midnight. We lost about five thousand; but this was nothing to the horrors of the left bank and the bridges. The enemy was there strong; we were weak; they poured in their cannon from a good position, and raked the bridge fore and aft. Crowds were always pressing, but only a few could pass at a time, and the murderous fire of the Russians threw the women and stragglers into confusion: the scene, Monsieur, was awful! Oh! they rushed like a torrent to cross the bridge,—horse, foot, infantry, cavalry, and artillery; crowds of helpless, sick men; the families of the soldiers who had followed the army through all the horrors of the Russian campaign; the snow, hail, and rain, driven by a perfect hurricane; the roaring and dashing of the ice in the river, floating in huge piles and masses; the infernal Russians, who kept up a constant fire; the balls falling thick and fast around us; the screams of the women; the groans of the dying; the cursing of the soldiers; the dashing, headlong fury of the cavalry; horses dragging the cannon through and over the frantic crowds, ploughing them down in hundreds as they dashed ahead, even more fearfully than the enemy's fire in the rear, when—crash—in the midst of all this horror, the artillery bridge trembles; it sways to and fro, and, with all upon it, sinks in the maddened river! And then, oh, Monsieur, what a scene followed! I have been in many a battle, and have witnessed many a sight that even I myself sometimes think a dream; but the Beresina, Monsieur, the Ber-

esina beats them all! Our bridge was on fire; the frantic people rushed on over flames and dead bodies, only to plunge into the waves. Thousands perished thus, and twelve thousand dead bodies were afterwards found along the banks of the river. The crowd rushed on from the rear, ignorant of the breaking of the bridge, and, frightful as the moment was, (continued the old soldier, who by this time was wrought up to a state of enthusiasm,) frightful as the scene was, I stopped, leaned against a pile of corpses who had been crushed to death by the crowd, to see and hear the groans and struggles of the sufferers in the water, who by hundreds cried for help; battled for a while with the rushing ice, then sank to rise no more. To keep back the crowds was impossible. On they rushed, or were pushed forward to the brink of the precipice, only to make the fearful plunge, to gasp, to struggle for a moment, and to sink beneath the ice and waves of the Beresina! Mothers holding their little infants high as they could, even while they themselves were sinking under the waters, or were mangled to death by the floating ice. I couldn't stand it, Monsieur. I might as well die one way as another. I saw the captains and officers harnessed like horses, to sledges, to save their drowning companions. I saw the French soldier carrying in his arms his commander, and breathing on him to keep him warm, while he'd strip himself of his old ragged jacket, or tattered carpet bag he had picked up somewhere for a coat, and put round his officer to keep him from freezing. I rushed on; I plunged into the water, and caught a bright-eyed, lovely little boy as his mother sank beneath the

waves. Oh, Monsieur! my boy became a noble priest, the Abbé Filou; but he's dead now, he's dead too."

Need I add, that as the tears fell from the veteran's eyes, another's heart throbbed in unison—another's cheek was moistened? Heaven bless that good old man! How little did I think, as I listened to his thrilling tale of wars, of bloodshed, of embattled armies, of victory and defeat; how little did I think, as I hung in breathless silence on his simple and sublime eloquence, as his eye would flash with all the fire of military ardor, and his scarred and shattered frame literally quivered with excitement, while he would recount the deeds of "La grande Armée," or dwell with idolatrous worship on "l'Empereur Napoleon," how little did I think that his was a heart to be softened to tears as he dwelt on the story of his adopted child, "Benoit," rescued from the surging Beresina! And yet that "old man eloquent," that veteran relic of wars and dangers, wept like a child when he told of Benoit! He had grown to youth and manhood, had entered the ecclesiastical state, had lived and died a holy priest, and the hand that rescued him from the ice and waves of the Beresina had closed his eyes in death. The old soldier had lived with his Benoit, whom he called "Mon cher Abbé Benoit," and by whom he had been loved with all the tenderness of a child. When the Abbé Filou died, the old soldier left the parish, came to Paris, and here he was a Christian and a relic. Oh! there is something noble after all in poor human nature. It is not all depraved. Here was a lovely scene. He loved his country and

his Emperor; he fought and bled for them; he loved his noble boy, Benoit, and he wept for him. In his old age he felt alone, even amid trophies of victories he had helped to achieve, and shattered banners and frowning cannon he had helped to conquer! All he loved on earth was gone, and like the friendless bird of Noah,

Beyond the ark he found himself alone!

His was a pure and holy love. Happy Benoit! Happy foundling of the Beresina! Amid the horrors of the scene thy young spirit knew not, an all-guiding Providence watched over thee, and gave thee a friend indeed, a true friend, a gem of priceless worth:

For friendship true, fresh gushing from the heart,
Which knows no wiles, no false, deceitful art,
Partakes of heaven, its origin above,
Like the sweet union with which angels love.

And such was the old soldier's love for his boy Benoit. I could have embraced the old grenadier, for how seldom do we find such masterpieces of manhood! Who has not missed a friend? Who has not wished, 'mid all the ills of life, its trials, sorrows, and crosses, as well as its sunshine and its happiness, to feel that he had a friend! Most of us can say, in the simple lines penned years ago:

'Mid all this gloom, one bright, refulgent star
Beams on the spirit from a world afar,
To cheer man's path, his doubts and fears control,
'Tis FRIENDSHIP hovering o'er the troubled soul!
Blest boon of heaven! With all thy bliss be ours,
Through fortune's smiles, through sorrow's gloomy hours,
Thine be our joys, till at life's gentle even,
The joys of time shall blend with those of heaven!

I remember to have read of several who had subsequently either become priests or entered some religious Order, and among them, of Vaudeville, from Lorraine. He was a commander of lancers, and was the last to cross the bridge, exposed to the incessant fire of the enemy. When he saw the bridge in flames he plunged with his horse into the river, and right manfully battled with the floating ice, the timber and wrecked gun carriages, until he had almost reached the opposite bank. His strength failed him; his noble charger, like his master, was exhausted; a large cake of ice came rushing furiously against them; Vaudeville bowed his head upon his horse's neck, and resigning himself to death, pronounced aloud the act of contrition. At the instant a cannon ball from the Russians grazed the horse's head. The noble animal rallied his strength, and with one wild, desperate bound, reached the shore with his rider! The life thus almost miraculously preserved Vaudeville consecrated to God. He resigned his decoration of the legion of honor and his rank in the army, entered the seminary of Nancy, in France, and became a pious priest. For many years he was procurator of the seminary of Mousson, and he always kept the noble old horse that saved him from the Beresina.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Cross of Gold in Moscow—Old Soldier relates Scenes in Moscow—Tomb of Turenne—Chapel of St. Gregory—Tombs of Bertrand and Duroc—Chapel of St. Andrew—Tomb of Vauban—Crypt, or Tomb of Napoleon—Victims of Fieschi's Infernal Machine—Reflections at the Tomb of Napoleon—Meteor Career of the Emperor—His Character—Reflections on his Government—Napoleon's Dream.

LONG had I listened to the interesting recital here briefly noticed; and my enthusiasm nearly equalled that of the old grenadier. Even at the risk of being censured for so long a digression, I cannot resist the impulse to give my readers some little of the rich treats I there feasted on. It may be censured by some, but to others I know it will be of interest, for what can be more worthy our young men's study, after the sacred truths of religion, than correct history? And here I will add, that the facts as stated by the old soldier coincide almost mainly with Alison, Thiers, Rorehebacker, Mausard, Mazas, Sequer, and other historians. For my part, I have always cherished a veneration for old soldiers and sailors. From

each we can learn much, as to each we are much indebted. "Tell me," said I to my old friend, as for the fiftieth time we had promenaded up and down the "Court du Dome," "tell me if you saw that cross of gold which the Emperor intended for this dome?" "Ma foi, Monsieur l'Americain, did I see it! Why, I helped to throw it into the Lake. Ah! Monsieur, that was a pity. The Emperor saw it from a hill near Moscow, all glittering in the sun. He exclaimed, 'That shall go to the Hotel des Invalids, at Paris.' He ordered it to be taken down; a flock of crows hovered round the men while they were at work; Napoleon stood with his arms folded, looking on; he shook his head and exclaimed, 'Mauvais augur,' *a bad omen!* It was an immense cross of solid gold, and when the Emperor saw that in our retreat from Moscow we could not carry it any further, he ordered it to be thrown into a lake we were passing. Oh! Monsieur, that would have been a present from the great heart of the Emperor to the greatest institution in Europe!"

"There," continued my old friend, "is an old relic of the Russian campaign; it bears evidences of hard-fought battles. There is a man who heard Marshal Ney reply to the Russian authorities on the banks of Lossmina, November 18th, 1812: 'A marshal of France never surrenders'! He fought by the side of his brave commander, and was one of the few who survived the dreadful Brasudi. He was with Ney when he re-crossed the Dnieper, and when the Cossacks tried to cut off his retreat; but the gallant marshal made good his plans, and I heard the Emperor ex-

claim: 'I will give three hundred millions for the safety of Marshal Ney'! I walked by the side of the Emperor when retreating from Brasudi; he marched on foot with only a sapling stick for a cane, while every man of us would have given his own life for the Emperor's safety. Yonder is the last but three of the gallant 'old guard' who followed Ney to victory and defeat. The last but three who crossed the bridge of Mudwred. Oh! Mons. l'Americain, that was a gloomy time when our brave troops crossed the bridge on the 18th December, 1812. I don't like to think of it; and then the noble Ney—oh, Mons. what a fate for such a soldier! I would have given my life to save him. It did no good to Louis XVIII. I often go to the Luxembourg where they shot him:" And here the old man absolutely sobbed aloud! I parted with my old soldier friend with regret. It was his hour, he said, to say his "little office for the dead." A devotion he always observed for the repose of the soul of his "Cher Benoit"! Blessings on the old man; may the weight of years ever rest as lightly on thee as now; may thy firm faith ever strengthen thee through life, guide thee and support thee! We may meet no more on earth. The stranger priest from the far-off wilds of America, and the old soldier of Napoleon, at his chieftain's tomb! Yet one faith unites us—one church is our mother—one God is our father! And there on the tranquil shores of heaven, the foundling of the Beresina, the noble soldier who rescued him, and the stranger priest who hung in raptures on his words, shall yet meet! The boy Benoit was thy care, the priest Benoit was still thy child—

and I know that his sainted spirit smiles upon thee, and thy eyes shall be gladdened, and thy soul rejoice to see in glory the orphan boy you loved!

But let us continue our walks about the chapel of the Dome. Opposite the Emperor's tomb is that of Turenne, one of the ablest generals of the reign of Louis XIV. He was at first a Calvinist, but under the guidance of the celebrated Bossuet, of Meaux, he embraced the Catholic religion. He was killed by a cannon ball on the 27th July, 1675, in his 64th year, while selecting a site for a battery near Gallybach, in Germany. His tomb was at first among those of the kings of France at St. Denis, by order of Louis XIV., by whom he was greatly loved: but when St. Denis was desecrated by the revolutionists in 1793, it was removed here. Immortality, in form of a female, supports the expiring hero, and extends a laurel wreath over his head. At his feet is the eagle of France; behind these figures is a lofty marble obelisk. On the front of the tomb is a bas-relief in bronze, apparently representing a battle scene; also the name TURKEIN! the last victory of Turenne. To the right is the chapel of St. Gregory, where are many bas-reliefs, frescoes and statues, commemorating the principal events in the lives of the saints. The altar is of black Iserian marble, the steps of white Carara marble. A group of angels in bronze terminates each extremity of the beautiful railing around this sanctuary. A baldachino or canopy is supported by marble columns with gilded bronze bases and capitals: these four columns are of black marble, styled, "vert antique," are spiral or twisted, each of one solid block

24 feet high by one foot in diameter. The baldachino is richly gilded—its vault or ceiling adorned with paintings emblematic of charity, of the adorable Trinity, and of the assumption of the B. V. Mary. Leaving this enchanting spot we next meet close by the entrance to the crypt or subterranean vaults for the future and permanent resting place of Napoleon I. the tombs of BERTRAND and Duroc! Two names sacred to France and worthily associated with her history. Bertrand! the faithful friend and companion of Napoleon!—from 1798 to Waterloo his follower —in Egypt, congratulated by the Emperor for his valor on the fields of Austerlitz; the conqueror of the fortress of Spaudan in Prussia, in 1807; the skilful engineer at the Danube, and the illustrious hero at Wagram; sharing in the exile of the Emperor at Elba, and in his escape—acting as his first minister during the brief reign which followed, and on the abdication of his imperial master, following him voluntarily to the "lone barren rock" of St. Helena, which he left only when death had freed the captive from his inhuman jailers! He accompanied the Prince de Joinville in 1840, when the government of Louis Philippe transferred the Emperor's remains to France. After this he travelled through the United States, receiving every where the respect due his rank and fidelity. He died in 1844; and here, close by the side of him he loved so sincerely in life, he reposes in death. On the left is the tomb of Duroc! Another favorite of Napoleon—with him at the siege of Toulon, the campaign of Egypt and of Italy, and honored by him with important missions to the courts

of Berlin, Stockholm, Vienna and St. Petersburg, in all of which he proved himself an accomplished diplomat. He was no less skilful in the field of battle, as the victories of Wagram, Austerlitz and Essling, testify. He fell at Wurtschen, 22d May, 1813, mortally wounded, after following the lead of Napoleon from 1797. Thus these two illustrious names are still honored by being so closely allied with that under which they fought and bled!

Before we attempt a description of the Crypt, let us pay a brief visit to the chapel of St. Anthony. Over the arch which leads to it is a bas-relief, representing St. Louis seated on his throne, and sending missionaries abroad. Just above the door on entering the chapel, there is a bold and striking representation of St. Louis prostrate before the altar at the moment of the elevation of the sacred host. It is a sweet painting, and edifying. There are also numerous bas-reliefs, frescoes, medallions and statues; all representing some event in the lives of St. Ambrose and St. Louis. The domes or cupolas of these chapels are beautifully frescoed.

The next interesting object we meet is the tomb of Vauban, whose family name was Prestre;—the celebrated military engineer, and a skilful officer. To him France is indebted for much of her improvement in the science of fortification and military strategy. He was in 140 military engagements; conducted 53 sieges; reconstructed 300 old fortifications, and built 58 new ones! He died in 1707. There is an anecdote relative to Vauban, which I heard from an old soldier—one of the many ever lingering around

and within these walls. Vauban was constructing the fortress of Huninge, on the Rhine, East of Paris; it was within sight of Basle, in Switzerland. So insignificant appeared the fort to the proud Swiss, that they tauntingly called it a "nid de Chien," a mere dog's nest. With that cool decision which characterized Vauban, he assured his boasting critics that he would put spectacles, or lunettes, on their noses to enable them to see it more distinctly. In fact, as a part of his plan, he extended the outworks, walls and dykes so close to the city of Basle, that red hot shot was subsequently poured into the city with fearful effect. It is a singular fact that such fortifications are since called in military engineering "Lunettes."

The chapel of St. Augustine comes next, after passing numerous medallions, bas-reliefs of angels, St. Louis seated at the foot of a tree, dispensing justice to his subjects in the woods of Vincennes, the same receiving extreme unction, &c. Within this chapel are seven celebrated paintings by Boulogne. They represent the principal habits in the life of St. Augustine, and are exquisite. Let us now with respectful curiosity approach the crypt, where soon, in all his glory, Napoleon will lie!

In the centre of the marble floor is an opening 150 feet in circumference, surrounded by a splendid balustrade of white marble about three feet high. It is richly carved. In the centre of the crypt stands the sarcophagus destined to receive the coffin of the Emperor. It is 12 feet long, 13 feet 6 inches high, and 6 feet broad. It is of a species of red quartz taken from the quarries of Lake Ohega, in Finland; its hard-

ness is such that it required the force of a powerful steam engine in constant operation for two years to hollow out this block of stone! It is said the cover alone weighs three tons! The floor is mosaic work representing a crown of laurels; and the sarcophagus reposes on a base of "verde antique." On the floor we read

BIVOLI, PYRAMIDS, MARENGO, AUSTERLITZ, JENA, FRIEDLAND, WAGRAM, MOSKOWA!

Immediately over the crypt rises the majestic dome of which we have already spoken. The four evangelists are represented on the four pendantives of the arches. Around these and high above the visitor, is an entablature beautifully ornamented, having twelve medallions, each one representing one of the kings of France. I cannot leave this charming spot without referring to the painting on the cupola. It is a magnificent production, by Delafosse, and gained for him the proud appellation of the "French Veronese"! There are thirty-eight figures in the group, in the midst of which are seen St. Louis in his royal robes, offering his sword to our Saviour. The effect is perfectly enchanting, and the whole idea is worthy the place, the association, and its author! Visitors are not permitted without special permission to descend into the crypt; but from what was pointed out to me, it was easy to see the two doors which led into the vault where are deposited the victims of Fieschi, who, it will be remembered, by means of his "infernal machine" intended to assassinate Louis Philippe, in the month of July, 1835, in the streets of Paris.

The king was reviewing the 8th legion of the national guard, accompanied by a numerous staff of officers and three of his sons, when an irregular discharge of fire-arms was heard from a house in the neighborhood; eleven persons were killed. Fieschi, and his confederates were wounded by the "infernal machine." They were traced by their blood, secured, and executed shortly after. Between these doors are three lovely mosaics of Charlemagne, the imperial eagle and the star of the legion of honor. Twelve massive pillars of white marble support the ceiling of the crypt. On these are sculptured twelve principal battles of Napoleon; and on the walls are twelve immense bas-reliefs, allegorical of the entire political and social policy of Napoleon's government. Twelve splendid bronze lamps hang around the interior of the crypt.

And here will soon repose all that is left of the Emperor's ashes. Here amid companions in arms—beneath the shadow of the altar, and in the noblest mousoleum ever erected for mortal man, (save the simple rustic tomb on the banks of the Potomac for a greater than Napoleon,) will the proud eagle of France soon droop her wings; and shattered banners, and tearful eyes, and kneeling old soldiers tell the stranger, 'tis Napoleon's tomb! The wild billows of the ocean will no longer sing his requiem; but what he loved more dearly, the martial drum and the trumpet's blast, will sound above his tomb. The winds of heaven will no more sigh above his grave as when they seemed to mourn for the fallen hero in his resting place on St. Helena; but the soft music of the

organ, its plaintive notes and thrilling sounds, will echo back the "De Profundis," and prayer of faith as, from yonder altar, shall go up to Heaven the plaintive cry for rest eternal to be given him, and light perpetual to shine upon his soul! Rest thee, proud soaring spirit! Thy fitful dreams are over. 'Tis well thy last home is sheltered by religion, for the cries of millions, their curses on thee, and the avenging smoke of human hecatombs may not reach thee here! The altar will shield thee—and He who said, "My eyes shall be open and my ears attentive to the prayer of him that prayeth in this place," will listen to the pilgrim as he whispers a petition in thy behalf!

With contending emotions I turned from the tomb of Napoleon. Repeatedly did I visit it during my stay in Paris, and always with mingled feelings of sadness for his ambition, indignation for his fate, and admiration for the country which has thus honored her great man.—How like a flaming meteor his career. From the siege of Toulon to Waterloo!—From the bridge of Oreole to the throne of empire!—From his simple dwelling on the Rue Chauterecine, on his return from Egypt, to the palace of the Tuileries, Versailles and St. Cloud!—From Mt. Thabor and the Pyramids of Eygpt, to the Kremlin of Moscow! From the military school of Paris in '96 to Fontainebleau in 1813, tyrannizing over his illustrious captive, Pius VII.!—From the crown of Italy in 1805, and the imperial diadem of France in 1804, to St. Helena in 1815!—From the oriental splendor of his residence in Dresden, where kings did him reverence, and

Queens were maids of honor to the Empress Maria Louisa, in 1812, to the narrow room of his cottage prison, Longwood, where even his old servant, Shutinn, was forbidden to wait on him!—From Brinne to the Dome of the Invalides!

In a far different sense and yet in earnestness, might it have been asked of him, as, on the 15th of August, 1769, the modern Ajax was born, under a canopy on the curtains of which the wars of Homer's Iliad were depicted, "What manner of man will this child be?"—If at the Pyramids, Kleber, equal in talent, though early a victim to the assassin's steel, thus addressed the young officer: "General, the world is the page of your fame"! May we not say that the dome of Mansard proclains his glory even in death! What a mystery to man was Napoleon! A perfect master of human character—never off his guard—ubiquitous on the field—now lost to sight amid the smoke of cannon—only to be seen as the smoke passed away, guiding, and issuing orders in a different quarter—amid the din of war ever studying to promote the welfare of the home government, science, literature, and all that adorns a nation—resistless and impulsive in council, in the tented field, or the halls of his palaces—heartless and stern even to cruelty sometimes, and yet weeping over the sufferings of his noble soldiers—a perfect master of dissimulation,—such was Napoleon! Hated and idolized—feared and loved;—what a subject for study is his history, and where could a man feel more the deep interest of that study than before his grave and in presence of his ashes! His history is that of

France from almost his first appearance on the stage of action, at Toulon; and may I not say that even the French revolution, chastisement as it was from above, would have been incomplete had there not been a Napoleon? Great and powerful as he was—sole dispenser of civil and military authority—absolute over two hundred millions of dollars of annual income, never could he have succeeded in imposing his despotism on France, had not the infidel philosophy of preceding reigns subverted the influence of religion. The promoters of infidelity and atheism saw in the downfall of Christianity their own aggrandizement; but they looked not beyond that—they sought to open the floodgates of atheism without stopping to reflect how the angry waters might be stayed. The floodgates were opened, and these enthusiasts were swept away—while religion, divine and holy, yet remains! It cannot be denied that all the temporal evils of France, if not of Europe, have been caused by the irreligious movements of the French revolution. The almost universal corruption of courts, of aristocracy, of armies, of people,—that unrestrained, onward rushing of selfishness and ambition. The total disregard of authority and absence of obedience;—what else could follow but anarchy and ruin? How can there exist a constitution without gradation in society? Even in our own noble form of government, what is authority but implied obedience, and who are to obey but the governed? The enthusiasts of the 18th century, in France, profess to seek equality! Verily, their actions proved it! What sacrileges did they commit under the sanction of their

abortive constitution! What tyranny and horrors under the holy name of liberty! They destroyed the ancient landmarks of civilization—a well-regulated distinction in society. Say what you will, "some are, and must be greater than the rest." The French revolutionists, not France, destroyed a civil, only to introduce a military despotism. Far be it from me to justify the crying injustice done the "Tiers Etat." Admit they had grievances—taxation without representation—admit they were oppressed even beyond what I can see,—were not the expressive words of Napoleon too fully verified: "*In the end you must come back to the government of boots and spurs.*" Abuses were to be remedied—but were the principles of eternal truth to be violated? Corruption and injustice existed; but was the destruction of right a remedy for wrong?

As justification for the Revolution, we are accustomed to read and hear the beggared state of the exchequer—millions of money abstracted from the treasury—the half century of wars under Louis XIV.—the extravagance, even libertinism of Louis XV.—the taxation of the unprivileged people to supply the ever increasing deficiency. Grant the premises. Were the consequences logical? Should the personal or official misdeeds of his predecessors be visited on as mild a sovereign as ever guided the destinies of France, after Louis IX.—on a sovereign who never armed his soldiers to defend his rights, much less destroy his subjects? Were the vices of weak kings to be redeemed by Atheism, Infidelity, and the blood of clergy, nobility, poverty, all ranks, all ages, all sexes? The

good book informs us, "The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God!" How hath God laughed them to scorn! A struggle of ten years ended in what? In the downfall of the hereditary monarchy, and the triumphs of a military despotism. The abuses of the former were to be corrected—an ocean of blood drowned the latter! The boisterous few, nay, even the triumvirate, Robespierre, Marat, and Danton, with not more than three hundred hired assassins, held all France at bay! And what treasures of men and money did it require to stay the evils they originated! The property of the church, even the patrimony of the poor, the widow, the orphan, and the student was confiscated, and to whom did it fall? To hungry wolves, who afforded in return such protection to these classes as the vulture to the lamb! And when the trio had fallen, and military despotism supplanted the Reign of Terror, was the condition of France better than it would have been had the people listened to the proposals of Louis XVI. in 1798, on the 23d June? Let every honest man, the least acquainted with the subject, say, whether if the colonies of America had enjoyed one-half the immunities proffered to the French nation by the constitutiou, a single blow would have been struck against old step-mother England? Ours was a different race of people. With us the wild demon of discord was rampant enough; but as a nation we clung to the cheering hope that *right*, not *might*, made us strong, and we conquered. But the case was widely different with the French revolutionists. They retrograded. Paris is now France; and as well may you seek to chain the lightnings of heaven as to retrace,

save by years or centuries of patience, the downward step she has taken. One dynasty after another has passed away. The throne and the cottage, the rich and poor have been sprinkled with blood. Nations have been shocked at deeds of darkness. The Church of God has been persecuted as the hunted hare, and like the wearied dove of the deluge she has sought refuge from the storm, and the bright day has again shone! Oh, may its brightness be perpetual, and in the piety of the future may the wickedness of the past be forgiven—forgotten!

Thus moralizing, and divided between almost complete prostration from fatigue and fasting, I reached my hotel. In the enthusiasm of the moment I related to the kind hostess what I had seen. "Ah, yes!" exclaimed the good old dame; "Vive Napoleon! How well did he realize the dream that troubled him, just before he set out to conquer Wellington!" And pray what was that dream? I inquired. "Ah, mon cher Abbé!" she replied, "you must know it. What an impression it made on all France. My old uncle, who was wounded at Austerlitz, and who is still at the 'Invalids,' often speaks of it." But, madam, the dream—the dream, said I, half indignant at her admiration of Napoleon, forgetting mine was but little less. "Ah, yes! the dream. Well, the Emperor started from his couch, and called for his aide de camp. 'Sire,' said the officer, 'your orders?' 'Lallemand,' said the Emperor, 'such a dream as I have had!' The noble soldier smiled at the idea of Napoleon being troubled by a dream; but seeing the disturbed appearance of his Emperor, he feared to indulge in any pleasantry.

'Lallemand,' continued Napoleon, 'there is something in that dream. It was different from that which I had when the younger Robespierre had almost inclined me to return from Italy with him; it was different from the troubled fancies which have bothered my brain on many a field of battle; for these urged me on, and I saw my star of destiny always glorious; but to-night I have "dreamed a dream which is not all a dream." My star was not there. I was alone, and three large decanters stood before me, held by invisible hands. One was empty; one filled with something red, and one with water—tell me, Lallemand, what does it mean?' The officer expressed his inability to expound the dream. An old woman, who had lost four sons in the campaign of Russia, hearing the affair, begged admission to his presence. She is admitted, trembling with age and feebleness; she shakes her bony finger at Napoleon, and addressed him: '*Sire, the dream will come true. The bottle with red denotes the blood you have shed; the bottle with water the tears you have made the wives, and sisters, and mothers of France to weep; and the empty bottle denotes you were nothing, and you soon shall come to nothing!*' Napoleon quailed under her searching glance as she turned and left him. He never forgot it, and we all know how soon the prophecy was fulfilled." Excited as I was, this trait was little calculated to soothe my feelings. It was told with sincerity, and whether real or imaginary, it conveys a moral.

CHAPTER XIX.

Garden of the Tuileries—Trait of Father Mathews—Palace of Tuileries—Palace of Louvre—Place de Louvre—Place de la Carrousel—Triumphant Arch in Place de la Carrousel—Two Emperors at Tilsit—Napoleon Refuses to assume Headship of the Church—Wings of Louvre—Galleries of Louvre—Ground Floor of Louvre—Hall of Apollo—Salon Carré—Paintings and Students in Salon Carré—Artistic Wealth of Louvre—Trait of Angelo—Reflections on leaving Louvre—Sound Philosophy.

OUR next visit shall be to the palace of the Tuileries, the Louvre, the Place de la Carrousel, and the ancient church of St. Germain de L'Auxerrois. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of these interesting places in the few pages I can devote to them; but even a hurried visit will serve to recall what many have long since read of them, mayhap to convey instruction to some who may yet visit them.

It is said that the best moment for visiting the enchanting grounds around the Tuileries, is sunset. This is, doubtless, in part, true; but it cannot surpass an early walk while the world of Paris is still silent. The bright rays of a morning sun gilding each surrounding object; a cool, bracing atmosphere, and then you are

free to contemplate the scene. At all events, it was under such circumstances that I found myself in presence of the Tuileries, on a bracing morning in November, 1855. Who that has never stood there can form an idea of those shady groves, flower-beds, extensive avenues, and forests of orange trees? To me it was perfectly enchanting, and though sometimes heavy-hearted, nay, even gloomy, there was a something in the spot to "drive dull care away," and touch a happy chord in the heart, no matter how unstrung. Before us rises the imposing front of the Tuileries, 1070 feet long, four towering stories high, its five pavilions or high towers, the centre one of which is surmounted by the tri-color flag of the Empire; on every side statues of classic and historic heroes, Laocoon and Diana in bronze, a bronze copy of the Sicilian knife-grinder, the youthful Æneas who "upon his shoulders did the old Anchises bear;" mimic lakes, on whose waters graceful swans move hither and thither as passers by throw them a cake, an apple, or a piece of bread; wide-spreading trees, beneath which, in the heat of day and at evening, crowds of visitors, groups of happy children, and bands of musicians assemble. The famous red granite obelisk of Luxor, and splendid fountains adorning the Place de la Carrousel; the Elysian fields; the avenue of Neuilly; and the "Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile," in the distance; the princely hotels and stores on Rue de Rivoli, on the north, and the Seine on the south—truly it is grand! As an American, fond of my own proud country, and devoted heart and soul to her institutions, I frequently felt a kind of jealousy when I rambled through these

walks; fancy would wing her flight across a world of waters, and call to mind the happy moments passed in other days, beneath the shade of wide, o'erspreading branches, in view of Columbia's proud Capitol, in Washington; while the venerable and the loved, the scholar and the Christian, good old Father Mathews would recount the horrors of the French Revolution. Oh, how I wished for the picture without the frame! that these gardens were ours without their bloody history! No wonder the Parisians are proud of their public walks! Here in the heart of Paris with its million of inhabitants, is the garden of the Tuileries, embracing sixty-seven acres, and as lovely a spot, assuredly associated with more thrilling events in the past, as Europe or the world can produce. When Louis XIV. came to the throne this beautiful garden was a half wild, uncultivated park, separated from the palace by a street. It is mostly surrounded by iron railings, whose ornamented tops are strangely enough gilded. The grounds are divided into terraces, flower-beds, squares, inclined planes, shady groves and avenues. There are also numerous allegorical statues and figures of France, of the seasons, rivers, &c., of the Empire; and on each side of the gateway, or splendid entrance to the Place de la Concorde, on the west, is a marble group representing Victory, Mercury, and Fame. Immediately in front of the palace, on the west, is the private garden of the imperial household. It is separated from the public by a graceful iron railing; and here at almost every hour of the day, sunshine or rain, may be seen gatherings of idlers and strangers to catch a glimpse of the inmates. It was the intention

of Louis Philippe, (to whom Paris owes much for his noble improvements,) to enlarge the palace; but the sovereign people had become so completely republicanized in their notions, that they considered the palace formerly occupied by Louis XIV. and the Emperor Napoleon I. sufficiently grand for their toy, the "citizen king!" So they thought him. He, however, braved their disapprobation, and if he did not carry out his plans, he taught the Parisians that he had a will of his own, by converting the space allotted into the present private garden. The ground now occupied by the palace was formerly a brick or tile yard, called in French *tuiles* or *tuilerie.* It was commenced under Henry II., in 1564, by his queen, Catharine de Medicis. In 1600, Henry IV. not only continued this palace, but commenced the long gallery or museum connecting this to the palace of the Louvre; but it was during the long reign of Louis XIV. that the present imposing edifice was completed. Since then it has undergone but few alterations. Standing in front of it, on the west, the view is grand. The square dome, high above the rest of the edifice; the pavilions or towers, which, at regular intervals, relieve the façade; the rich cornices; the old-fashioned appearance of the building, which is nearly six hundred feet long; the tri-color flag ever floating from the summit of the "Tour d'Horloge," when the Emperor is in Paris; antique, pyramidal-shaped roofs, ornamented windows, columns, and pilasters; all these render the palace of the Tuileries not only imposing, but peculiar; not alone from the historic associations which cluster so thick around it; but for something I

feel, but cannot express. To me it conveyed an idea of incongruity—a heap of splendor thrown together without any order; and now that I have seen both, it reminds me forcibly, though vastly inferior in extent, of the Vatican at Rome. Each was built piecemeal by different sovereigns, who were as opposite in their tastes as they were unlike in circumstances. The result is a medley—a splendid pile—grand, imposing, it is true; yet confused and irregular. Such, at least, are my views. The imperial family occupies the southern wing of the palace, and as etiquette forbids any entrance to the building when the emperor is in Paris, without special introduction, I was deprived of the opportunity to visit the interior. The late Duchess of Orleans and her suite occupied the northern tower, on the Rivoli. As far as known Louis XIII. was the first to reside there. His successor, Louis XIV., inhabited it occasionally. Louis XVI. did not occupy it. Napoleon I. resided there, and under Louis XVIII. it became the permanent residence of the sovereign. Louis Philippe was expelled from this palace in 1848, after which it was converted into a hospital for the wounded in the insurrection of June in the same year. Since Napoleon III. grasped the reins of Empire, it is again the abode of royalty.

The palace of the Louvre is more accessible. This stands east of the Tuileries, to which it is now connected by lateral buildings on the north and south. It is a sombre and magnificent pile, ancient and imposing. Its name Louvre is derived from the word "Loup," a wolf, or more probably, "Louveterie," a lodge for wolf-hunting. Formerly it was the hunting

ground of the pious King Dagobert, who, after a brief reign of six years, and embellishing France with numerous churches and public institutions, was assassinated on the 23d December, 679, at Steney, on the river Meuse. At that time it was but a rude building. Under Philip Augustus, about the year 1200, it was remodelled, surrounded by walls and fortifications to serve as a State prison. In 1528 it was demolished to make room for a more magnificent structure under Francis I., and from that day to the reign of Napoleon I., additions and improvements have been almost perpetually going on. The most celebrated artists of Europe,—the Abbott Lescot of Cluny, an humble monk and distinguished architect; Le Meruir, Claude, Ferrault, and Beruinni, the famous Italian architect, painter and sculptor of Rome, were at different times engaged on the edifice. It is said that nothing in ancient or modern architecture excels the colonnade of the Louvre. To me it was and is inexpressibly grand. It is, in its way, what the semicircular colonnade of St. Peter's, at Rome, is—unique, unapproachable! On the west side it consists of twenty-eight double Corinthian columns. These are surmounted by a tympanum, whose rich mouldings are formed of two single pieces of stone or marble, thirty-four feet long each and one foot thick. The whole façade of the Louvre is exquisite in all its parts, impressing the mind much more favorably than does its neighbor the Tuileries. Entering the court of the Louvre we find a perfect square, surrounded by wings, or long rows of buildings, which, by their mixed style, produce a pleasing effect. Such harmony and grace of design

cannot fail to please the eye and give an exalted idea of the style of architecture of the reign of Louis XIV. In the centre of this square stands a monument, but of whom or what I was unable to learn, as it was then surrounded by a high temporary fence. I was told that during the revolution of 1848, the Parisians removed the statue of the late Duke of Orleans, which then stood there.

Passing now through the arch in the centre of the main tower, we enter the "Place de la Carrousel."

A brief description of this "place" must suffice. It includes the immense open space or oblong square between the Louvre on the east, and the Tuileries on the west, and the new wings connecting both palaces on the north and south. A portion is separated by an elegant iron railing, and is called the "Court of the Tuileries." At the entrance of this Court stands a grand triumphal arch forty-seven feet high, erected in 1806, by Napoleon I., at an expense of upwards of 56,000 francs. Above the entablature, supported by eight Corinthian marble columns, are as many statues representing a soldier of different companies of the Empire, in full uniform. These marble statues are very good, and impart a military ardor by their lifelike attitudes. The pillars are of a species of red Languedoc marble, having bronze bases and capitals. On each of the four sides of the arch is a very interesting bas-relief, studies in themselves; and I lingered to impress them on my memory. How naturally the uncertainty of all political friendships forced itself upon me while gazing at that representing the two Emperors at Tilsit, in 1807! How cozily

Alexander and Napoleon divided the world between themselves, the former taking as his share the East, Napoleon the West! How secure each seemed, in the pride and folly of his heart, how like a God each seemed to rule his little world! Who, looking only at the surface of matters, would have dreamed that these two powerful chieftains would so soon be declared enemies, arrayed against each other, and leading their myriad hosts in bloody strife to lay waste each other's portion! Yet so it was. Such is the chain of sand which binds friendship based as theirs was, on ambition, selfishness, and pride. And yet I could but admire Napoleon for one trait, in which he showed not only his common sense, but his firm faith, superior to all the trappings of power. It was the fact of his proudly spurning the sacrilegious advice of the Emperor Alexander, and the King of Prussia, to assume the headship or supremacy of religion in France, as they had done in their kingdoms! Haughty as he was, and unscrupulous in whatever he deemed obnoxious to his aggrandizement, he had too just an estimate of the truth of religion to assume, as England, Russia and Prussia had, the divine office of the Pope. He would insult, imprison, and tyrannize over the common Father of the faithful, but, amid all, he admitted his spiritual supremacy. He scoffed at the old Pope's excommunication, it is true; and defied his spiritual arms through pride and passion; but he says himself, on his deathbed, he never did this without self-reproach. Napoleon was a bad Catholic, but he was too true a Catholic to grasp at what he knew, as well as his advisers knew, was impossible for him, like them, a layman! The

sword was his crosier—the crown of earthly empire, his tiara—and he sought not to have engraven on his escutcheon the keys of spiritual supremacy. Surmounting the arch is a triumphal chariot drawn by four horses, in bronze, modelled after a similar one in Venice, on the piazza of St. Mark. At each corner of the gateways at the sides of the arch, is a colossal statue—Victory, Peace, History, and France. This place derives its name from a tournament given here in 1622, by Louis XIV., in honor of Queen Anne of Austria.

The immense wings by which, on the north and south, the palaces of the Louvre and Tuileries are united, were nearly finished when I was in Paris. All tongues were eloquent in the praises of Napoleon III., who opens liberally the purse-strings of government, to supply work for the millions throughout France. Even for this work alone, scarce had he vaulted into his imperial saddle, from the almost absurd title of "Prince President" of the Republic, when more than five millions of francs were allotted by a decree of the Empire! Well, and faithfully, and in true imperial style, has the work been thus far accomplished. No talent was neglected. One hundred and fifty-five artists in statuary and sculpture alone have been employed; while for the interior of these buildings and wings, artists of every kind have been engaged. Another admirable stroke of the present Emperor's policy was to divide the vast extent of space and room in these palaces and wings, among not only, like his predecessors, the museums, galleries of arts, &c., but among the principal officers of State and dig-

nitaries of the Empire: as, the Minister of State, the "Cent Gardes," or body of "Hundred Guards," the Commander-in-Chief, Ministry of the Interior, Imperial Library, the Session Hall for the Senators and Legislative bodies, at which, or at any presentation of State, the Emperor can be present as privately or as publicly as he may wish.

Let us now retrace our steps to the galleries of the Louvre.

The two wings or galleries connecting the Louvre with the Tuileries, have been completed by the present Emperor. Seven kings had contributed to the Louvre. Napoleon I. completed the edifice in 1804, but the crowning glory of connecting the two palaces belongs to Napoleon III. We will now ascend the broad stairway situated at the S. E. corner of the Place du Carrousel, and pay a visit to the halls, saloons, museums, &c., of this interesting place. There were few spots in Paris I enjoyed as much as the galleries of the Louvre, for I had heard from early childhood of their mines of artistic wealth. I had listened in later years to a very dear friend, as distinguished by his pencil as he was amiable for every quality that adorns the gentleman, the enthusiastic admirer of nature, and the friend of humanity, the late Richard M. Gibson, of Washington, D. C., as he dwelt on the Louvre. I have heard the amiable Healy, doubtless among the first of living portrait painters, the artist, the scholar, the friend who did not refuse to enter the arena with a worthy rival, and who has been honored no less by the imperial than by the government of Louis Philippe. The successful artist of history,

handing down the scene of Webster, replying to Hayne, where the inanimate canvas grows instinct with life, and you may almost hear the words, catch the glance of that indignant eye, and feel the enthusiasm of entranced listeners, as they hung upon the words of the immortal Webster. I had often heard him speak of the paintings in the Louvre, of the days, and months, and years he had passed among them, and I longed to see them!

As the visitor enters the grand front door he sees, in a niche above him, a colossal head of Napoleon I., encircled with a laurel wreath. On what may be called the ground floor, are several extensive halls or galleries, extending three sides of the square, for statuary; which contain an immense number of specimens, both ancient and modern; some of them, even to an unskilled eye, most exquisite. He now ascends to the "round hall," which leads to the "hall of Apollo;" a gorgeous saloon decorated with all that art and taste can suggest. This hall is 184 feet long, and 28 broad; the ceiling is frescoed beautifully. At the extremity, is the entrance to the "Salon Carré" and to the "long gallery." The walls of these saloons are covered with gems of art, from the studios and pencils of the great masters, ancient and modern; Italian, Spanish, Flemish, and French. Here, at all times, may be found the lovers of painting—studying, copying, and wrapped in perfect admiration as they gaze on the almost breathing canvas before them. Hither come the lovers of art from all quarters of the globe, to catch the spark of inspiration, which talent and time and industry can alone perfect. The

eye of the student will flash, and his cheek pale and crimson with the workings of his excited soul, when standing at his easel, unmindful of the crowd around him, he gazes at the "Virgin of Murillo," marked in the catalogue, if I rightly remember, 546. Then see how his hand instinctively grasps his pencil—how it rises to his easel, while his eyes are yet riveted on the tableau before him—and then with the instinct of genius, traces in almost nervous haste, the idea impressed on his mind, ere it pass for ever away! See how the picture grows beneath his brush. How totally unmindful of the world around and without—he sees but one object—dreams, and thinks, and hears but one idea—'tis of Murillo's masterpiece! Here before a "Leonardi di Vinci," or a "Paul Veronese," is the easel of a young lady apparently not more than sixteen years of age. She is copying the "Virgin Mother," from the marriage feast of Cana. See how filled with the fire of enthusiasm the young artist plies her brush, regardless of the encomiums passed on her production by admiring visitors. She seems like one of the Delphic priestesses of old; her eyes distended, her long black tresses waving over her shoulders; her cheeks flushed, her whole countenance bespeaking the enthusiasm of her soul! Close by is an old man, with gray hair and cool determined mien, copying a "Titian's entombment of Christ." If we enter now the "long gallery," what a scene of beauty and of art breaks upon the view! The ceiling and the walls covered with the richest collection of paintings the world can produce. Here stands a portrait of Balthazar Castiglione by Raphael, a Magda-

lene by Guido, a Holy Family by Murillo, a Tobias by Rembrant, an Annunciation by Carracci, a battle scene by Salvator Rosa. In short, a world of art, of wealth, and study! And this storehouse is daily thrown open to an admiring crowd from the four quarters of the world. How great the advantage for students of art to be thus guided by these master spirits; to drink at this Helicon of the Muses, the pure streams of classic science! I learned that the most promising pupils of the different "ateliers," or studios of Paris, are thus permitted to copy those works, and that many distinguished artists are employed in filling orders from different countries, for copies. From the catalogue, which is purchased at will, from an obliging old man at the door, I learned that the galleries of the Louvre contain 15 originals by Raphael, 26 of Annibal Carracci, 22 of Titian, 5 of Correggio, 23 of Guido, and 5 of Leonardi di Vinci, besides several of Rubens. To these add countless others of the French, German, and other schools. If a man wishes to regret his want of talent, or abuse of opportunity offered in youth to cultivate the divine art of painting, let him visit the Louvre—gaze upon its treasures —see the ardor which the worshippers at this shrine bring to their task—and study, as I did, the workings of soul—the excitement of brain—the noble triumphs of industry—as from the dull surface of the canvas before him the artist brings out a counterpart of the masterpiece he admires! Now the soft tinting of an Italian sky, where all that is lovely in cloud, in landscape, or nature, is caught by Lorraine, and stamped upon the canvas. Again, the mildness and modesty,

the vastness and bold conceptions—the majesty of thought, and intensity of will, the creative energy; in a word, mind of Angelo—at another, the CHARACTER, if I may so speak; the almost faultless anatomy and knowledge of the "human face divine," of Leonardi di Vinci. Let him, I repeat, but contemplate the masters and their pupils—think of what has been done, and that he can do nothing but admire, and be silent—and I am convinced it will be punishment enough. There are numerous other galleries containing paintings by Mignon, Dominechino, Guido, Reni, and others; some of them, if I may venture an opinion, as deserving a place in the "long room" as those already there, but there is no space for them. I would remark, by the way, that the visitor may trust implicitly the official catalogue sold at the door. In Italy, whether you visit Florence, Pisa, Naples, or Rome, you will be supplied with a catalogue of paintings in the respective galleries, but it is seldom correct. At the Louvre it is always correct, and when alterations in number or position are made, due notice is given. There are, also, other galleries to which I did not go, as my brain was too much occupied with the loving, breathing histories of the past pictured on the glowing canvas, and frescoed ceilings around and above me. Indeed, I know not whether, even with inclination to visit them, I would have been admitted without, what I had not, influence! I learned from my guide book, and from a very obliging old officer, that the "Museum of the Sovereigns" contained many valuable relics in shape of missals in manuscript; the chair of King Dagobert; the crown of Charlemagne;

the coronation robes of Napoleon I., with his field bed; also, that the gallery "de la Marine" is interesting for the models of vessels there preserved; but on each visit made to the Louvre, I was so completely enchanted with the paintings that I dreamed of them by night, almost lived on them by day! O how in such moments the heart of man yearns for some genial spirit to share in its excitement! Who can enjoy the beautiful, the eloquent, the sublime, all alone? 'Tis said of Angelo, when for long months he worked alone on the cartoons and frescoes of the Vatican, he would sometimes catch hold of a crucifix he had always near him, hold it up in his wild enthusiasm, and ask it, "Is not that beautiful!" Come é bello! Oh! after all, what is life if the smiles of fortune rest on us alone? Even though stores of wealth be ours, and prosperous winds waft on our bark, what is it, if unladen with the gold of friendship? If you see an object grand, beautiful, sublime—or gaze upon a scene that melts the soul to pity, and bids the tell-tale tear to start from its hiding-place, how naturally you turn to grasp the arm of another, to catch his eye, or gaze in silence on his tears, and enjoy with him! How you strive to see with the eyes, to hear with the ears, to study with the judgment of loved ones, far away, mayhap slumbering in the grave! And how half unrevealed, half beautiful seems the loveliest view if you gaze on it alone! I can readily understand the enthusiasm of many of these artists and students in the galleries of the Louvre. Like me, perhaps, they were pilgrims, from a far off land; and I must confess that when in the silence around me I

caught from this side or that, an English word, my heart warmed more quickly towards its author; and I studied him as well as his picture. Like me, perhaps, they were looking forward to the time when they would meet again "the loved ones at home!" and the hectic flush, the eye beaming with fire, and the close application, told me they were laboring and studying not for themselves alone, but for the approving smile, the gentle word, which friendly love and worth would impart. Let them labor on, and the word "fail" will never be stamped on their pictures. On leaving the Louvre, I felt more than sad—even desolate, and lonely—I thought of the gay scenes, festive days and courtly balls these floors and galleries had witnessed—of the gorgeous splendor, reflected by mirrored walls and ceilings; I thought of the past, then of the more glorious use which now marks the Louvre—of its world of study, of interest, and mental wealth—of those, too, far away—who would so love to stand where I had stood, to see, and study, and admire what I could only gaze on in silent wonder, and I felt then, more forcibly than ever, the truth and pathos of Moore's words:

"When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone!"

While enjoying dinner, I was amused at the pertness, or rather quaintness of a seedy-looking old specimen of the genus homo, at a table quite near mine, who after a dead silence of nearly a quarter of an hour, during which he was studying, apparently,

how many grains of sand there were on the floor, suddenly exclaimed: 'Mons., I know something that you don't know—you know something that I don't know—and I know something that neither of us knows!" Having thus delivered himself of this magniloquent discovery, he "paused for a reply." I must confess that at the time I was curious to know his secret. As he seemed to eye me more closely than the others, I got him to expound the mysterious truths he had uttered. To me it was a rare treat. The old fellow, with all the gravity of a judge, said: "*First, I know that I want my dinner—and that's what you didn't know. Second, you know whether you'll give it to me or pay for it; that's what I don't know; and thirdly, I know that neither of us knows how much my dinner will cost, if I once begin!*" There was such cool humor, not to say impudence, and, withal, true philosophy in the oracle, that I gave him "carte blanche" for his dinner. Truth obliges me to add, that he seemed anxious to do justice to my generosity.

CHAPTER XX.

Church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois—Tradition of Bell—Massacre of St. Bartholomew—Cruelties on both Sides—Characters of Principal Actors—Political not Religious Move—Palais Royal—Garden and Walks of Palais Royal—Fontaine and Statue of Moliere—Island of the Seine—Statue of Henry IV.—Visit to La Morgue—Affecting Scene.

NOT far from the Louvre stands the Church of St. Germain L'Auxerrois, a gaudy edifice, remarkable for its historic associations. Some may admire the old Byzantine frescoes in the porch; its double row of Gothic arches, on the west entrance, five in front and three in the rear; the elaborate gilding of the interior; the superb railing of the choir, and the numerous side altars—in truth they, as well as the richly stained windows, are to be admired—but I had seen in the Louvre so much of paintings; of rich and valuable treasures of art, that I looked upon the gorgeous wonders of St. Germain L'Auxerrois with half interest. Its history deserves, however, a brief notice. It was

founded by Childeric in the sixth century, destroyed by the Normans in 886, and in 998 restored by Robert of Normandy, and dedicated to St. Germain. In 1744 it underwent numerous alterations. The rich railing surrounding the choir was made in 1743, during the first French Revolution. This church, though known to be the recipient of royal favors, was spared by the rabble; but in 1831 it was not so fortunate. On the occasion of an anniversary funeral service for the Duke of Berry, the populace violated the church, and destroyed the most of its interior. In 1838 it was again opened for public service.

What interested me more than all connected with this church, was the famous bell hanging in one of its spires, which is traditionally said to have tolled forth the sad warning for the massacre of St. Bartholomew on the 24th of August, 1572. I was impatient to climb the ladder, and gaze first on that, then look across the Seine, and view the gloomy battlements of the prison Conciergerie, from which 'tis said the sound was echoed back, as murder, rapine, and indiscriminate slaughter prevailed, and Coligni, with so many of his Huguenot followers, was massacred! The tradition is based more on excited prejudice than reality, while cool, dispassionate history, written by the pen of truth and justice, places that fearful and bloody transaction in a light quite different from sectarian hatred, or pulpit rodomontade. Whose soul has not been harrowed; whose sense of duty, nay, even of manhood, has not been shocked at the cruelty of Charles IX. and of Catholic France against the very innocent, unoffending Calvinists of that reign?

One of my earliest recollections is of a speech made at a public school in Boston, in which the "orator of the day," a very "Jupiter tonans," in my youthful fancy, descanted at length, not on the subject of school education, and of encouraging us boys to attend regularly; but on the glorious privilege of teaching the Bible and true history, by which papist children might be warned against the errors of their parents, and learn to curse the Pope, despise their fathers and mothers because they were Catholics, and hate the religion which canonized the authors of the Gunpowder Plot, the Inquisition and the Massacre of St. Bartholomew. It is needless to say that I never forgot the speaker, nor have I since forgotten to pity the ignorance and despise the effrontery of such Don Quixotes! What is the fact? Does the church approve this bloody action? No. Had the church any thing to do with this retaliatory measure of Charles IX.? No. Is the Catholic Church responsible for the political movements of her nominal or real professors; the vindictive passion of kings, their measures for revenge or for self-protection; the wild excesses carried on under the holy name of religion, or ambitious schemes cloaked by a plea of necessity? Is Protestantism justly charged with the cruelties in the East Indies, in Ireland, or England, so long committed against the Pagans of the former, and the Catholics of the latter? Is Protestantism, as a form of religion, to be charged with the treason of a Benedict Arnold, the insurrection of the "Whiskey Boys" in Pennsylvania, the burning of churches, convents, and academies of learning, in our own days? Brutal insults are of-

fered, even to Sisters of Charity, by violating the privacy of their sleeping apartments to look for concealed muskets, in the Charity Hospital at New Orleans. Is this unmanly movement, revolting alike to Christian and to pagan honor, to be attributed to Protestantism as a religion? Out upon such a violation of terms—of truth—of justice! We can offer no apology for either. We must, in common with every honest man, and every lover of historic truth, execrate the whole series of outrages enumerated, while we should trace each to its real source. Who was this boasted martyr, Admiral Gaspard de Coligni? The greatest scourge that in his day desolated France. The leader of a set of fanatics, who sought to dethrone the Queen Regent, Catharine de Medicis, and carry off the rightful heir, Charles IX., that they might destroy the religion and dynasty of France! The encourager and abettor of the death of the Duke of Guise, as is established by the trial of the assassin Poltrot, and finally the victim of his monarch's fears, whether real or imaginary, on the morning of the 24th August, 1572. What was the cause of that fearful massacre? Let it be announced! Let its authors be exposed to the merited execration of the world; but let not pure, unsullied religion be made responsible. Who that has read French History, but knows the temper, waywardness, and pride of the boy king, Charles IX., even under the weak regency of his mother, Catharine de Medicis, of whom little good can be said. His vaulting ambition could but ill brook the obstinacy of his Huguenot subjects, who, on their part, under the leadership of Condé and Coligni, kept

the realm in continual excitement. His was not a disposition to forgive the revolt of Condé at Orleans, or the taking of Rouen; the murder of Guise during the king's minority; or the bold attempt at Monceaux to seize his person, though then declared of age in his fourteenth year; nominally to secrete him until his twenty-second year; but in reality to destroy him and his succession. From this we may date his undying animosities to the Huguenots. He was even jealous of his own noble brother, the Duke d'Anjou, whose fame was heralded by all. And when the unfortunate Coligni was butchered; when the sword, and the torch, and cruelties in the most horrid form, were let loose against the Huguenots, it was because of his discovery of a plot to destroy himself and the count. Let the suspicion be real or false, it was as sudden in determining him as it was frightful in its effects. The leaders of the Huguenots had been long the declared enemies of the crown and religion of France. True, Coligni had been restored to his rank and position at court, after his defeat at the battle of Jarnac and Mont Contour, in 1569. True, Charles made him a present of a hundred thousand francs, to secure his friendship, and bestowed many marks of personal favor on him. Let these things be estimated as they may, we know the bold defiant tone of the Huguenot party; their unceasing efforts to destroy the religion and throne of France; that the sense of personal danger was but ill calculated to induce Charles to treat with subjects whom he always called and considered rebels. We know that by the compromise, during his minority, by his unfortunate mother, between the

two contending parties in 1561, at Poissy, Charles had treated his Calvinist subjects with clemency, &c., and even had drawn censure upon himself for his mildness until the ceaseless troubles and bold attempts upon his person excited him to fury; that thenceforth "severity to them" was, as he said, "but justice to himself." Still their bravado and insurrectionary movements throughout France were but increased by the treacherous attempt to assassinate Coligni, as he was returning from the Council Board of the Louvre; an outrage condemned by Charles, as he might readily have accomplished his death, had such been his intention, by other means. In a word, with his many causes for apprehension, his irritable disposition, the constant outbreaks and excesses of the foreign mercenaries, brought into France in 1563; their cruelties and vandalism in Orleans; and, wherever they became masters, their violation of the agreements by which, notwithstanding their rebellions, freedom of conscience was guaranteed to them in certain cities; their plot against Lyons, Narbonne, and Avignon; the bold impudence of the pamphlet written by one of the Huguenots at Orleans, setting forth that the people were absolved from allegiance to the king because he was an idolater; that it would be a work pleasing to God to kill him, which seditious doctrine was urged from the pulpit and the press; the openly avowed purpose of the Huguenots to dethrone and murder Charles, and substitute Condé in his stead; their laying siege to Paris; the fanaticism of Coligni, who, from his strong fortress of La Rochelle, authorized his deluded followers to go forth on piratical expedi-

tions to procure for him the means of continuing the revolt; their indiscriminate cruelties to all who fell within their power; their sacking and destruction of churches and charitable institutions; their openly avowed doctrine, that no faith was to be kept with Catholics; the evident danger to himself, to his crown, and to the religion he professed, though he did not practise it; the fifteen years of bloodshed and intestine strife, of religious wars and rebellions under Francis II. and his own reign—in a word, surrounded as he was by threatening dangers, constant alarms, treacherous foes, and the most unrelenting, because religiously fanatical enemies on the one side; on the other, by jealous, intriguing courtiers, ambitious advisers, ever seeking their own aggrandizement, no matter at what expense, as unscrupulous as they were ambitious, as revengeful, no doubt, as their opponents; and then the boy king, who since his assuming the reins of government, in his fourteenth year, until the memorable event of which we are speaking when he was scarce 22 years of age, had been goaded to madness by the excesses of his Huguenot subjects, and badly counselled by his court—let these things, I say, be taken into consideration, when the sudden determination of the king, Charles IX., was made to avert a conspiracy accidentally discovered, to include himself, his mother, and his court in one indiscriminate slaughter; and foul as the deed was, and unjustifiable on Christian grounds, how can any honest man attribute the massacre of St. Bartholomew to the Catholic Church? The king acted always with little obedience to the teachings of that church. He was a

Catholic, it is true; but, like many others, his actions belied his profession. He took no counsel of its ministers on the occasion of his decree for the massacre. It was either a retaliative measure on his part, or, more likely, a blow for self-preservation; a mere anticipating of what had otherwise befallen himself and the Catholics of France. Now, in view of the real state of affairs, it is simply absurd to attach blame to the religion of France. It would seem that the expressed avowal of Charles should free his religion from the foul stigma; for in his order, the day of the massacre, he states that all had been done by his own will, moved thereto, not by love to his own church, nor hatred to the Calvinist doctrine, but to obviate the conspiracy of Coligni and his adherents. He never forgave the indignity to his youth, when the Huguenots threatened to whip him as an incorrigible boy, and then bind him apprentice to a trade! Nor did he pardon the discovered plot against his manhood, when they sought to murder him and his brother to place the crown upon another's brow! After all we hear of the horrors of St. Bartholomew, what was it to the long centuries of bloody persecution, systematic murder, wholesale butcheries by fire, flood, and torture, endured by the Catholics of England and Ireland under Elizabeth, Edward VI., and James I.? Yet who speaks of them, when not fifteen thousand were put to death, during the violence and excitement of St. Bartholomew's day, in Paris; but as many millions were murdered for no crime, but because they were Catholics! What magazine or school book of our country is not filled with pictures setting forth

these horrors to frighten children, startle nervous old ladies, and keep alive religious animosity; while scarce a store, magazine, or school book, or almanac but teems with the horrors of Popery, as illustrated by the massacre of St. Bartholomew. Is this honest? Is it truth? Heartless indeed, and a monster, must he be who would justify either the former or the latter. Strip both of the cloak assumed to cover the hypocrisy of designing men, and let the truth stand forth in all its horrid deformity. Let not the sanctuary be stained with the moral guilt which blackens the souls of monsters, who, in the holy name of truth,

"Deal destruction round the land
On all they deem God's foe!"

Elizabeth was a wicked, persecuting, vile woman, though a shrewd and able queen—Edward VI. as brainless as he was puling—James I. as headless as he was cruel—and Charles IX. as revengeful as he was corrupt—they were all persecutors, each seeking in his day and generation to elevate himself by crushing others, some with more semblance of right than others, but all as far from the pure, mild influence of the Christian spirit, as man can be who

"Steals the livery of Heaven to serve the devil in."

Who is ignorant of the cruelties and massacres perpetrated in almost every part of Europe, in the XVIth century, not unfrequently under the cloak of religion? And who can deny that, even in our own days, the same fell spirit is sacrificing its victims to sectarian

bigotry and party strife! Political wars are dreadful enough; but when the watch-word of religion is used to increase its frenzy, there is nothing so dark or bloody, so uncompromising or ferocious as these politico-religious wars. The fact of which we are speaking attests this. It was but a quicker move on the chess-board of party strife, by which one party was check-mated before he served his rival the same. It was a foul and bloody game, where all the angry passions of man were roused. Perfidy and cruelty marked each side. Rebellion on one side, with the openly avowed intention of murdering the king, overthrowing the established religion of the land, and substituting the Prince Condé, the leader of the Huguenots, for the legitimate monarch. On the other, undying hatred to the Calvinists, who were considered the abettors of every species of barbarity, and the sworn foes to the civil and religious institutions of the land. The royalists, goaded on by the seditious doctrines promulgated in public and in private, from the pulpit and the press, by which they considered the insolence of a new party seeking to uproot the old system established for so many hundred years, and a religion, which, had they practised it as faithfully as they defended, would have banished these unnatural strifes by the holy influence of the gospel: and the followers of Luther and Calvin led on by Beza, Coligni and Condé, who proclaimed that kings lost their authority when they opposed the Reformation, and that thereby they lost the tenure of right and realm! Men, instigated by such demoralizing doctrines, were not slow in manifesting the spirit within them; entering into

an agreement with Queen Elizabeth of England, the natural enemy of France, to surrender some of the strongholds in Normandy to the English government, from which they received men and money to carry on their wars, for the avowed purpose of revolutionizing France, and introducing the Reformation, as they construed it, into the dominions of Charles! Hence we find them introducing German mercenaries into France, and allowing them to butcher, slay, and devastate at will! Hence we find them butchering priests at the altar, fastening them to crosses, and amusing themselves by firing at their hearts! Coligni even falsifying his word, that no violence should be offered the citizens of a town which resisted him, by ordering the superior of the Franciscan Convent to be murdered in his presence, amid the sacrilegious cry, "*Long live the Gospel!*" Hence we find the monster Baron d'Adret, who wore around his neck a collar made of the ears of priests he had murdered, signalizing his victories by forcing the Catholic prisoners to jump from the walls and battlements upon the spears and pikes of his soldiers beneath,—and forced his children to wash their hands in the blood of Catholics! As a counterpart to these bloody scenes, may be alleged the cruelties perpetrated by the Catholic party—their inhuman murders—shameless and obscene mutilation of the aged Coligni—the wholesale butcheries of men, women and children by the minions of the vacillating King Charles IX., who, it is said, but without authority, inhumanly fired at the frantic crowd rushing to the Louvre for protection! Oh! let us turn from such horrid scenes.

Could either party have been instigated by the pure spirit of religion! Is it not evident that the spirit of darkness was abroad, that each was actuated by base passions, fanaticism, and cruelty; by the same spirit which, under similar circumstances, would produce similar results in other countries. In each, religion was outraged. That holy system which teaches subjection to higher powers—in obedience to Him from whom the power cometh, and also that revenge belongs not to man, was disregarded; and the baser portion of the soul—its angry passions and corrupt appetites ruled in the name of conscience! Would that the fault were all on one side! Then men would judge correctly, and learn to execrate the cause: but unfortunately both parties are to blame; neither can be excused for the dark crimes registered against them. Humanity shudders at the recollection of the scene—religion mourns over it; while an avenging Heaven has vindicated its justice by the awful deaths of nearly all, beginning with Charles himself, implicated in the massacre of St. Bartholomew!

I have dwelt perhaps too long on this subject; but I could not refrain from expressing, openly, my estimate of the event. I know the avidity with which our young men seek after knowledge; and of the few sources many of them can consult for true historical facts. I know too the many occasions when the Catholic youth feels his cheek crimson with shame, or his soul filled with indignation, when he sees or hears this fact with many others adduced by every flippant speaker or penny-a-liner, as proof against his religion; and knowing these things, and writing for such, how could I refrain from

telling what, from study and reflection, I know to be the truth? On our homeward way we will pass through Rue Rivoli; and opposite the north wing of the Tuileries and Louvre, facing the St. Honoré, pay a flying visit to one of the most singular places in Paris, the "Palais Royal." It is quite eminent in historic associations. In 1629 it was built for Cardinal Richelieu, by whom it was presented to Louis XIII. It subsequently became the property of Louis XIV., who gave it to his ignoble brother, the Duke of Orleans, or Philip Egalité, the fratricide! No spot in France, perhaps, has been the scene of more profligacy than this palace. It is needless to dwell on its history—'tis but a succession of vice, of plots, of gilded villainy, of political intrigues, of Frondist machinations, of Jacobin and Red Republican orgies. Here met the Girondists, who failed in their attempt to grasp power, and whose brightest geniuses perished on the scaffold during the revolution. Under the first Empire it was the residence of Lucien Bonaparte; but in 1814 it was restored to the Orleans family. Here Louis Philippe resided until he ascended the throne in 1831. By him it was enriched with a valuable collection of paintings, which in the Vandal fury of the revolution in 1848, together with many other rare productions of art, were for the most part destroyed. It is now the residence of Prince Jerome Bonaparte. The entrance from the Place du Palais Royal, guarded as all are by soldiers, seemed any thing but cheerful to me. It presents a sombre prison-like appearance, and seems well adapted to the purposes to which it has been successively dedicated. In the

rear of the palace is the "Jardin du Palais Royal." This garden is an enchanting spot, ornamented with four rows of lime and elm trees—a graceful fountain—numerous statues, among which are some perfect gems—and arcades or offices where you may buy the papers of the day. The garden is surrounded by lofty buildings, forming on one side the Orleans gallery, and on the others by various public and royal edifices, all of which have, on the ground floor, very splendid stores, cafés, and saloons perfectly bewildering to a stranger. I had heard and read much of this place—of the crowds nearly always there—and of the fairy-like appearance it wore when at evening these stores, &c., were lit up with brilliant display—music in the gardens—and the joyous laugh from groups of children, and the no less noisy groups of people, all apparently unmindful of the labors of the day, of every thing but the pleasures of the moment. I visited the garden at evening repeatedly—and if any thing were wanted to convince me of the light-heartedness of the Parisians, their adaptedness to circumstances, and cheerful politeness, it was here seen. Truly these Parisians are an enigma to me!

My attention was frequently attracted in my wanderings, by the graceful "Fontaine de Molière," in the neighborhood of the Palais Royal. It stands opposite the house where the French poet died, and is at the corner of Rue Richelieu and Fountain Molière. A white marble pedestal supports a bronze statue of the "Father of French Comedy," as he is styled; the poet is represented seated, reading one of his own manuscripts. The effect is pleasing. A large basin

or stone cistern receives the water perpetually spouting from the mouths of three lions. While studying this, I could but reflect on the weakness of even the most talented men when the voice of conscience conflicts with interest. Who can deny that Molière is a striking exemplification of this? He may deserve the title given him of "Father of French Comedy—" he may have won the favor of Louis XIII., and enjoyed the patronage of Louis XIV.—pleasing and witty writer as he was, and tolerable actor in comedy —yet who can deny that the voice of conscience was stifled at the shrine of interest? Who can deny that he was an immoral writer, a greater enemy and more fatal to virtue and religion that those who openly attacked them? He elevates vice, and ridicules virtue—he gilds villainy, and depreciates morality—he scoffs at parental authority, filial obedience, and the most sacred ties of domestic life—and all this under so captivating a garb, so insinuating a style, that the reader smiles, and thus seemingly approves, even when his sense of right is shocked! Every where in his works we find the most extravagant vices dressed in the garb, and excused as human weakness—and satire and ridicule pointed at truth—honest poverty a crime—luxury and ill-gotten wealth a paramount virtue! Such a writer was Molière, the idol of the French theatre. Who that has read his Amphytrion —or his Misanthrope—the former not the most objectionable—the latter by far the least so, of all his published works, but must admit, that, if to be a corrupter of innocence be necessary to improve the literature of the age, learning is a curse, and worse than

folly, nay wicked—to be wise! Molière exemplified, in his own case, "the folly" he so frequently and so sarcastically held up to ridicule, that of a husband trusting to the honesty of his own wife! He married an actress of low comedy! His end was like his life, uncheered by the consolations of religion, although he had been piously educated by the Jesuits in early youth. Over-exertions in acting a part in his play, "La Maladé Imaginaire," brought on convulsions, and a violent vomiting of blood, which terminated his existence in his 53d year, in 1673. Who can deny that Molière was greatly instrumental in bringing about that corruption of morals—neglect of religion—and love of excitement induced by indulgences in vice, which eventuated in the French Revolution?

Our stay in Paris is drawing to a close, and we are warned to dwell less at length on the interesting and historic reminiscences attached to almost every public institution in this city. In our rambles to-day, we will visit, hurriedly, "La Morgue," that receptacle of the dead, to which a curiosity, morbid if you will, yet active, urges me. Taking in our route some of the numerous institutions time will not allow us to dwell upon, crossing the "Pont Neuf," we reach the Island of the Seine, and pass on the west the beautiful equestrian statue of Henry IV., and on the east the Place Dauphine, planned by Henry IV., in honor of his son, who subsequently became Louis XIII., and in which stands a statue of Gen. Desaix, who fell in the battle of Marengo; we turn down the "Quai des Orfevres," towards the bridge of St. Michael, and proceed toward Notre Dame Cathedral:

we see on our right a low square building on the bank of the Seine. It is the "Morgue," to which the victims of accident or suicide are conveyed from the various quarters of Paris, that they may be there kept as long as possible for recognition. Here let us enter: a motley group surrounds the door, ever open, a sense of respect for the place seems to pervade even the idlers lounging around, and descanting on the manner by which the inmates came to their death—on entering, a sense of dread comes over you—a stifling sensation oppresses you—the hall is open, well ventilated, and as clean as a charnel house daily replenished can be. On your left are high iron gratings, beyond which, on elevated stone or brass slabs, like inclined planes, are the bodies of such as have been murdered, drowned, or have otherwise died by violence, within the last twenty-four hours, and unclaimed by relatives or friends. The bodies are decently covered, leaving enough exposed for recognition, should any come to claim them. It is impossible to describe the feelings one experiences, as he here stands and gazes on "Death's doings!" On each of my repeated visits new subjects were extended on the tables. Above each, hang the garments or rags he wore when brought a corpse to this receptacle. On one occasion, the last visit I made to this dead house, the last I hope ever to make, a poor woman entered with the crowd in daily attendance here, to seek in fear and trembling, for her only son, who, mayhap, might be among the dead. Many poor mothers, fathers, wives, and relatives, seek here daily the result of dissipation, vice, and misfortune! A tear moistened my eye while listening to the deep, half sup-

pressed grief of that mother, as she poured forth her anguish over the mutilated form of her "only son." I learned from a bystander that her once noble boy had fallen into bad company; had been seduced from honor, home, and from the salutary advice of her whose love was stronger, truer, purer than all, his mother; and shame, and disgrace, and misguided remorse hurried him from the gambling table to the Seine—and he sought in suicide that relief the world could not afford—and to avoid exposure before man, he rushed unshrived and unforgiven into the presence of his Maker! Oh! there was something to harrow the soul and wring the strongest heart as the mother, who had watched over his infancy, and rested his young head upon her bosom, now bowed down by long years of anguish, knelt before the grate as the officer came to unlock the door and lift out the corpse, and enshroud it for the coffin! Poor, heart-broken mother! thy gray hairs are bent over thy boy, but he knows it not! thy lips are pressed to his swollen face, but he feels them not—thy arms are thrown convulsively around him, but he is dead! The light of thy eyes is gone—the hope of thy heart is crushed—thy idol is shattered—thy home shall be now doubly desolate—and thou shalt go sorrowing to the grave. No child to smooth thy gray hairs in death, and none to kneel upon thy grave in prayer! But cheer thee, poor lone one! May the Father of the widow comfort thee! I left this dreary place, oppressed with sadness; for it brought to mind scenes I had not unfrequently witnessed. It was a good lesson to curb both pride and presumption.

CHAPTER XXI.

L'Hotel Dieu—Hotel de Ville—The Infidel Paine—La Fayette—La Martine—Church of St. Gervais—The Regicide Ravillac—Anecdote of Henry IV.—Church of St. Merry—Palais de Justice—Sainte Chapelle—Prison of Conciergerie—Madame Elizabeth—Robespierre—Les Girondins—Bastile—Colonne de Juillet—Death of Arbp. of Paris—Prison of St. Pelagie 1848—Madame du Barri—Colonel Swan—Abbey Prison—Mademoiselle de Dombreuil—Mademoiselle Elizabeth Cazotte—Archbishop of Arles—Princess Lamballe—Her trial and execution—Prison of Le Temple—Massacres in prisons of Paris between 2d and 6th Sept., 1792.

CONTINUING our walk east, we come to "L'Hotel Dieu," a building unprepossessing in appearance, and divided into two parts by the river. Applying for admission, I was immediately ushered into the large hall from which, in different directions, diverge the wards for the sick. This hospital, or a similar one, dates as far back as the VIIth century. It was endowed largely by Philip Augustus, and after him by St. Louis IX.; since which time it has grown in wealth and usefulness, until, like the hospital of "St. Spirito" in Rome, it is the richest establishment of the kind in Paris. There are upwards of 1260 beds for the sick. It is a truly interesting spot for such as have inclination to view "the ills which flesh is heir to." Passing by the Cathedral of Notre

Dame, of which we have spoken, and crossing from the island by the Pont d'Arcole, to the north side of the Seine, we come to the splendid Guildhall, or Hotel de Ville, an immense pile of building, associated with every succeeding change of government in France. The present edifice, with its illuminated clock, imposing towers, and numerous statues, is of rather modern date; the old one being too small for the purpose. Over the principal entrance is a life-sized equestrian statue of Henry IV.; each façade, of which there are four, is richly ornamented with columns, statues, &c. There are many splendid halls devoted to the municipal affairs of the city, and to the residence of subordinate members of the government. The immense stairway leading to the principal saloons or halls, is considered a masterpiece of design and skill; but what fills the visitors with more than usual interest, is the recollection of the varied events here enacted. Scarce an insurrection or event of public notoriety in France, for the last five hundred years, but is in some way intimately associated with this spot. It was here the revolution, called "Maillotins," because those engaged in it were armed with iron mallets, to destroy the robbers of the public treasury, as they called, with truth, the uncles of the young king, Charles V., commenced in 1368. It was here the Frondists held their meetings—here the bloody councils of Robespierre and the revolutionary tribunal were held—here Louis XVI. appeared before the excited multitude, bearing through compulsion, the "bonnet rouge," or red republican cap of freedom—here Robespierre, Billant, Varmes, Col-

lot, and Danton, harangued the 300 assassins, scattered money and drink among them, and urged them on to the massacre of Abbaye Prison—here were the 24 priests confined, who, soon after the address of the above ruffians, were sent in six coaches to the Abbaye, where they were butchered—here was the mock trial of Louis XVI., and his sentence of death decreed—here the notorious Tom Paine, all unmindful of the debt of gratitude he owed to Louis XVI., by whom he had been treated with marked attention, and from whom he had received, as representative of America, then struggling for freedom, six millions of francs in public, besides large amounts in money and in arms privately, to aid the cause of the young republic; Paine, a foreigner by birth, so ignorant of the language that he could not express himself; Paine, honored by the friendship of Franklin and Jefferson, yet intriguing for and succeeding in election to the office of Deputy to the National Convention from Calais; here he ungratefully turned upon the benefactor of that cause he had so professed to aid, and read in English a tirade of abuse against a monarch whose policy, whose religion, even whose language he knew not! With Madame Roland, a fit associate for such a man, and Brissot and Condorcet, he sought the death of him in whom the United States had found a friend and faithful ally! Here Robespierre, with his companions, was seized and attempted suicide; here La Fayette, in 1830, presented Louis Philippe to the French people, as their future sovereign—and here La Martine, the poet statesman, perilled his popularity and his life, in 1848, when he proudly proclaimed

before an excited multitude, that the red flag should never be the flag of France!

Surely so many and so opposite events can scarce be said to cluster around any other public edifice in Paris. Not far from the Hotel de Ville stands the gothic church of St. Gervais; it dates from the VIth century, and is noted for its high vaulted roof, stained windows, side chapels, grand imposing front, and numerous statues. I was forcibly struck by a large painting of St. Ambrose refusing entrance to the church to the Emperor Theodosius.

As we passed along the Rue Rivoli, and in our way to the "Palais de Justice," I noticed a bust of King Henry IV., in a niche in the wall of No. 3, Rue St. Honoré. It was here that Ravillac, the regicide, stood, when he assassinated the king. There is an anecdote related of this glorious monarch, who was deserving a noble death. He was much of a wag, and mingled freely among the people. On one occasion he was very cold while walking along, all muffled in furs, and his attention was attracted by a poor man, who, though thinly clad, seemed quite satisfied, as he sauntered along. The king jocosely asked him how it was there was such a difference? "Sire," replied the other, "if you would do as I, you would never suffer with the cold." "And how, pray, is that? "*Why, Sire, by simply putting on all the clothing you have! If you do so, as I have, then indeed you'll never suffer with cold!*" The king enjoyed the repartee, and rewarded its author with a comfortable suit of clothes! While in this neighborhood, let us pay a visit to the church of St. Merry, on the street St. Martin. Its

imposing front is nearly concealed by the lofty buildings surrounding the church. It is graceful and elegant in its details. On the occasion of my first visit I was edified by the solemnity with which Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given; and the sweet voices of children chanting the old familiar "Adoremus," "O Salutaris," and "Tantum Ergo," fell on my ears like echoes from a far off land.

The "Palais de Justice" stands on the island, and faces the street St. Burilleve. It was the residence of the kings of France, from Hugh Capet, A. D. 1000, to Charles V., who left it in 1534; and also of the sainted King Louis IX. It has been on several occasions partially destroyed by fire, and has undergone many alterations. Its principal purpose now is for the holding courts of law. On the north front there are several cone-shaped towers, in one of which, the "Tour de Horloge," is the celebrated clock made by a German in 1370, and presented to Charles V.; over it hung the alarm bells which is said to have answered the signal for the massacre of the 24th August, 1572. If it ever hung there it does not now. The exterior of the palace is pleasing, if you can but divest yourself of its gloomy associations. In the "Salle de pas Perdus," where prisoners walked until called into the hall to receive sentence, stands a statue of Malesherbe, the bold opposer of Louis XVI., before his downfall, and his faithful defender, during the monarch's trial. We will not delay to visit the Hall of Archives, in which are preserved, as I was informed, many interesting curiosities, among them the proceedings against Ravillac, the murderer

of Henry IV., and dated 16th May, 1610; the old clothes worn by Dannien, the regicide, on his way to execution. It will be remembered that this Dannien was the assassin who plunged the knife into the side of Louis XV., the 5th January, 1757; and although unsuccessful in his attempt to murder the king, was executed in the same cruel manner as Ravillac. There is also here an old rope ladder ingeniously made by a prisoner, who failed in his attempt to escape by it from the old Bastile; I must acknowledge that even my prying curiosity had no relish for such things. The "Sainte Chapelle," of which we have briefly spoken, some pages back, forms the south side of this Palace. It is remarkable for its stained windows, and light, airy style of architecture. It forms but one nave and choir. The principal events in the crusades of St. Louis are commemorated in four large stained windows, while a number of smaller ones surround the choir. There is not perhaps in Paris a chapel or church so delicate in all its details of architecture, both external and internal, notwithstanding so many vicissitudes from fire and Vandals. It was erected in 1242 by the sainted leader of the Crusaders, to receive the sacred crown of thorns, the relic of the true cross, and the spear which pierced our Saviour's side on the cross. A more exciting spot to visit is the prison of the Conciergerie, forming the rear of the Palais de Justice. By influence of a valued friend in Paris I was permitted to enter the low-grated archway on the Place de Graves, through which so many thousands have passed only to return to their place of execution, or the tomb! How I trembled as I entered the low gateway leading to "La

Conciergerie!" It is like entering a living tomb. There is a dread, a frowning, angry, growling aspect in all surrounding you. The guards at the door—the dark battlements above you—the rattling of arms—the moving of bolts which strike terror to the stranger's soul; and then, above all, the gloomy recollections connected with this place! I must confess I would have considered my visit to Paris much more incomplete had an opportunity failed me of visiting its prisons; for why see the lights on a picture, its bright tints and golden hues, without the shadows, the dark lines, and back ground?

The prison of the Conciergerie, of which we are more particularly speaking, has many claims to our attention, from its antiquity and historic interest. It was originally the prison of the palace: but is now more a place of confinement for prisoners awaiting trial. How many have entered its gloomy gateway with bleeding hearts and crushed hopes! During the feudal system it was the stronghold of power; and when France became a kingdom, how many of its former feudal lords pined within these dungeons in hopeless captivity! During the first French revolution, how many thousands were incarcerated here, preparatory to the guillotine! Here was confined the illustrious queen Maria Antoinette, consort of Louis XVI. The dungeon she occupied is now a sweet little chapel. Here was imprisoned Madame Elizabeth, the king's noble sister, who like the two preceding was sentenced to the guillotine. Here was caged that hyena Robespierre, with his equally savage companions, before they were led to the scaffold to expiate, by a horrid

death, a still more horrid life. Here in the same hall, but shortly before occupied by the virtuous Marie Antoinette, were confined the Girondists,—fanatics misguided in all they aimed at, and but little less guilty than the triumvirate and convention which condemned them. Here they held their last carousal, their feast of death, of which we have spoken; and here amid all the horrors of revolution, while men and women awaited each his turn to be led to execution, they were seen to scoff at religion, to mock at death, and revel in all the vices of fallen humanity! Truly man has much to learn!

Who has not heard of the Bastile, the most execrated of all the prisons of Paris, though not perhaps the most stained with blood. Thither, on leaving the Conciergerie, I wended my way that I might the more vividly recall to mind the scenes enacted in its destruction. What a frowning pile must have been that ancient feudal prison! It stood on the "Place de la Bastille," opposite the east end of the street St. Antoine. Its grounds were extensive. The prison was a strong fortress apparently defying all attack from without, and laughing at revolution; well supplied with ammunition and food—its walls 140 feet high, 30 feet thick at the base, and ten feet at the summit—pierced with loop holes for cannon and musketry—and protected by threefold gratings, dykes and barriers, it seemed to hurl defiance at the infuriated populace, which, however, on the 14th of July, 1789, took possession of it and demolished its walls, leaving, subsequently, not a stone upon a stone to tell where once it stood! I will not dwell upon the fear-

ful struggle, the crowd of thirty thousand infuriated men, women and children, who rushed to the Hotel des Invalides, to demand the guns and ammunition there stored by the government. The noble stand taken by Dombreuil, the commander, who refused to deliver them without legitimate orders—the excited populace breaking into the asylum and carrying off twenty-eight thousand muskets, and twenty cannons, which they turned against the walls of the Bastile,—these are all known to my readers—and the singular train of events which accelerated the surrender of the prison, its destruction, and the wild joy which hailed its downfall. Who ever has made a pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington, on the lovely banks of the Potomac, has observed a glass case fixed on the east as he enters. In it hangs a rusty old key, short and heavily made—'tis the key of the Bastile, sent by Lafayette, the young eaglet of our American revolution, to the bold mountain eagle, Washington!

The spot where once stood this gloomy prison is now adorned by a graceful bronze column 154 feet high and 12 in diameter. It stanps upon an arch over the canal St. Martin, and is supported by granite blocks and a white marble base; above the capitol is a gilt globe, surmounted by a large gilt Genius of Liberty. On the sides of the column are the names of many who fell during the three memorable days of 1830, who are said to be buried here. In 1848, and indeed in every popular outbreak, this portion of Paris was the principal scene of disorder. Here were the most formidable barricades thrown up, and here was the most desperate struggle between the royalist troops

and the insurgents; here it was that the lamented Arch-Bishop Affre was shot while, olive branch in hand, he mounted the barricade, and, in the middle of danger, silenced the fire of both parties by the sublime appearance of a shepherd, exposing his own life for the safety of his flock; and had almost brought the belligerents to terms of agreement, when a shot, it may be accidental, but more than probable, determined, struck down the holy prelate, who, with his dying breath, craved pardon for his murderer, and wished that his own blood might be the last shed in Paris. It was here too, that the noble Negrier, a French general, fell while attacking the barricade.

Next in our visit comes the ancient gloomy prison of St. Pelagie, on the old street "de la Clef;" at present it is used for such prisoners as have offended against the state, and who are condemned to a long imprisonment. I was not so fortunate here as at the Conciergerie, for I was refused admission, in compliance with the standing rules. Yet who can hinder the mind of man, his thoughts, his memories of the past, from penetrating guarded walls, and visiting by the light of history, dungeons, cells, and caves? I stood opposite the prison, and busied myself in thinking of what I had read of its past. Above the door of this oldest prison in Paris is a slab setting forth its original destination—a holy retirement for such religious women as preferred to withdraw from the world. Different indeed has been the use to which it has, in succeeding ages, been appropriated! I could but think of that frail enthusiast, Madame Roland, the talented, but misguided, the wonder of her age, the soul of a school of false

philosophy, who was imprisoned here; and here was executed by that same revolutionary spirit, which her misapplied talents and false sense of political liberty had urged too effectually to action, that unfortunate woman, Madame du Berri, the courted of all, the foolish, vain worshipper at the shrine of popular approval—here she shrieked in anguish and despair as the stern executioner dragged her forth to death. Here were learned the first lessons in humility and submission, by the widow of the noble Beauharnais, the future Empress Josephine, who meekly bowed her head to insults, wrongs, and outrages which have never been equalled; and here that noble-souled, yet eccentric American prisoner, Sivan, when, in course of time, St. Pelagic became a debtors' prison, passed twenty years in bondage, despite the entreaties of influential friends, among whom was Lafayette, his companion in arms under Washington, in the American revolution. In vain did they intreat him to accept the terms of release, he rejected them all; and while by his ample funds many others were released from prison, he obstinately refused to pay a debt to a certain creditor, which he denied to be just. It was only in the revolution of 1830, when the insurgents turned him out, that he left his prison cell, and died the following day!

I wished to visit either the principal prisons or the places where they once stood, and which have been rendered famous or infamous by bloody scenes during the revolution, but time forbade. I wished to see the Abbaye Prison, where, after the harangue of Robespierre, Billaud-Varennes and Collot d'Herbois,

at the Hotel de Ville, the twenty-four priests were murdered in the inner court. Dreadful indeed must have been the scene—numerous the other victims there immolated to the moloch of infidelity! There sat Maillard by torch-light, a drawn sabre on the table before him—his garments spattered with blood—officers with arms to do his bidding standing around him—benches arranged and even lamps lighted to enable the spectators, among whom were many females, to view the horrid scene! What consternation filled the doomed victims in their prison cells! They are brought out—condemned unheard—and handed over to the multitude, waiting at the gates, and are cut to pieces. Here the devoted Mademoiselle de Sombreuil obtained a respite for her aged father by accepting the cannibal offer of the revolutionists, to drink a tumbler full of warm blood, fresh from their mutilated victims! Here, too, a similar instance of filial affection and heroism was witnessed in the person of the young daughter of Cazotte, who, at the expiration of the thirty-six hours allowed him, threw herself between her father and his executioners, exclaiming: "You shall reach my father only through my heart!" The "Carmes," memorable for the massacre of upwards of two hundred priests, and of the Archbishop of Arles, is now replaced by a spacious market. Some few relics remain, and as I lingered near it, how vividly the scenes of Sept., 1792, passed before me. I could almost hear the venerable prelate reciting the prayers, litanies, and psalms, in which his companions joined; I could almost see him when he so nobly stepped forward and answered to his

name, and was brutally murdered by the assassins. He, like his fellow-martyrs, was put to death because he refused the schismatical oath tendered by the revolutionary government. "La Force" has disappeared, but La petite Force, Rue Parvis au Marais, still reminds us of the cruelties and massacres of the revolution. It was here that the Princess Lamballe suffered death. Who that has read her history, or can appreciate true friendship, but feels sad as he dwells on the name and self-sacrificing spirit of this noble woman! The friend and companion of Marie Antoinette—until the king fled to Varennes; see her voluntarily returning from England, where she had been received with every mark of respect due her rank, her fortune, and her virtues, to share the fate of the royal family. Sharing the prison with Marie Antoinette in "Le Temple," and brutally dragged from thence to La Force. The ferocious Hébert, surrounded by his minions with blood-stained swords, garments and faces, awaits his victim; Lamballe is brought before him; she swoons at the horrid sight —restoratives are applied—but she resolutely declines answering any of the numerous questions so arranged as to implicate the Queen. The word is given to drag her to the Abbaye, a sure index of her death; but scarce had she passed the threshold of the hall, when her head is nearly severed from the body by a stroke of a sword—a monster finishes the deed by a blow from a huge mallet. Without provocation or any personal dislike to her, the infatuated rabble vent their malice on her lifeless form—her heart is torn out—her head is severed from the body, placed

on a pole, and, mid savage rejoicings paraded through the streets, in front of her former residence, and under the windows of the Temple, where Marie Antoinette was imprisoned! What gloomy associations are connected with that name, Le Temple! But little now remains of it—and the immense square it once occupied is a noisy market-place. It was here that in early ages the Knights Templar had their castle; the only portion still existing is the Convent of Benedictine Nuns, which once formed a part of the Palais du Prior. This is a comparatively modern building, handsomely ornamented exteriorly. It was in the tower of this temple that Louis XVI. and his family were imprisoned—here he made his will and bade adieu to his wife and family, and was carried to execution! There are two other prisons in the city which have recently attracted attention. The one of a melancholy interest for Americans—the prison of Clichy, on the same street—where, through the unpardonable blunders of those in charge of the prison and the over-zealous sentry, an American, confined for debt, was lately shot under circumstances most painfully distressing. The other, the prison in Rue de la Roquette, where the assassin of the late Archbishop of Paris was confined—and where on the morning of his execution—a pitiful, wretched, despicable man, craving even for a single hour of life—abandoned by that false pride which had so long propped him up, and unsustained by the holy influence of religion, he gave to the world a sad example of human depravity. But let us change the gloomy theme. The heart sickens and the soul grows sad as we either visit these blood-

stained places, or read their tale of horror. The prisons of Paris possess a melancholy interest. I will not speak of the five thousand butchered in them from the 2d to the 6th September, 1792—of the massacres of Bicètre, whose victims were thrown in trenches, and now fill the catacombs under Paris—sad but natural result of the misguided principles of the revolution.

CHAPTER XXII.

Place Vendome—Church of St. Roch—St. Jaque de la Boucherie—Place des Victoires—Church of St. Vincent de Paul—Sisters of Charity—N. D. de Lorette—Abbey and Tombs of St. Denis—Cemetery of Pere la Chaise—Seminary and La Solitude at Issy—Farewell to Paris.

WE will occupy our remaining time in Paris by visiting a few places of interest, necessarily omitting many others. Let us turn our steps towards the high column and Place Vendome, an irregular octagon. This place is one of the prettiest in the city, surrounded by tall and uniformly built houses, and most scrupulously clean. In the centre formerly stood a colossal equestrian statue of Louis XIV.,—which was destroyed during the revolution. In 1806 the Emperor Napoleon I. erected this imposing column, modelled strictly after the "Colonna Trajana" at Rome, to commemorate the glories of the French arms. The main shaft is 140 feet high, the pedestal 22 high and 16 wide. It is of free stone, encased in 277 plates of metal, made from 1200 cannons captured from the Austrians and Prussians. These plates are prettily ornamented with bas-reliefs, commemorating the principal events of the campaign of 1805, up to Auster-

litz. They are, like the bas-reliefs on Trajan's column at Rome, arranged in a spiral form, reaching from the base to the capitol. The pedestal is ornamented with military designs, cannons, helmets, &c. A statue of the Emperor adorned the summit—but at the Restoration in 1814 it was melted down to form in part the equestrian statue of Henry IV., at present on Pont Neuf. During the reign of Louis Philippe, the "Fleur-de-lis" was removed, and the present noble statue of the Emperor was inaugurated. A narrow, dark stairway in the interior leads to the summit, but the view scarce rewards one for the fatigue of ascending. Napoleon stands in an attitude of deep thought, wearing his familiar cap and surtout coat—his pensive brow, folded arms and fixed gaze, possess a grandeur which to be appreciated must be seen. Continuing our course east on Rue St. Honoré, we meet the church of St. Roch—said to be the wealthiest church in Paris. There is nothing, however, in either its exterior or interior to denote the fact. It is a plain-looking edifice, and to a stranger, possesses few objects of attraction. It dates from the year 1653, when Louis XIV. and his mother, Anne of Austria, laid the corner stone. The interior is confused and irregular. An idea of its massiveness impresses the visitor as he raises his eyes to the immense roof, 160 feet long, supported by 20 huge columns. There are 18 side chapels, but irregularly arranged, and some of them so gloomy that no one would at first discover them. A very beautiful effect is produced in the "Chapelle du Calvaire," at the extremity of the principal nave. By a window con-

cealed from the spectator, the light is reflected on a life-sized group, carved from the wood of Lebanon, representing our Saviour on the cross, Mary Magdalene weeping at its foot—Roman soldiers, rocks, &c. There is an unspeakable charm in the whole scene—heightened by the surrounding silence, gloom, and devotion. In the rear of the choir is the chapel of the Blessed Virgin—a perfect bijou. The cupola is beautifully frescoed. In 1830 the most obstinate fight between the people and the soldiers of Charles X. took place here, and in 1848 it was the scene of sanguinary struggles. It was the favorite church of Louis Philippe.

Leaving St. Roch and crossing the Place du Palais Royal and the Louvre, we soon reach, on the Rue de Rivoli, one of the noblest specimens of ancient Gothic architecture in Paris. It is the only remaining tower of the ancient church of "St. Jaque de la Boucherie." When the church was originally built is not known, but it fell a victim to the fury of the revolutionists, and was razed to the ground in 1793—leaving but this splendid tower to tell of its ancient grandeur. It is nearly 200 feet high and has been used as a foundry. In 1836 the city purchased it, with a view to preserve so splendid a monument of architecture—and it now stands imposing and grand in its loneliness, in the centre of an open space.

Near the Palais National or Imperial, is the Place des Victoires, a large square surrounded by buildings of a regular style of architecture, each ornamented with Ionic pilasters. It was commenced by Feuillade, a courtier of Louis XIV., who destroyed two exten-

sive blocks of buildings in 1684, to open this splendid Place. It is a centre, from which numerous streets diverge in different directions, giving an air of liveliness to the square. In the centre of this immense place stands on a lofty pedestal an equestrian bronze statue of Louis XIV., in Roman costume. Like most other public monuments in Paris, this has had its vicissitudes. At first there was an immense gilded bronze group, representing Louis XIV. in his royal robes, treading under foot a Cerberus—and behind him was Victory, placing a crown upon his head. During the revolution this was destroyed and replaced by a pyramid, on which were inscribed the victories of the Republic—this in turn was supplanted by a colossal bronze statue of General Desaix, which in its turn, like that of Napoleon in Place Vendome, was melted to form the equestrian statue of Henry IV., under the Restoration. The present imposing statue was executed by the celebrated sculptor, Bosio, and was inaugurated in 1822. The King is represented in Roman costume, bare-headed; a laurel wreath encircles his brow, while long-flowing hair serves, in my opinion, to add dignity to the bold, manly face—an effect I never before witnessed. A mantle is gracefully thrown over his shoulders—while with a calm, determined mien, he manages his prancing war steed, which, like the admirable production of our own Mills, in Lafayette Square, Washington, stands apparently self-poised on his hind legs. It is a noble affair—and it was only after close study that I could discover the well-concealed support derived from fastenings by means of the full tail which

reaches to the pedestal, the two principal fronts of which are faced with white marble, elaborately sculptured. Almost immediately in the rear of this place is the church of "Notre Dame des Victoires," erected in 1629 by Louis XIII., in gratitude to Heaven for the taking of Rochelle, and for his other victories. It is a favorite place for devotion, crowds of pious worshippers being always found around its altars. In form it is a Latin Cross, and within its walls are some valuable paintings by Vanloo.

One among the most gorgeous churches in Paris is that of St. Vincent de Paul, or Place Lafayette, opposite Rue Haute Ville. It is of quite recent date. There is something grand and imposing about this church; situated on a commanding eminence, it is approached by a winding carriage road, well gravelled and preserved—a graceful flight of steps leads to the portico—the façade, grand and imposing, is flanked on each side by a tower 140 feet high, each having a singularly-constructed clock, and being divided into four stories, ornamented with Grecian, Ionic and Corinthian pilasters. One of these clocks tells the hours of the day—the other the days of the month. The interior is more like the ancient churches in Rome than any I visited in Paris, with perhaps one exception, that of "Notre Dame de Lorette," Rue Lafayette. It is divided into six aisles beside the principal nave; these are separated by Ionic pillars, while the side aisles are divided into chapels by richly-ornamented and gilded bronze railings; the cupola over the choir is supported by fourteen Ionic columns arranged in a semicircle. There is a profu-

sion of gilding, stucco work, polished marble and paintings. Among other curiosities is a superb stained glass window, in which St. Vincent de Paul is represented surrounded by his spiritual children, the Sisters of Charity. It is inexpressibly grand. I stood for a long time on the porch of this church, looking at the panorama spread out before me. It was sunset---and from countless spires, domes, and crosses, the sun's last rays were reflected. The surrounding square and streets were silent—one by one pious worshippers entered the vast building, and I was roused from my reverie by the loud, deep tones of an organ. I entered the church again—one of the side altars was lighted for Benediction. The scene was deeply impressive, and proclaimed the spirit of faith which animates so many in France.

This morning, while looking for the Dominican Church and Convent, on the south side of the Seine, my attention was attracted by a long procession, passing at a slow pace to a church at some distance. On inquiry I learned that they were the Sisters and Novices of the Mother House of St. Vincent de Paul. It was a feast day with them, and they were proceeding to the Church of the Lazarists where their Superior General resides. With others, I stopped to gaze on this band of heroines as they entered the church, a neat and tastefully-ornamented edifice; there were upwards of six hundred. To the moralist and philanthropist what a subject of admiration did they present. Who but has heard of and admired the Sisters of Charity! Like angels of mercy hovering around the sick and poor—the victim of crime—the raving

maniac—the orphaned child—and the plague-stricken. Fearless she moves, mid pestilence and death, to bear comfort to the suffering, hope to the dying.

"Unshrinking where pestilence scatters his breath,
Like an angel she moves 'mid the vapors of death.
Where roars the loud cannon and flashes the sword,
Unfearing she walks, for she follows her Lord.
How sweetly she bends o'er each plague-tainted face,
With looks that are lighted with holiest grace;
How kindly she dresses each suffering limb,
For she sees in the wounded the image of Him!"

Oh, there is something sublime in their vocation—in their courage and noble fidelity. Who can tell the pangs it cost these meek followers of the Lamb to burst asunder every tie which bound them to parents—family—and home! Who may expose to view the parting scene—the last embrace—the wild burst of anguish from a father's heart—a mother's scalding tears—a sister and a brother's grief as the sad farewell was spoken; and many among this youthful band left affluence, rank and honors, to join the society of the Sisters of Charity! Here they are, novices and professed—some worn down by age and labor, feebly tottering to the church on this their feast, with quaint white hood—dark habit, that cheerful smile—does it not seem that the blessings of unknown thousands are hovering over them—that the prayers of the suffering, the dying, and the orphan, are ringing like soft music in their ears—and that their brows are fanned by angel wings? And here come the novices—following in the train, as they are learning to walk in the footsteps of the professed Sisters. Soon they will

leave the parent house, and go forth on their mission of mercy—to bless the poor—to be nurses in hospitals—mothers to the orphan—instructresses to the ignorant—friends to all. Blessings on you, daughters of St. Vincent! Glorious and "exceedingly great" shall be your reward. Arduous and painful is your vocation, but there will be a protecting shield thrown around you by the prayers and benedictions of the poor. Your good deeds shall go before you. The tears of the orphan and of the afflicted shall blot from Heaven's register the record of human faults—the widow's prayers shall plead in your behalf—while the blessings of the poor shall be echoed, as good spirits whispering to your departing souls. Tranquil be your exit from time to eternity—and may a diadem of glory adorn your brows in Heaven, noble Sisters of Charity!

The scene within the church was grand. I lingered but a short time as it was crowded almost to suffocation, and I left to continue my visits.

I should long since have mentioned my visit to the church of "Notre Dame de Lorette," on Rue Lafayette. A gaudy, spacious edifice, having in its arrangements and decorations much to admire and much to condemn. It is modelled after the early Roman churches, being an oblong square, 89 feet by 229. Hearing much of its gaudy interior, I was induced to pay it at least a transient visit. So treading my way as best I could through the muddy, crooked and crowded streets of that quarter, I found the church. Exteriorly there is but little to attract attention. The interior is a strange medley of ornament, luxury, and

Christianity. There are many opinions relative to its claim to any thing like a Catholic church—some ridiculing the idea, others dealing less harshly with its superabundance of gilding, cushions, and finery. While I found Notre Dame de Lorette little if any inferior to the gilded saloon called La Madelein, there was one point which gave it the superiority in my estimation over many of the churches I had seen in Paris. Whether that superiority be based on the zeal of the pastors, the piety of the parish, or both, I know not —but I found there what I nowhere else happened to find, save at St. Eustache, immense schools of boys and girls under the guidance of their respective teachers—the Brothers for the boys, and some religious order of females for the girls. The church was literally filled with them, and I thought of other days and of familiar scenes while I listened to their hymns of devotion.

Passing by the Exchange or Bourse, the extensive buildings known as the "Conservatoire," with its wealth of curiosities and scientific discoveries, we will proceed to the railway station on Rue Lafayette, or signal the way train, and take our seat cozily for a hurried trip to the ancient burial-place of the kings of France, the Abbey of St. Denis. It is in the town of the same name, about three and a half miles from Paris. The town has nothing of interest to a stranger, except its history and its associations. The Abbey entombed the remains of nearly every king of France from Clovis to Louis XVIII.; but when the storm of the revolution swept over that devoted country, this silent resting-place of the dead was in-

vaded—the ashes there mouldering were scattered to the winds, and Vandal rage desecrated many of the monuments. Some, however, still remain, sad mementoes of departed royalty—silent monitors to the living.

It is unnecessary to dwell at length on the early history of this abbey. The legend connected with its origin seems unsupported by history, and we pass it by. It dates far back in antiquity, since we find it recorded that in 496 the original chapel here erected was enlarged—that in the following century a convent of Benedictine Monks was here established—that Chilperic, the son of Dagobert, was here buried—that Pepin le Bref was here consecrated in 754—and that the present towers and porch were built in 1140. The church is purely Gothic—and notwithstanding the ravages of the revolution, still presents a grand and solemn appearance. The façade is bold, lofty and imposing. Bas-reliefs adorn the three retiring arched door-ways—while statues of angels occupy the niches. The church interiorly forms a Latin Cross, divided into a nave and two side aisles; the railing separating the choir from the nave is beautiful. Around the church are the tombs of the kings of France. Among them that of Dagobert, with a quaint design in bas-relief—of Louis XII. and Anne of Brittany—that of Henry II. and of his Queen, Catharine de Medicis. Among the many objects of interest here, I was most forcibly struck at the simple marble pillar erected by Mary Stuart, to the memory of her youthful husband, Francis II.; also by a kneeling statue of Marie Antoinette, said

to be a perfect likeness. It would require an entire day to examine the many curiosities here—so we will retrace our steps to the station house, and in less than ten minutes find ourselves once more in Paris.

We must pass over many places of interest to which even a hurried visit is replete with instruction—the Jardin des Plantes, the Manufacture des Gobelins, &c.

I had long wished to visit the celebrated Cemetery of Pere la Chaise; and, as the weather to-day was balmy as a summer morning, I strolled alone to this interesting spot. Few places in Paris interested me more. I had heard and read much of this "City of the Dead," but I was not prepared to find so complete a realization of the idea. It is indeed a silent city—peopled with many thousands—but these thousands heed not the busy scenes passing above them. "They sleep their last sleep" till the dread accounting day—the winds of heaven sigh above their graves—and loving hands and faithful hearts adorn their silent resting-places. Sad indeed, yet pleasing to the soul, it is to walk among these mementoes of the past—on every side the emblem of salvation, the cross, gleaming in the sunlight over chapel and tomb, over long vistas of graves adorned with fresh-culled flowers, or mourning wreaths—lovely little shrines and oratories, sweet, holy places provided with kneeling stools—with crucifix and prayer-book, which the touch of Vandalism never desecrates, and where the sad heart may come to pour itself forth in prayer for the departed, and supplication for the living—graceful, undulating grounds, the hill, the valley, the withered

leaves falling in crimson showers, silent emblems of mortality, telling the wanderer, as they fall, "All that's bright must fade, the brightest e'en the fleetest," and covering the simplest grave equally with the gorgeous marble, with a pall more impressive than art can offer. Oh, it is a sacred spot! As I wandered alone among these tombs, I felt unusually sad—not that the place wears a gloomy aspect, but there seemed here a struggle, I thought, between the higher and holier feelings of our nature and that hollow-hearted, empty vanity so general in society. All around me was imposing—grand—solemn, if you will;—I was among tombs, graves, mausoleums, costly marble piles, shattered columns and sacred emblems of death; but to me a walk in the simplest country grave-yard seemed more productive of holy thoughts. Here I felt, that though among the dead, I still lingered among the pride and folly of the world; the almost pagan pagoda side by side with the sweet little Gothic Chapel—the senseless pile of stone or marble above the rich man, casting its shadow as if in proud disdain upon the grave of the poor man—here knelt in tearful prayer a child above a mother's grave—and hard by was a pompous column sacred, I thought, to nothing but pride—here gentle hands were decking the graves of parents, children, sisters or brothers, with wreaths of flowers culled with care; and then, close by, is the richly-carved marble, emblazoned with heraldic devices, pompous epitaphs, and worldly emblems. It is true there are many sweet spots here for salutary thought—the family vault in shape, a chapel some six or eight feet

in length, surmounted by a cross and supplied with a chair, a prie-Dieu or kneeling-stool within—a little crucifix—stained window reflecting a subdued light —a grated door in front, and vases of fresh flowers renewed each day by the hand of affection—the busts of departed members of the family—selections from the Holy Book—a statue or painting of the Madonna —tapers burning on festive days and on the anniversary commemoration. There is in all this something exquisitely refining to our grosser nature; and, while he lingers near such scenes, the stranger, be he Christian or infidel, Catholic or Protestant, learns to love the spirit of that Church which hallows thus the memories and resting-places of the dead. Not here, as among those who believe not in the interchange of kindly offices between the loved and gone, and sorrowing survivors, is found that cold shrinking from the grave as if disease or death exhaled from the sod; not here does the stranger find that unchristian selfishness which makes so many turn from the tomb as the door closes on its rusty hinges, grating harshly on the ear, shutting out at once all thought, all hope, all communication! but on every side he sees flowers and garlands, sweet evidences of lasting love, of frequent prayer, of oft-repeated visits. Be it the prompting of a faith which teaches the utility of praying for the dead, or mere sentimentality, it speaks of refined humanity and appeals to our hearts; yet I cannot conceal from myself that even the simple country grave-yard impressed me with more solemn thoughts than Pere la Chaise. There, 'mid simple crosses, mounds and tombs, man feels indeed that he is but

plodding his way through thorns, and trials, and sufferings to the grave. Here there is much to attract the stranger's attention, names famous in French history; poets, warriors, statesmen, philosophers, orators, actors; a Balzac, Erlis, La Fontaine; a Cottin, St. Cyr, Gobert, La Place, Talma, Fory, Bellini, Lavalette, Casimir Perier, all grand and gorgeous tombs; while the unmarked grave of Ney, "the bravest of the brave," and that of Sir Sydney Smith, attracts no small share of attention.

There is too much regularity for the effect intended—whole rows of tombs, like buildings in a block; and if the stranger could but divest himself of the recollection where he was, it would be an easy thing to imagine himself in a gay and lovely city. Among the tombs which attract most attention on entering, is that of the famous Heloise and Abelard, in whose history and fate there is so much of mawkish sentimentality expended. It is indeed a beautiful affair, a Gothic Chapel 14 feet long, 11 broad, and 24 feet high. It is not my province to censure others, but it seemed to me rather a mockery of religious respect to pile up thus the costly marble to perpetuate the names of those who would doubtless be more benefited by a simple "Pray for them!" above the grave; while here, there is almost as much of pomp and pageantry as in the gayest streets of Paris. Happy the man who can soar above these externals, and remember that he is among the dead. It was not my good fate; and, as I stood above a newly-made grave, I could but wish that when I am dead, no costly stone or senseless marble be erected over

me; that in my own native land, among love and loving ones, my humble grave might be; a simple cross to mark the spot, my name upon it; that when the stranger comes, or those who knew him best, the fervent prayer for rest, and peace, and pardon for his soul, may be breathed for him who will be slumbering beneath!

The last day of my sojourn in Paris was agreeably diversified. Early in the morning I paid a visit to the celebrated Father Ravignan, a worthy son of Ignatius of Loyola. He is somewhat advanced in years, simple in his manners, and, like all truly great men, apparently unconscious of the might that slumbers in his soul. I had not the good fortune to hear him either preach or lecture; but, from many who had listened to his conferences in Notre Dame, I learned that the dense crowds which filled those ancient walls, seemed carried away by the force of his eloquence. He has a style of oratory different entirely from the powerful Lacordaire, the Dominican. Each is a giant of intellect, a powerful champion of the faith. As I conversed with F. Ravignan, and watched his varied expression of countenance, I tried to study the man. His is, indeed, an expressive face—not unlike that of Father Dubuisson, formerly in the United States. I passed an hour in most agreeable conversation, he seeming delighted to hear such recent news from America. No one can be in his company without feeling the influence of that soul, so good, so great, vast, and powerful!

About noon, in company with Father Deluol, I repaired to Issy, where the charming country seat of

the Sulpitians in Paris is situated. Of Issy itself little need be said; it seems a mere faubourg of Paris, having at least one parish church, and possessing little of interest to the stranger. All my pleasure was found in the Seminary and grounds of the Sulpitians. The building itself is rather a gloomy pile, brick floors, small windows, and to me wore a chilling aspect; but the happy faces, cheerful voices, and merry laugh of a large number of students, soon convinced me of my error, and I involuntarily sighed,

"Would I were a boy again!"

It was a day of recreation; and in company with several of the seminarians, among whom at the time was Mr. Doane, a son of the Protestant Episcopal Bishop of New Jersey, I visited the entire institution. The students here pursue their ecclesiastical studies until they have gone through the regular course of Moral Philosophy, when they are transferred to the Grande Seminaire of St. Sulpice in Paris. How shall I speak of the walks and gardens of the Seminary at Issy and La Solitude! It is almost a paradise. Shady trees, meandering streams, mimic lakes, walks overshadowed by vines and gracefully-intermingled flowers; here a cross to remind the student where he is; there a Madonna smiling upon her child; the form of some old priest, gray-headed and bent with years, moving slowly among the trees or walks as he recites his breviary or cons o'er the pages of theology he taught half a century ago; the grotto where the two noblest heads, ever bent in submission before the chair of Peter, Bossuet and Fénélon, met

to hold their amicable discussions, the lovely chapel modelled on that of the Holy House of Loretto, and then "La Solitude," or house of probation for those who are to join the Society; its treasures of relics, religious antiquities; its beautiful chapel; the death-like silence reigning around this portion of the extensive grounds,—well may the Sulpitians preserve their motto, "O BEATA SOLITUDO; O SOLA BEATITUDO!

With Father Deluol I knelt above the graves of the holy men reposing within the silent cemetery. Here lies the Abbé Emery, whose name is held in veneration as almost a second founder by the Society, the noble champion of the rights and privileges of the Church during the Revolution—the only man, it has been said, whom Napoleon feared, because he venerated him so highly; twice imprisoned for the guillotine; and, even in his prison, the Apostle of reconciliation to numerous misguided souls, among whom were the apostate Fauchet, whom he induced to return to the bosom of the Church, whose confession he received, and whose recantation he witnessed; that other apostate, Bishop Lamourette, who met in the prison of the conciergerie the Abbé Emery, and who was brought back to the fold of truth and unity by that good man, ere Lamourette, like Fauchet, suffered by the guillotine. Few could meet undaunted the eagle glance of Napoleon, and fewer still had courage to brave his anger by declaring the truth to him. The Abbé Emery feared not his anger, and shrunk not from an open, prudent avowal of right, of conscience, and of religion. Napoleon loved and feared him, and is said to have exclaimed, on hearing of his

death, "I have lost the greatest man in my empire!" His grave, like all the rest, is marked by a simple, black, wooden cross, bearing his name and age. It was a balmy day; the winds rustled among the trees as on a summer evening; the only sounds I heard were the voice of my old Superior, whispering a "De profundis," and the sweet notes of birds from adjoining trees. Thoughts of other days came over me; scenes long since gone, and as vivid yet as of yesterday, passed before me. I thought of the chapel grounds and Calvary of old St. Mary's in Baltimore; of youthful days there passed; of loved companions; some gone—others struggling in the vineyard of the Lord; of the chapel and the altar; of the old Superior with his spiritual children gathered before that altar on a Sunday evening for Benediction; the rays of a setting sun reflected over sanctuary and shrine, through rich crimson curtains; the sweet voice of one then a boy, long since a zealous priest, sweetly accompanying good old Mr. Kelly, whose clarinet notes thrilled the soul to the soft music of "Sitivit anima mea;" then the loud, full chorus, would go up from grateful hearts, mid clouds of smoking incense. O, how sweet are the courts of the Lord! A spot there, too, sacred to the dead, I loved to visit; the old Calvary, with its cross-crowned summit, and the graves of a Hoskyns, an Ogden, a Walsh, a Tessier, a Joubert, and a Schrieber.

My kind old Superior was now, like his child, far from scenes he so loved, and I thought I discovered a tell-tale tear as we dwelt upon them. The shades of evening were gathering o'er us; I took a reluctant

leave of Issy, and slowly we wended our way back to Paris. A few moments more, and I was to part again with Father Deluol. I will not dwell on the scene; but, as I knelt to get his blessing, I felt that his prayer would still preserve me. A hurried preparation for my journey, and by 10 P. M. I was at the depot for Lyons. Farewell, then, to Paris, that city, par excellence, of Europe—that world in miniature! I have passed many happy days within her walls, and learned much of her, past and present. It is a study for years. Her name and her arms are known to the world; the roar of her cannon, the sound of her drum, the tramp of her embattled armies, the eagles of her empire, and the quenchless fire of her soldiery, have been heard and felt and seen amid the wild havoc of war; battle-fields—crumbling temples—burning cities—desecrated churches—and wounded and slaughtered millions—but her missionaries have gone forth to the utmost bounds of the earth; and, while her "war's desolation" has filled nations with bloodshed, the banner of the cross has been borne along, the prostrate have been cheered in their dying moments, and the French missionary has pointed the red man of the West—the pagan of the East—the hardy Laplander, and the savage hordes of the South—to the only true source of happiness.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Leaving Paris—Dijon—Notre Dame—Desecration of Churches—Public Museum—Philip Le Hardi—Ducal Palace—its Museum—Drinking wine—Peculiar smoothness of Railroads in France—Country between Chalons and Dijon—Police arrangements on Railroads—French Peasantry—Abbé Chalons—Lyons—Early History—Early Persecutions—View from the hill of Fourvieres—Reign of Terror in Lyons—Strong Fortifications—Cathedral—La Belle Cour—Place des Terreaux—Hotel de Ville—Palais de Justice—Silk Factories and Looms—Avignon—Cathedral—Crillon—Claude Joseph Vernet—Ivory Crucifix—Trait of Bishop of Chalons sur Marne—Fountain of Petrarch—Danger of sleeping in Cars—Marseilles—Visit to Bishop—Scenes, Sights, and Sounds in Marseilles—Polite Soldier and Zouave—Stars and Stripes—Churches—Notre Dame de la Garde—View from Heights—Climate—Preparations for departure—Farewell to France.

LEAVING Paris at 10½ P. M., there was little opportunity to see the country, or even my travelling companions, before daylight. The morning of Friday, 30th Nov., was exceedingly cold—rain falling, and freezing as it fell—sudden change, indeed. As heretofore, our cars were like those of a menagerie, containing almost every specimen of biped. I suffered most intensely with cold and illness. I stopped at Dijon, the birth-place of Bossuet, for a short time; and, after a most decidedly poor breakfast, I hurried to the grand cathedral, whose queer "flêche" or arrow-shaped steeple, has been so much admired.

Dijon contains 31,000 inhabitants, and is a decidedly dirty place; the streets are narrow, houses high, crowded, without any regard to symmetry of architecture—mostly of a grayish stone, moss-covered, and almost toppling with age. The inhabitants, as is the case in all provincial towns, have a peculiar dialect or patois at once harsh and amusing. The cathedral of St. Beninge is an imposing pile, flanked by two immense towers, and the flêche or spire rises from the centre of the roof to the height of three hundred feet, one-third more than the towers of Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris. Some admire these spires, and the one of which we are speaking is said to be in perfect harmony with the architecture of the cathedral. To me, however, they appear a deformity—a perfectly useless appendage, like a fifth wheel to a coach. The interior of the cathedral is grand; there are many elaborately-sculptured marble tombs and statues. A more pleasing edifice is the Gothic Church of Notre Dame, which dates from the 13th century. The front entrance is of light and pleasing appearance. Here I saw a most beautiful group in stone, the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin. In the tower is a singularly constructed clock; two colossal figures, with sledge-hammers, strike the hours. This is said to have been brought from Flanders by Philip Le Hardi, Duke of Burgundy, in 1382. There are some paintings here, but they seemed to me below par. The church is exceedingly neat—stone or marble-paved—and impresses the visitor with a sense of religious awe. To me it seems revolting to see old churches desecrated from their legitimate object, and even in Christian

France appropriated to secular purposes; a noisy, filthy market-house here, and granary there; and barracks for soldiers in different places; such is the fate of many ancient temples and convents where once adoring thousands knelt, and where the matin and the vesper hymn were chanted by sandalled monk or holy religious. I have no right to complain of it, yet it seemed a desecration; and while I admired the sombre, almost frowning appearance Dijon wore, with its castellated towers, churches and walls—its ducal palaces and imposing edifices—I could but regret that these relics of other days were not razed to the ground with respect, rather than devote them in their old age to such worldly objects; with feelings akin to those with which I could wish to consign to the grave a tottering old man, rather than in his declining years devote him to labor, so would I scatter these ancient walls, sacred to the past, consecrated to God.

I paid but a hurried visit to the Hospital of St. Ann—the Palais de Justice—the School of Arts, where I would wish to linger to view the splendid paintings, truly gems of art, and hurried to the public museum. Here are seen several paintings, said to be originals, by Carlo Dolci, the celebrated Florentine artist, who died in that city, 1686, and whose productions are admired no less for their artistic merit than their lifelike appearance. Here is also the tomb of Philip Le Hardi, so called even in his 16th year, from his incredible feats at the battle of Poitiers, and who, notwithstanding the unjust severity of some writers, was no less conspicuous for his generosity to a foe

than for his fearless intrepidity. He died at Hal, in Hainaut, in 1404. There is an interesting incident related by his historian, connected with his death. So prodigal had the Duke of Burgundy been, that at his death, though unbounded wealth had been at his disposal, there was not enough of his own to bury him Money was borrowed, his furniture was sold, and his Duchess, Margaret of Flanders, was obliged to renounce all title to her possessions, by placing on his tomb her state badge, her keys, and her empty purse!

Close by is the tomb of "Jean Sans Peur," his son and successor—the fearless foe of Bajazet, at the battle of Nicopolis in 1396, the assassin of the Duke of Orleans, who was the brother of Charles VI., King of France—the author of the horrid massacre of the Armagnac or Orleans party, in 1418—and finally himself assassinated by Tanneguy in 1419. These tombs are singular specimens of carving and design. The bas-reliefs on both are exquisitely beautiful and expressive.

Perhaps the most striking edifice in Dijon is the palace of the acient Dukes of Burgundy. It is now used for government purposes. It is situated in the centre of the town, with a comparatively modern gateway or portal leading to a hollow square, the four sides of which loom up before you in solemn grandeur. The castellated towers, the grated windows, the loopholes pierced for musketry and cannon, give the whole edifice a warlike aspect; and I doubt not that it could withstand a severe attack. The huge gates once closed, the walls armed with cannon, and a supply of ammunition and food within, it would be no

easy matter to reduce this palace. To add to its martial appearance, troops of soldiers are garrisoned here. Applying for permission to visit the interior rooms, I was politely attended by a soldier, who seemed well versed in its history and present state. Among other objects of interest here preserved, are the toilet-table of the Duchess of Burgundy, the wooden cup used by St. Bernard, who was born near Dijon, and a costly gold crosier, richly gemmed, said to have been used by St. Robert of the Cistercians. In the apartment known as the reception-room of the celebrated Condé, are many suits of armor of burnished steel. There are in the museum some admirable paintings ; among them several originals of Guido, Teniers, Rubens, Corregio, Domenichino, and a splendid head of St. John Baptist, attributed to Durer.

Time did not allow me to visit the convent of Chartreuse, not far from the town. It is now, I learned, used for a lunatic asylum. Stopped at Chalons for a day; and at Macon was amused at the crowds who rushed into the cars with Burgundy wine in bottles, and cakes on trays. It was amusing to see, as we dashed on with lightning speed, so many applying wine-bottles to their mouths, as unceremoniously as if it were a matter of course. On we sped, with that peculiar smooth and even motion of the cars in France. Indeed, I think, were materials before him, one could write with little less of ease in the cars than if seated in his room. The country between Dijon and Chalons, our principal resting-place before reaching Lyons, is richly cultivated. Even to the tops of the highest mountains, vine-clad fields and various

crops occupy nearly every foot of ground. Numerous villages enlivened the scene—quaint-looking cottages, tiled roof and moss-covered—the parish church nearly always in an elevated spot, and as much as possible in the centre of the village, looking down upon the quiet hamlet like a watchful guardian, while the cross on the old steeple or tower seems to "shield them from danger and guard them from harm." A more interesting, lively, and peaceable people than the peasantry of France, I think, nowhere exists. Wherever I have seen them they seem happy and contented; the old respected by the young—the young made companions by the old—while the aged curé, surrounded by a merry group, himself as cheerful as the children and grand-children whom he had baptized, and who were now frisking around him on the parish lawn. I was also forcibly struck by the police arrangements on the lines of railroad throughout France. Each road is secured against intrusion by cattle or travellers, either by carefully cultivated hedges or by wire fences. They are remarkably clean, gravelled, and raked. At every mile an officer is stationed with varied flags to telegraph the trains, and as they pass, he stands *à la militaire*, with flag furled and shouldered as a musket. I noticed occasionally an old dame, with perhaps her husband's hat on, acting as a substitute for her "better half." Another admirable arrangement is, the plan of gates at the crossings. These are closed at a certain hour, and an officer guards them until the trains have all passed. It is seldom indeed, from Havre to Marseilles, that the turnpike crosses the track, as a tunnel under.

or a bridge over the road, obviates the necessity. The passengers are locked in the cars, which, unlike ours in America, have rows of seats the full width of the cars opposite each other. This has its advantages and inconveniences for both the travellers and the conductors. Thus far, and in fact until I had reached Marseilles, I have not seen a single individual under the influence of liquor—not even in Paris! No profanity—no impoliteness; and if the countenance be an index of the soul, I really think the peasantry of France a happy and virtuous race. Their soil is rich, their fields and farms like gardens, and they seem contented whether they have much or little—the true secret of social happiness.

As we approached Chalons we stopped at a little village, where an abbé entered our car. His head was a perfect study. Attired as I was, no one recognized me as an ecclesiastic, for clergymen travel through France and Italy in their clerical costume. I was edified at the respect shown him. He soon commenced reading his Breviary, and seemed absorbed in his devotions. What a bond of union, thought I—what a beauty of discipline in the Catholic Church! I was no more a stranger—I felt no more as if in a foreign land, for before me, and in the country around me, were the priests of the altar, reciting the same divine office I had but just concluded; and uniting here, as all over the world, in the same sacred antiphons, psalms, and prayers. Fondly as I loved my Breviary before, I cherished it now more dearly than ever, for it seemed as a connecting link between the old and the new world for me.

Chalons is a small town on the Saone, containing about seventeen thousand inhabitants. It is handsomely built, contains an ancient cathedral, which dates from the thirteenth century, several other splendid churches, an obelisk erected in honor of Napoleon I., a public square and fountain, a museum, and an extensive library. Like every other specimen of public work in France, the wall dividing the public promenade from the river, is massive and complete. There is here an old church converted into a hospital for aged and infirm soldiers; numerous crafts, from the noisy steamboat to the punge or flat boat, dotted the river.

At half-past three in the afternoon we reached the noble old city of Lyons, so celebrated for its early associations and its numerous factories. In extent, in wealth and splendor, it is reckoned among the first cities of France. The houses are generally of a handsome style, the streets very narrow, and in many parts extremely gloomy from the great height of the houses. The rivers Saone and Rhone here unite, and the many and splendid bridges which cross them give Lyons the appearance of a city of bridges. The early Christian history of Lyons is replete wih interest. She has given to the Church, besides numerous pontiffs and defenders of the faith, her thousands of martyrs. It was in Lyons, under Marcus Aurelius, A. D. 177, that Pothinus the bishop, Sanctus the deacon, Attalus, Blandina the slave, Alcibiades, Ponticus the youthful soldier of the Cross, and forty-eight others, suffered martyrdom in its bloodiest forms. It was here the dauntless Irenæus with nineteen thousand Christians,

was martyred under Severus in 202. It is more than probable that the amphitheatre where these butcheries were perpetrated, as in the Coliseum at Rome, for the brutal amusement of Pagan emperors, governors, and spectators, no less than in hatred to the Christian name, was in the portion of the city now called Fourvieres, where stands a lovely chapel in honor of the Blessed Virgin; and from which the eye takes in a lovely view, perhaps nowhere excelled. By means of a telescope, the visitor can trace Mt. Blanc in the far-off distance, the snow-capped Alps, the volcanic regions of Auvergne, and a varied scene of mountains, rivers, hills and plains; far beneath him lies the busy city—its gloomy streets, unsightly and crowded lanes shut out from view. The Rhone, from its mountain sources, swiftly rolls on to mingle its waters with the Mediterranean—the Saone, sparkling in the sun, gracefully winds among hills and mountains, and seems to vie with its rival the Rhone, until they meet almost at the base of this steep hill to tell each its tale of wandering from the Alpine snows and the vine-clad hills of France. Nor is the later history of Lyons less striking, for perhaps, next to Paris, it was the scene of the greatest butcheries during the French revolution in 1793 and 1794. It was in the Place des Terreaux and in the Hotel de Ville, that the Revolutionary Tribunal held its sessions, and erected the guillotine for the massacre of thousands. Here were re-enacted the bloody scenes of Paris, and the "reign of terror" in Lyons was scarcely less frightful than in the heart of the Republic. Even more brutal in his vengeance than Robespierre, Collet d'Herbois,

with his monster associates, Couthon and Fouché, contrived a wholesale manner of slaughter, by arranging the condemned in rows, and mowing them down in hundreds by grape and cannon-shot, while, if any escaped, they were mangled to death by other means! A simple church now marks the spot where these butcheries were perpetrated.

The church on this summit is said to be upwards of six hundred feet above the river. It is a neat devotional shrine, numerous votive offerings and pious inscriptions adorning the walls. I found the descent from that high steep no less difficult than the ascent. There is a circuitous route for carriages, but foot-passengers descend by steps cut into the hill-side, with occasional offsets. I do not understand how any insurrection can break out in Lyons, if the government troops be garrisoned on this eminence, for it overlooks nearly every portion of the city; while at every short distance winding up the hill, are strong fortresses and towers pierced for cannon and muskets, sufficient, it would seem, to sweep the entire suburbs for miles. Whether this be the intention of such frowning battlements, or they be the remnants of the ancient Gaul, when the Romans built the city on these hills, because the present site of Lyons was unhealthy, I know not. It is an interesting fact, that many relics of these early days are still profusely seen here, in the shapes of altars, sarcophagi, and tombs.

Among the churches, the Cathedral is most attractive. It is Gothic, has numerous side chapels, and some exquisite paintings. I did not, however, tarry long within its walls. The churches of St. Paul and

St. Nizier are imposing, and the antiquarian would find interest in the church of Aimy, where there are four columns once belonging to a pagan temple, dedicated to Augustus, but now supporting an immense cupola.

"La Belle Cour," the largest and most splendid public square in the city, contains about fifteen acres. In the centre is a monument, but of what or of whom I cannot remember. It is a charming spot. "La Place des Terreaux," famous for its revolutionary associations, is also an agreeable and popular promenade. Here are the Hotel de Ville and the Palais de St. Pierre. In the latter is the public museum. There is almost a countless number of curiosities here; but of them, with one exception, I have but a confused recollection. It is an ancient Roman plate or slab, on which is engraved a speech made by Claudius, while censor, on the rights of a Roman citizen. It is a singular affair, and notwithstanding centuries of entombment in the earth, from which it was rescued in 1528, the letters are still distinctly legible.

The library of this city is said to be among the richest in France. The edifice is superb, and there are within its walls upwards of one hundred thousand volumes, and eight thousand manuscripts, in almost every language of the world. I will not speak of the halls of paintings, some of them of the old masters; nor of the extensive silk manufactories of Lyons. It would require a knowledge of mechanical arts, of design and execution, to convey an idea of this almost new creation of order out of chaos. Silk looms to the number of sixty thousand, brocades, plain silks, dam-

asks of every hue and figure, costly shawls woven by the simplest movement of machinery, and out of what appeared to me a confused mass of colors, threads, and spindles—in truth, the whole affair seems confusing, and you stand and gaze and wonder how the picture grows before you—the life-like face, the rural scene, the stormy ocean, the placid lake, and flowers seem to bloom; and how? All the stranger sees is the busy loom and shuttle, all he hears is the click of machinery, and all that guides is perhaps a delicate female, or a laughing, whistling youth! The workmen and women here employed appeared to me rather miserable. They are most unnaturally crowded—eating, sleeping, and working, in many cases, in the same dark, gloomy rooms in which their looms are built. Some of these houses are ten, others even twelve and fourteen stories high—looms in some of them to the ninth story, and these, as well as others above them, filled with families. It may easily be imagined that the one entrance, common to all, is filthy and unwholesome.

I have no words to express the admiration with which I was filled on visiting the velvet manufactory beyond the Rhone. If possible, it is even more surprising than the silk looms. The process seems simple enough; yet its simplicity, when we look at the results, is the greatest wonder of all; while more complicated than all is the machinery for weaving lace.

We must not leave the city of Lyons without a brief visit to the Hotel Dieu, an immense hospital, which is very correctly described by the observant Haskins in his travels. It is, indeed, a mammoth

hospital. There were upwards of fourteen hundred beds occupied when I visited the house; and the arrangement is so admirable, that from the centre, where stands the altar, and from which the rows of beds radiate, each patient can see the priest while offering holy mass. The number of Sisters of Charity here attending the sick is upwards of two hundred! There is another hospital, little, if any, less deserving a visit; it is L'Hopital de la Charité. I paid but a passing visit to this asylum for the aged and for foundlings; but my stay was long enough to convince me of the noble heroism of soul which prompts the sisters attending to devote themselves to such laborious duties; rather let me say, of the divinity of that religion which can prompt to such noble self-sacrifice.

On the following day I took the cars for Avignon, en route for Marseilles. We arrived by daylight next morning. I regretted not stopping at Valence, but my desire to be in Rome early in December, induced me to continue my journey. Avignon is replete with interest. The traveller sees and feels that he is in another part of France, almost in another country, so much does Provence differ in almost every thing from the other quarters of France, in manners, dialect, and climate. The streets are ignorant of side-walks—narrow, crooked, and tolerably clean. The houses are low, rusty-looking, and moss-covered, as usual, tile-roofed and crowded together. It is said that, before the Revolution, Avignon was called the "noisy city," from the perpetual clatter of its bells and clocks. Although many of its churches and convents, with their bells and clocks, have been destroyed, the city is still deserving the same title.

Avignon was formerly a portion of the Papal possessions; and it was the residence of the Popes, it will be remembered, from 1303 to 1376, when Gregory XI. returned to Rome. The palace they occupied is now a garrison for soldiers and a prison. It is situated on a commanding eminence of rocks, overlooking the rest of the town. Its walls one hundred feet high, and the strong castellated towers, some of them 156 feet high, with loop-holes and grated windows, give this castle an imposing, even military appearance. Avignon was also the scene of bloodshed during the revolution—and nearly a hundred victims are said to have been put to death in one of these towers by the bloodthirsty minions of Robespierre. The style is Gothic. Its interior, as far as strangers are allowed to penetrate, corresponds with the fortress-like appearance of the exterior. The chapel, which is still in excellent preservation, is the only index to tell it was once the abode of the Dove of peace. There are here several curiously wrought tombs, among them that of Pope John XXII.

The Cathedral is an ancient Pagan temple, which with little alteration has been dedicated to Christian worship. A vague, undefined sensation is experienced, as the traveller reflects, while gazing on altar, shrine and tomb, that on this very spot, Pagan rites were once performed by Pagan priests in honor of Pagan deities! There is here a grand mausoleum erected to the memory of Crillon, called "The Brave." There was something peculiarly touching in its style, in the bas-reliefs, and also in the tone and manner of my guide, the old custode, and I asked the history of

this brave Crillon. "Ah," exclaimed the old man, brightening up, "Crillon was the Bayard of his day—he was a Knight of Malta—a bold and fearless soldier—he was only 15 years old when he immortalized himself at the siege of Calais—he was one of the boldest on the fields of Jarnac, Moncoutour and Dreux, against the rebel Huguenots—and at the Lepanto, although wounded, he was deputed to convey the news of the victory to France and to the Pope. When Henry II. proposed to him to murder the Duke of Guise, Crillon indignantly replied that he would fight him and conquer him—but that for no man would he stoop to the base act of assassination. When he was worn down with fatigues and wounds in defence of his king and country, he came to this place—and passed the remnant of his days in acts of religion. One day while listening to a sermon on the passion and death of our Lord, while the preacher was describing the scourging and indignities offered to the unprotected Lamb, Crillon struck his sword with energy and exclaimed, '*O, where was Crillon!*'" Such was the history this good old man gave me of him, whose bones were within this beautiful mausoleum. There is also a statue of the Blessed Virgin, in marble, beside many paintings. The painter, Mignard, is buried in the church of St. Agricola, a plain unassuming edifice—while in the museum, where there are numerous paintings, some of them of doubtful merit, by Mignard, Perugio, Annibal Caracci, Durer, besides a galaxy of smaller stars, I was forcibly struck by a storm scene by Claude Joseph Vernet, who was born in Avignon, and of whose en-

thusiasm for his art I had read in early childhood—never before had I seen an original by him—and now that I was standing before one, in the city of his birth, and mayhap in the place where his own eyes rested on it, I felt a peculiar pleasure. It was a storm at sea, the dark, thundering clouds—the forked lightning—the white-capped billows in all their sublime fury—the careening bark struggling against the fury of the elements, the strained shrouds, and ropes, and masts—and then the waves, his forte in painting—how they surged, and roared, and thundered on in mountain form with the resistless strength of the ocean, ready to burst from the canvas. O, it was sublimely terrible! I could almost see Vernet, in his wild enthusiasm, lashing himself to the topmast, that he might be carried backward and forward with the laboring motion of the ship, now high aloft, again nigh touching the water, as the frail bark would roll and tremble beneath the combined force of wind and waves, or proudly emerge from *one* abyss, to mount again the angry waters! Surely the soul of Vernet must have been inspired with such scenes—for none have equalled his daring, as none have reached his perfection. There are numerous other curiosities here—such as sepulchral lamps—glass vases, containing the ashes of the dead, taken from ancient Roman tombs, swords, idols, sarcophagi, &c.

Within the church "De la Misericorde" is a lovely crucifix in ivory, which reminded me of the remarkable crucifix exhibited in the United States some years since, and which is now in the possession of the Right Rev. Bishop of Philadelphia. I regretted not

being able to pay a flying visit to Vaucluse, the former residence of the poet Petrarch, and where his fountain, ever calm and beautiful, still mirrors the o'erhanging cliff in its crystal waters. It is much frequented by visitors, and the same mystery still involves its origin, its almost fathomless depth and sweet waters, as when the enamored bard here sang his sonnets. I left Avignon with regret. There are many places of interest in and around it, which well repay the traveller for his trouble in reaching them; but I was impatient to proceed, and again a sense of loneliness oppressed me. Early that evening I was on my way to Marseilles. We soon passed the chateau de Prilly, of whose original proprietor I remembered to have heard many interesting traits, both at Issy and in my own country. He was the only son of a nobleman, who destined him for the army. Although contrary to his inclination he acquiesced in the wishes of his father, entered the army, signalized himself at the battle of Hohenlinden, and in other campaigns. While yet a soldier he was one day promenading the streets of Chalons-sur-Marne, in Champagne, when he entered a church, unconscious of the rattling his sword made as he moved along the tile-paved floor. The curé was preaching at the moment, and, being no respecter of persons, he paused, and ordered the sexton to "turn that man out." No sooner said than done, and our young crest-fallen officer was unceremoniously shown the door. Years passed by. That young officer, in 1808, became a priest, subsequently Bishop of Chalons-sur-Marne, and among the first visits he made was to that church, to thank the good

old curé for his fraternal correction; but the curé had gone to receive his reward from a higher tribunal.

I could not see Tarascon, as we reached it during the night. My expectations had been raised to a high pitch by the pictures, views, and sketches I had often seen of Marseilles. I had imagined it a very paradise of cleanliness, order, and perfection. Alas for the dreams of youth, and poetical as well as artistic licenses! The approach to the city is pretty and varied; the same high state of cultivation, old-fashioned villages, frightful tunnels, long bridges, &c.; but when you enter the city the charm is broken. I remember an episode in my last night's travel. We left Avignon about eight P.M. I fell asleep during the night, which was cold and cheerless. It seemed the train stopped at some way station. At the moment I awoke from my dream, and in a half unconscious state, imagined I was in the wrong car; so, seizing my valise, all I had, I jumped to the door just as the conductor locked it! Fortunately for me, else I had been left at a lonely station on a dark night, in a pelting rain storm! We reached Marseilles at 9 A. M., and being quite unwell from fatigue, cold, and excitement, I was glad to employ a porter to convey my valise to Hotel d'Italie, where I retired as soon as possible, and passed a part of this my first day in Marseilles.

On the following morning I visited the Bishop, a venerable, fatherly man. He received me with every mark of affection, and gave me the necessary permission to say holy mass. The city itself is a very Babel of all sights, sounds, and confusion; sights stranger

than those which greeted me at Havre, but relieved, now at least, by the bold Mediterranean sparkling before me, and bearing on its bosom shipping from every clime beneath the sun; sounds of every kind; the shrill voices of boys peddling their wares, the screaming notes of fish-women vending their finny stock in trade. Scarce an hour from the water, the gruff hoarse voices of Greeks and Turks engaged in earnest confab; the tawny Zouave, with his red, flowing cap, queer-shaped red Turkish trousers, light-blue jacket, and then his long dark moustache, giving his face a desperately fierce appearance; long-bearded, stealthy-looking Jews, as if, Shylock like, resolved on their pound of flesh, no matter where, when, or how secured; noisy sailors, both in the streets, and with the old familiar "Yo heave ho," warping their ships from dock to dock, or loading or discharging cargo; lively, fussy Frenchmen, bowing, dancing, and as gay as children just let loose from school; such are the sounds which greet me, as from my window in Hotel d'Italie, on the principal quay, I look abroad upon the city and over the still, blue Mediterranean. If at "Marche Neuf," in Rouen, or the quays and boulevards of Havre I had witnessed confusion, Marseilles exceeds them ten-fold. It is like a vast machine shop, confusion still worse confounded—noise, hurly-burly, activity, rushing men, screaming fish-women, with immense loads on their hands, dashing equipages, rattling wagons, every species of quadruped yoked to carts, and urged on at high-pressure principle, muddy streets, shipping as thick and endless almost as in New York, and a crowd apparently of the inmates

of Babel, scattering wildly at the confusion of tongues, such were my impressions of Marseilles. I stood for a while wondering, and, I may add, amused. It was in Marseilles that I saw the only example of intemperance since I had left New York, and here it was in so laughable a form, so productive of good humor, of politeness and kind feeling, that it was, in my eye, almost excusable. I had wandered to the busiest portion of the city, following some curiously dressed people who were from the Levant. Observing a gathering I too stopped to see the cause. In the centre of the group were two soldiers, recently returned from the Crimea, one a Frenchman, the other a Zouave from Algiers. Each was in his peculiar uniform, and each was essentially drunk. They bowed so politely to each other, embraced so affectionately, and moralized so earnestly on the impropriety of drinking to excess! Truly it was a tableau worthy the pencil of a Rembrandt or the pen of a Hogarth.

Marseilles was founded by a colony of Phoceans from Ionia, about six hundred years before our Lord. It is situated on the east side of a splendid bay or harbor, and is a constantly increasing mart for the commerce of the East and Western Worlds. The city may be classed as the old and new. In the former the streets are without side-walks, narrow, filthy, dark, crooked, and paved with rough stones a foot square. In the new there are many splendid edifices, some few public walks, and, above all, the famous ports or harbors. These form, perhaps, the chief centre of attraction in Marseilles. As they are the most frequented so are they the most

superb on the Mediterranean. The bay is completely land-locked, and seems to extend almost into the centre of the city by a natural basin, presenting even more strikingly than at Havre the singular appearance of shipping among the stores and residences. The new harbor in process of construction will enable the city to accommodate the vast fleets of shipping ever visiting these shores. To me it was exciting to watch the various flags from the mast-head, as they floated on the breeze. The flag of Rome, with its keys and tiara; that of Austria, of Prussia, of the Grecian isles, the crescent of the Turk, and the Union Jack of England; but high above them all, and first among them all, floated the starry flag of Columbia, proud emblem of my country, free and glorious. I have seen that banner towering above the halls of legislation, and proudly waving from the monument on Bunker Hill, from Fort McHenry, and on the ocean; every where I loved it, for it is every where beautiful, the emblem of freedom, of hope for the oppressed, of terror to the foes of human rights; but never before had its "Broad stripes and bright stars" gleamed so brilliantly for me as when I saw it in this foreign port. The flag of my country greeted my eyes; involuntarily they filled with tears, my bosom heaved, and I exclaimed, For ever wave proud flag of freedom! Thy red reflects the blood poured out by our fathers under thy ample folds; thy blue, the heavens which protect thee; and thy white, the purity which should ever attend thee! Thy starry gems are bright messengers of hope to the oppressed, and thy stripes have been left there by the young

genius of freedom, who burst her bonds, and gave them as trophies to America—for ever wave, unsullied and honored no less abroad than

"In the land of the free and the home of the brave."

The churches of Marseilles are not particularly attractive. There is little of interest even in that "de la Major," which was originally a pagan temple, dedicated to Diana, except a very singular bas-relief which dates from the twelfth century. The cathedral, when I was in Marseilles, was nearly destroyed, to make room for a new and extensive one which was then commenced. It stands in the old part of the city, and is approached by a most picturesque walk along the new harbor, up the steep hill, by lofty buildings perched like eagles' nests high above you, and, alas, a walk most villanously dirty and filthy! The old cathedral must have been extensive, but nothing now is left except one wing or nave, which, as it was Sunday, was literally crowded with school children, quaint dresses, and apparently very devout worshippers.

This morning, Sunday 2d December, I said Holy Mass at the church of "Mission des Etrangeres," a large, circular-shaped and sombre edifice, filled with people, and having numerous side chapels. I noticed here, on the left, before entering the church, and proteted by an iron railing, a regular Calvary. It is a hill some ninety feet high, up which a rugged pathway leads, covered with rocks. On the summit is a life-size figure of our Saviour on the cross, the implements of his torture and figures, of the virgin mother, St. John, and others. It seemed a place

of much devotion, and, doubtless, for those who frequent it, serves to recall the sorrowful scenes of the crucifixion. After mass I wandered to the old cathedral, stopping occasionally on the brow of the steep hill to gaze out on the Mediterranean, the islands in the harbor, the crowded city beneath me, and at the shipping on the wharves and in the bay, now like wearied birds with folded wings, floating on the waters. Such a clattering of bells!—It is said that Marseilles is the city of bells. She deserves the title for that perpetual ringing from morn till evening. How, in moments like these, fancy will catch at the slightest resemblance between things present and things gone! I could almost recognize in some loud chime the sounds of the old cathedral bell in Baltimore, and of other equally dear sounds, sweeping over the heart-like memories of bygone days, telling of home, of childhood, of innocence, and of peace; but the dream is soon over, and the "exile finds himself every where alone!" According to previous invitation, I dined to-day with the venerable Bishop of Marseilles, where I met the Bishop of Vivieres, and several of the clergy of the city. The good Bishop Eugêne had many questions to ask relative to our American missions, and spoke in terms of the highest affection of his old friend the Rev. Dr. Damphoux of Baltimore, to whom he sent many playful messages, aud I hope to be pardoned for taking this public manner of delivering them *in globo*.

There is a sweet chapel perched high on the summit of a rocky cliff, which is held in great veneration by the sailors of Marseilles. It is called "Notre

Dame de la Garde." Never have I witnessed more simple, edifying faith than here. Few places, save those associated with the history of our Saviour's birth and sufferings, and the Holy House of Loretto, are approached with so much fervor. Here the hardy sailor comes before he spreads his sail for foreign climes—the fishermen of the Mediterranean, their wives, their children, their parents, and their friends, to make an offering of their prayers, their hopes, their fears, in behalf of themselves, the absent, the loved and treasured, and breathe their vow of faith to Heaven through the hands of the sweet "Star of the Sea," Mary, the Virgin Mother, for the safe return of the storm-tossed sailor. Here may be seen an incongruous gathering of relics, homely pictures expressive of some rescue from death by fire or by water; crutches of the lame who have tottered here, and gone on their homeward way rejoicing. Oh, it is a sweet spot. Let the ignorant and the bigoted sneer as they may, that power is not shortened which gave miraculous virtue to the bones of Elizeus, and the aprons and towels which touched the Apostle's body. God is wonderful in all things. For my part, as I listened to the sweet, soft, silvery bell pealing forth the angelus here, and saw the simple faith of the crowds here kneeling, I could but feel that the prayer of faith would be heard of Heaven, and that the lightning storm and the angry ocean would oft be hushed to silence, or pass harmlessly over by the voice of him who has said, "Ask, and thou shalt receive!"

A view, little less interesting than from the

heights of Lyons, greets the eye from the hill on which this church stands. The blue outline of the Mediterranean, an Italian sky in the distance, numberless hills and mountains, the city, the isles, the ships, the Bastedés, or lovely white cottages which, to the number of several thousands, dot the hill-sides and plains around you; the imposing harbor—all this is grand. In the distance is seen the Lazaretto, where the entire French army can find accommodation.

The mountains around Marseilles are barren, rocky; but the plains below are perfect gardens. Olives, grapes, oranges, figs, and other fruits seem to grow spontaneously. The atmosphere is balmy; a quiet, serene sky, seldom darkened by the thunder-cloud, still less frequently startled by the lightning; springs abundant, invigorating air, bracing weather, blooming fields, abundant harvests,—such is the country around Marseilles. No wonder invalids flock to this place from the colder and higher latitudes of France. It seems almost a perpetual spring-time.

There are but few promenades for the citizens. One of them is adorned with a bold, commanding statue of Belzunge, the Bishop of Marseilles, who one hundred and forty years ago, during the ravages of the plague, signalized himself by his devotedness to his flock, and proved himself a worthy pastor. Historians give us a fearful picture of those days when half the citizens were swept off; but the Bishop, while sleepless and ceaseless vigils were his lot, obtained from Heaven the cessation of the plague. It is of him that Pope, in his Essay on Man, says:

"Why drew Marseilles' good Bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened, and each gale was death?"

I gazed with deep interest on this monument, erected to his name and virtues in the centre of the most public square. The evening was delightful, and crowds of persons, of every tribe, and tongue, and dress, and hue, were here congregated.

But at 9½ P. M., to-night, Sunday, 2d December, I must quit "La belle France." Strangely enough, I had neglected to secure the visée of my passport until to-day, and it was with much difficulty that I succeeded. In fact, after seeking with the aid of a guide some hours for the American consul, I succeeded admirably in not finding him. I felt the fault was mine, and it was but a matter of courtesy whether he viséed my passport or not on a Sunday. The old Neapolitan steamer "Mongiebello," was advertised to sail for Civita Vecchia, on Monday morning, and as the passengers were to be aboard on Sunday night, I felt all anxiety. Almost in desperation I went to the office, stated my case, surrendered my passport, and was directed to be at the station by 8 P. M. A hasty preparation, a last stroll through the streeets Canebiere and Beaurerau, a last brief visit to the Church of St. Martin to ask God's blessing and protection on my yet untried voyage, and with many others, I found myself awaiting the diligence at the office at 8 o'clock. The unwieldy vehicle soon comes lumbering along; "à-bord" sounds in our ears, and we are rumbled along through crowded streets and dark, to a part of the city which was gloomy indeed. The steamer was in the stream.

We were conveyed, six at a time, in almost painful silence, by little boats to the black, spectre-looking "Mongiebello," a filthy, contracted, and unwieldy affair. Our tickets demanded, our apologies for beds shown us, and here I was "en route" for Italy! To sleep was impossible, even had I the inclination; for sounds, and sights, and smells, which all will recognize who have sailed in a Neapolitan steamer, would banish sleep from almost any eyes. Some, however, retired. Midnight came, and passed. I paced the deck in varied mood, and it was not till the first rays of morning dawned in the east, that anchor was weighed, steam raised, and I felt the old, familiar movement of a steamer. I stood and gazed on the shores of France, as they receded from my view, and in truth, I felt as almost quitting a second home. I thought of the lovely Queen of Scots, whose eyes streamed with tears as she gazed her last on La Belle France, and from the deck of her royal galley exclaimed:

"Adieu, plaisant pays de France!
O ma patrie
La plus cherie,
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance.
Adieu, France! adieu mes beaux jours!
La nef qui déjoint mes amours
N'a çy de moi que la moitie;
Une parte te reste; elle est tienne;
Je la fie à ton amitié,
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne!

So sighed I, adieu to France, land of happy

hearts, of science, and of history! I love thee because thou wast kind to the land of Washington when struggling for her freedom; I love thee for thy martial glory; but, most of all, I love thee because thou art Catholic!

THE END.

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